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Medicines
of the greatest
purity and
prepared in the
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careful way,
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a reasonable
charge.
If you desire such
you should go to
PIERCE'S
Prescription Pharmacy,
Cor. Hancock and School Sts.,
QUINCY.
Prescriptions put up day or
night.

Fancy Creamery Butter
23 and 38 lb. tubs,
25 cts. per pound.
The very best quality in the market,
26 cents a lb. for 10 lb. lots.
28 cents a lb. for less than 10 lbs.

L. M. PRATT & CO.
Good Creamery Butter
By the tub 20 cts. lb.
23 cents a lb. for less than tub.

Hand Picked Pea Beans
5 cts. qt.
PAN CAKE FLOUR
10 cts. paper.

FRESH EGGS,
25 cts. dozen.
GOLD DROP FLOUR
\$5.25 bbl. C. O. D.
Can't be Beat.

Our cellar and store house
is full of
CANNED GOODS.
We make Special Price
on dozen lots.

L. M. PRATT
25 School Street.
THE PHENIX PHARMACY
L. J. PASTOR, Ph. G., Prop.
CORNER SCHOOL AND FRANKLIN STS.

AND HENRY
RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

THE : : :
MISSSES FLYNN
HAVE THE
LATEST STYLES
: IN :
Shirt Waists.
Also in Belts and Ties.
Have you seen the
Wrappers
they are selling so cheap? If
not please give them a call.
12 Hancock St., Quincy.

Medicines
of the greatest
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Quincy Monitor.

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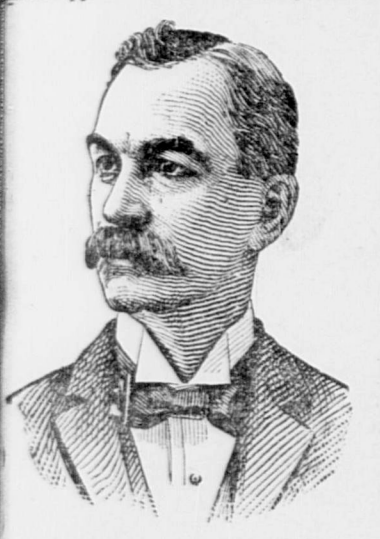
WESTERN EXPOSITION.

Omaha Preparing For the Great
Show of 1898.

SUCCESS IS NOW ASSURED.

Excellent Money Is Forthcoming, and the
Transmississippi States and Territories
Are Thoroughly Interested In the
Scheme.

Success land is to have a big ex-
position. The states west of the Mississippi
have combined in the project, and all
the vast energy and enterprise which
have made this great section of the
Union famous are being concentrated on
making the affair successful from the
start. It is to be known as the Trans-
mississippi and International exposition,



PRESIDENT GORDON W. WATTLES.

and it will be held at Omaha during the
summer months of 1898, opening June 1
and continuing until Nov. 1.

The enterprise has already been put
on a sound financial footing, for an ap-
propriation of \$250,000 has been secured
from the United States government,
while more than \$400,000 has been sub-
scribed in Nebraska alone. A further
appropriation of \$300,000 is practically
assured from congress, and the stock
contributions are expected to increase
the capital of the exposition to \$1,000,-
000 long before it will be necessary to
begin the actual work.

What the World's fair was to the
Union, what the Atlanta exposition was
to the south, the Transmississippi ex-
position will be to the west. It is a big
territory, and one which has not as yet
shown what it could do in this direc-
tion. The transmississippi region em-
braces 20 states and 4 territories, which
have an area of more than 2,500,000
square miles and a population of nearly
25,000,000. Within this territory is un-
told wealth. Here are the great gran-
aries of America; its immense mineral
deposits of incalculable wealth, both of
precious and useful metal, discovered
and undiscovered; vast forests of tim-
ber; monster farms and grazing fields
from where comes beef not only to feed
all America, but part of Europe; exten-
sive cotton and sugar fields, and many
more products which go to make up the
wealth of the nation.

Just what will be the exact nature of
the exposition has not yet been definitely
fixed upon. At first the originators be-
gan to model their plans after those of



SECRETARY JOHN A. WAKEFIELD.

the Atlanta exposition; but, becoming
more ambitious, they enlarged them and
are now building more on the lines of
the World's fair. In the latter the ex-
hibits of the transmississippi states were
overshadowed by those from foreign
countries which had the advantage of a
novelty of appearance. Besides, the
west did not have elbow room.

At the coming exposition, however,
each state and territory will have a
chance to show something of its won-
derful resources and the manner in
which they are being developed. Many
of the states will have separate build-
ings, if not all of them. In these they
will exhibit products and industries pec-
uliarly their own. Alaska will show

examples of her fish and fur industries
and advertise her gold mines, besides
hinting at the unknown quantities of
copper, sulphur, amber and other min-
erals to be found in her undeveloped
mines. California will make known the
riches of her mines, her vineyards and
her matchless fruit farms. Each state
will put forward its best foot, and the
visitor to the exposition will go away
with a better and more comprehensive
idea of the great empire which lies west
of the Father of Waters.

There will be a great hall for manu-
factures, as there was at the Columbian
exposition, a fisheries exhibit and other
regular exposition features. Besides
these, there will be many new and novel
features such as the west alone can sup-
ply. What they will be is yet to be de-
termined, but they will be well worth
seeing if the opportunities for making a
novel display of some of the interesting
things to be found only in the transmis-
sissippi region are not neglected.

There will undoubtedly be a mining
camp in full blast and a display com-
paring the old methods of mining with
those of today. The rocker in which the
prospector panned out his few shovels
of placer dirt in the brook will be con-
trasted with the cyanide process and the
huge stamp mills by which every ounce
of precious metal is wrung from the
jealous rock.

There will be Indian villages, perhaps
a cowboy camp and a stock round up
and maybe a lumbering scene. The pos-
sibilities are big, and the transmissis-
sippians may be depended upon to im-
prove them to the utmost. Then, to add
a lighter vein to the entertainment,
there will be, of course, a Midway, and
it is just possible the exposition will
be so thoroughly advertised in
far foreign countries that this feature
will rival that which lent such a piquant
charm to the World's fair.

The history of the origin of the enter-
prise is a particularly interesting one,
considering that all the work of promo-
tion was done in the face of such gigan-
tic odds and in spite of so much opposi-
tion from various sources.

The project was first launched in the
form of resolutions submitted by Wil-
liam J. Bryan to the transmississippi
congress at its session in 1895. Several
similar schemes had been proposed, but
had fallen through. Galveston had tried



VICE PRESIDENT ALVIN SAUNDERS.

to hold a big exposition, but had failed.
St. Paul and Minneapolis had talked of
the scheme, but had abandoned it. But in
Omaha were some men who were not
easily discouraged. They decided that it
would be of no use to hold an exposition
at all unless it were to be a big one, and
they aimed high. So these men—they
did not number more than a dozen—set
about to get the consent and co-opera-
tion of all the other states and territo-
ries on the sunset side of the Mississippi.
They met with encouragement every-
where and became satisfied that there
was a definite demand for just such an
affair.

A preliminary organization was formed,
and the first work done was to ob-
tain the support and aid of the federal
government. This was a big job. The
men who were first sent to Washington
to make the request were told to go
home and not ask anything from an ad-
ministration which was not able to pay
its own expenses. But the men from
Omaha did not go home. They had
brought their trunks to Washington and
announced that they had come prepared
to stay until they got what they asked.
They refused to take no for an answer
and hammered away at their congress-
men and the committees until an appro-
priation of \$250,000 was made. It took
a long time to get the bill away from
the committee, but when it was finally
got under way it went through both
houses and became a law in record
breaking time.

The government's part in the exposi-
tion is very clearly defined by this bill.
It provides that a suitable building shall
be erected in which shall be exhibits
taken from the Smithsonian institution,
from the National museum, from its
fisheries, arsenals and other depart-
ments. The medals and emblems of ex-
cellence are to be coined at the govern-
ment mints, and all exhibits are to be
admitted to the country free of duty
from foreign shores.

The organization is complete and has
been well done. The government is vested
in a board of directors, 50 in number,

from which has been elected an execu-
tive committee of 11. This committee
has in turn elected a full quota of execu-
tive officers. Each of the transmissis-
sippi states and territories is represented
in the governing body by a vice presi-
dent appointed by the governor of the
respective state or territory. These rep-
resentatives are as follows:

Iowa, Hon. George F. Wright; South
Dakota, Hon. Thomas H. Wells; Ne-
braska, Hon. William Neville; Mis-
souri, Hon. John Doniphan; Kansas,
Hon. C. A. Fellows; Arizona, Hon.
Charles R. Drake; California, Hon.
George W. Parsons; Oklahoma, Hon.
Eugene Wallace; Idaho, Hon. B. P.
Shawhan; Nevada, Hon. William J.
Westerfield; Utah, Hon. Lewis W.
Shurtliff; Colorado, Hon. Henry P.
Steele; New Mexico, Hon. L. Bradford
Primer; Oregon, Hon. B. S. Cook;
Texas, Hon. Gus Reynerschoffer.

At the head of the executive machin-
ery of the exposition is Gordon W. Wat-
tles, who from the beginning has been
one of the most active promoters of the
enterprise. Mr. Wattles is singularly
well equipped for the important position
which he occupies. Although he has
lived in the west for only four years, he
has become prominently identified with
the financial and commercial interests
of the transmississippi region. He is
vice president of the Union National
bank of Omaha and is a representative
type of pushing western business men.

John A. Wakefield, the secretary, is
a well known Omaha business man, and
Vice President Alvin Saunders is a man
of wide experience. He has been gov-
ernor of the state and United States
senator. The other officials are all rep-
resentative men who are bound to make
the exposition a success.

C. T. BAXTER.

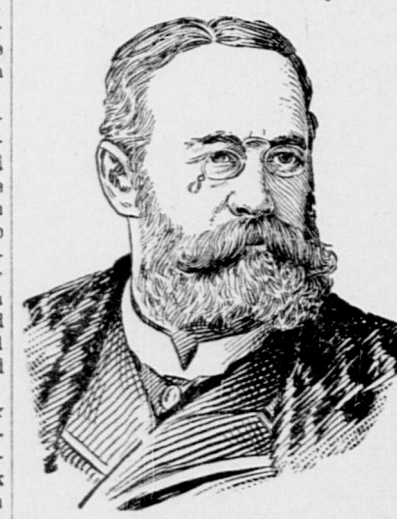
A NEW VIEW OF SIBERIA.

Dr. Benjamin Howard Disagrees With
Kenna and Other Travelers.

Siberia is all right, and its convicts
are more comfortable and happier than
the inmates of many western prisons,
according to Dr. Benjamin Howard, the
noted authority on penology, who is
quoted at home in either England or
America. Dr. Howard has just returned
from Siberia and says he knows what he
is talking about. He is an M. R. C. S.
of London, an F. R. C. S. of Edinburgh
and is authorized to write other initials
after his name as a proof of his erudi-
tion.

We have been told by so many writ-
ers, in so many ponderous books, in so
many startling treatises and with such
sensational and horrifying details what
a terrible place Siberia is, and how un-
comfortable life is made for the convicts
who were sent there by the officers of
the czar, that it is at least a novelty to
find some one who tells a different story.
Dr. Howard made his visit to Siberia
expressly for the purpose of studying the
convict system. From Moscow and St.
Petersburg he went into Siberia, he al-
leges, without any royal authority or
even letters, being received everywhere
with courtesy by the government offi-
cials and being allowed to conduct his
prison investigations merely by applying
to do so. He even penetrated to Sgha-
lien, the great island of exile, on which,
with the exception of two American
traders, he was the only outsider who
ever landed.

Dr. Howard says that some features
about the Siberian convict system are so
commendable that other countries might
profitably imitate them. He saw none
of the barbarities of the keepers which
Mr. Kenna and other writers have told
about. He admits that the officials have
absolute power over the convicts, but



DR. BENJAMIN HOWARD.

he says that they use it as often to be
overkind as they do to be over-severe.
Dr. Howard says that after the first two
years of his exile the convict becomes
perfectly free, and from that time on
his lot is comparatively a happy one. If
Dr. Howard has not been deceived, Si-
beria may have a great future and be-
come popular as a summer resort.

Sure Way to Collect Taxes.

The Dutch have an original way of
collecting their taxes. If, after due no-
tice has been given, the money is not
sent, the authorities place one or two
hungry militiamen in the house, to be
lodged until the amount of the tax is
paid.

A HANDSOME PLAGUE.

WATER HYACINTHS CHOKE NAVIGA-
TION IN THREE STATES.

A Vegetable Invasion That Threatens
Commerce and Industry—The Plants
Float Freely Until About to Bloom, Then
They Anchor to the River Bottom.

[Special Correspondence.]

PALATKA, Fla., Jan. 11.—Three mari-
time states on the southern border of
the United States are suffering from a
peculiar plague which threatens their
commerce and industry.

Louisiana's chief commercial stream
has not been impeded, for the current
of the Mississippi has a velocity too
great to allow the water hyacinth to
gather and strike its roots into the bot-
tom of the river. Three years ago the
water hyacinth was noticed in the Bayou
St. Johns, near New Orleans, in consid-
erable quantity and attracted notice by

weight of a man. If they float into sun-
less places, they generally wither and
die.

These floating islands consist of from
ten to a thousand or more individual
plants. The roots are long and slender
and easily mat together. The plants are
small toward the edges of these islands.
Toward the center both they and the
blossoms they carry are larger. The
plants increase with great rapidity and
soon close up any channels cut through
the mass.

The sawmills which abound along the
St. Johns can no longer operate. Logs
cannot be got to the mills or the product
floated away. One logger is reported to
have 1,200 logs tied up in a small
stream which the water hyacinths will
not let him float out. Some of the rafts
look like floating gardens.

Moved by the representations of the
business men of Florida and the reports
of engineering officers stationed in the
state, the war department sent an offi-
cer to investigate about two years ago,
but when he arrived the great frost had



ST. JOHN'S RIVER FROM A PALATKA WHARF, SHOWING THE PLAGUE OF WATER
HYACINTHS.

the beauty of its blossom. The next year
the bayou was completely covered with
a thickly matted carpet of the plants.
It was then cleaned out in the interests
of commerce.

A number of other bayous have been
closed to navigation by this vegetable
plague, which has spread until even the
Atchafalaya, a large stream with a cur-
rent of about five miles an hour, is part-
ly obstructed, while Grand lake is dot-
ted with islands of the water hyacinth.

Texas is also a victim. The beautiful
plague has more or less choked up her
lesser streams and her lakes. It began
to spread there very recently, but as yet
no complaint is made of danger to com-
merce or the sawmill industry, such as
is made by Louisiana and Florida.

The water hyacinth was first noticed
growing among the "bonnets," or lily
pads, in quiet and shallow reaches of
St. Johns river, Florida, in 1889. Now
there are no "bonnets" in these places
—the more vigorous water hyacinth has
choked them to death.

The storm of Sept. 27, 1894, scatter-
ed the water hyacinths over the river and
up the creeks. Dunn's and Cross
creeks, near Palatka, were their first
rendezvous in Florida, apparently. In
these sluggish streams they became so
massed that their passive resistance
made it hard for a steamboat to get
through to Crescent lake. Then this
growing vegetable army gathered at the
Palatka railroad bridge, until larger
steam vessels found it difficult to force
their way through and the smaller boats
could not move at all. The river mails
and freights are delayed, and it is al-
most impossible to tow schooners into
port at Palatka. Lakes and such tribu-
tary streams as have sluggish currents
are filled with the plants.

Palatka has an ample harbor, made
by an elbow in the river. Ocean going
vessels, steamers and schooners, have
found it easy in the past to approach its
wharves, where there is a depth of 25
feet at ebb tide, with 40 feet in the
channel. But the long, low railroad
bridge which spans the river at this
point, with a draw over the channel,
catches the plants by means of its piers
and struts and they mass in huge is-
lands above it. Hundreds of acres of
them cover the bay. Navigation was
entirely suspended within a mile of the
city in either direction one day last
September, and only by strenuous ex-
ertions was the bay cleared.

The nursery of the water hyacinth in
Florida is said to be the great marsh,
53 miles long and 15 miles wide, deep-
ening at various places into lakes, in
one of which the St. Johns has its origin.
Before the Okechobee Drainage canal
was dug, according to one theory preva-
lent in Florida, the annual rainfalls
cleared out the river, washing all loose
aquatic vegetation to the sea, and the
water hyacinth did not accumulate, but
this theory does not account for the ap-
pearance of the pest in almost the same
year in three different states.

The plants float freely until they are
just about to bloom, when they strike
their roots into the bottom of the river
and thus anchor the floating islands
formed by the matting together of the
roots and leaf stems—islands which are
occasionally strong enough to bear the

killed all the plants and he reported
that the trouble was over. The plants
soon sprang up again, not being entire-
ly dead, and continuous efforts to in-
duce the government to do something
are being made.

The flowers of the water hyacinth
(Eichhornia crassipes) are borne on
spikes like those of the garden hyacinth,
and are of a variety of shades. The
petals have a yellow center, or "claw,"
and a lilac or blue limb, each blossom
having a diameter of about two inches.
The leaves form neat rosettes and their
petioles are curiously thickened; hence
the specific name crassipes. They are
filled with air cells, which enable the
plant to float.

OSCAR EDGAR.

NEW YORK GOSSIP.

Edith Sessions Tupper's Gleanings and
Chat From the Metropolis.

[Special Correspondence.]

New York, Jan. 12.—I think every
one, except perhaps the children, will
draw a long breath of relief now that
the holidays are over. The worst feature
about their festivities is the shopping.
It is as much as one's life is worth to
attempt to enter any of the large shops
during the last few days preceding
Christmas. They are packed with a
mob of prodding, jabbing, scrambling,
scolding women, intent upon getting
served even if they break somebody's
head to accomplish that end.

Helen Varick Boswell, the bright lit-
tle woman who, I believe, really elected
McKinley, is back in town. She has
been out to Canton, and has been enter-
tained by Mrs. McKinley and is as en-
thusiastic over the wife as she was all
through the campaign over the husband.
But if she is enthusiastic over Mrs. Mc-
Kinley, she waxes positively eloquent
over Mrs. Hanna, who is beautiful and
courteous as a duchess, thoroughly up to
date, a Lady Bonifant, and yet a crea-
ture not too bright or good for human
nature's daily food. With such an out-
look as this, the social side of the next
administration ought to be right up to
snuff.

Miss Boswell herself is deserving of a
paragraph. She's a smart, keen little
woman with reddish brown hair and
eyes as bright as those of a bird. She is
a capital speaker, forceful, argumenta-
tive and witty. In that she is thorough-
ly a woman. One day last summer at a
campaign club a silver woman made a
little speech, telling why she was for
bimetallism. She wasn't very argumen-
tative, but she was dramatic, and natu-
rally her little speech, given in the
yellowed of gold campaign clubs, cre-
ated quite a little stir. After the meet-
ing was adjourned Miss Boswell and
the silver lady came face to face. "Ah,
Miss Helen Varick Boswell, how are
you?" cried the other. Miss Boswell
pouted like a saucy schoolgirl. "I'm
none the better for hearing you speak,"
said she. "I never heard such a speech.
You never advanced a single argument.
You just played on our sympathies.
Pooh!"

—One hundred Chicago women swept a
street in that city the other day, after vain
attempts to persuade the authorities to do
something.

RELIABLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

THEY
Charge
More.

There are other tailors, per-
haps, who make clothes just
as good as we do, but their
prices are higher.
Even our ordinary prices are
the lowest in town.
But when we have a clear-
ing sale like the one going on
now, it's a question to most
folks how we can do it. What's
the difference where the
"how" comes in as long as
you get the benefit?
Suits to order at \$25.00.

WM. PARSONS & CO.,
114 Hancock Street,
QUINCY.

SWITHIN BROS.,
REAL ESTATE.
Having opened a Real Estate office in
Durgin & Merrill's Block, we are prepared
to show plans and give prices on some of
the finest house lots offered for sale in this
city in recent years. These lots are em-
braced in the following tracts of land:

- President's Hill,
- Cranch Hill,
- Dell Estate,
- WEST QUINCY.
- Hillside Terrace,
- GROVE STREET.
- Wollaston,
- BATES AVENUE.

Will be on land at President's Hill every
afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring
lots or any information on the above
properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin
& Merrill's Block.

McGOVERN BROS.,
Stationers,
Printers, and
Blank Book Makers
Wholesale and Retail
Dealers in
Confectionery,
Cigars, Tobacco
and Cigarettes.
32 Hancock Street,
Quincy.

A. E. WALKER. W. C. COLPITTS.
WALKER & COLPITTS,
DEALERS IN
Teas and Coffees,
Crockery,
China,
Glassware,
etc.

Spices of all kinds, Baking Powder, Cocoa,
Broma, etc.
Wholesale and Retail.
Hancock St., - - Quincy.

THE SILLIEST QUESTION.

A dear little girl with eyes of blue,
And yellow curls and a dimple, too,
And we loved to tease her, as some folks do,
And ask her the silliest questions.

"Oh, what is poppy, say, little Ann?"
"Poppy? Poppy? Why, poppy's a man,
She smiled at us brightly as onward we ran
With the silliest, silliest questions.

"And what is sisley?" The blue eyes gleam.
"Sisley's a guri," she says with a scream
Of laughter as light as a rippling stream
At this silliest, silliest question.

"And botty-botty is surely a toy
Of golden metal with no alloy?"
"Botty? Botty? Why, botty's a boy,"
The silliest, silliest question.

"Then what is mommy?" The blue eyes shed
A faint love gleam, low dropped the head.
"Why, mommy is mommy," little Ann said
To this silliest, silliest question.

Oh, dear little girl with eyes of blue,
And yellow curls and a dimple, too,
Yes, mommy is mommy the whole world
through,
So goodly to the silliest questions.
—Philadelphia American.

MISLED HIS ENEMY.

Wells Compton was telling the story. It was about a duel to the death in which he had engaged while in Arizona, and we all listened attentively. He had told about the cause of the combat. Bill Crookford, the bully of the camp, had thrown a glass of whiskey in his face because he did not like a remark that had been made by the tenderfoot, and Compton had retaliated by striking him a hard blow on the cheek. Crookford was for using his six shooter right away, but the crowd made him desist and insisted.

"I knew the man was likely to kill me before I left the grocery," said Compton. "So I said:

"I will fight you, and fight you now. But mark you, we will fight on something like equal terms. With revolvers I should be nothing but a victim to your skill; so, as I am entitled to the choice of weapons, we will use winchesters, for, although I never fired one in my life, I can use the rifle better than the revolver."

"A dead quiet fell on the group as Crookford nodded his head in token of assent. I had, as I knew, chosen the deadliest style of dueling in force out there."

"Old Mottram broke the silence by saying: 'It seems, boys, that this affair must go on. Crookford, hev you your weapon here?'

"No, but I will soon bring it," was the response as he turned and walked out.

"I now had about an hour at my disposal, and taking Dalziel aside I asked him to be my second, which he accepted to. I gave him all the money I had on me, some \$600, and told him that if I should be killed he was to bury me decently and that he might keep the balance left over. Then on a sheet of note paper I wrote a brief will, disposing of my interests in certain concerns."

"I did not waste any time in thinking of my poor mother, my sisters, or any dearer one at all. The fact was that I hadn't any sweetheart or relations of any kind except my dear old dad, and well I knew that he, a major under the flag of old England, would rather have helped to bury me with his own hands than that his son should turn tail in such a case. Neither was I disturbed in my mind about what respectable old ladies (of both sexes) would call the awful responsibility which must rest on me if I killed this man. No, sir! I just meant to drill as many and as deadly holes in his rascally carcass as good fortune and my skill could together effect. Brutal, no doubt you will say. Perhaps it was, but I was going to shoot to kill for all that, for if over a man meant bloodshed in this world, Bill Crookford meant it when he went out of that saloon."

"What I did think of, however, was how to increase my chances of success, as I certainly did not want to be killed, or even wounded. So I mentally laid down a plan of campaign, or method of operation as it were.

"There was still about half an hour before my adversary could get back. So Dalziel proposed my having a few shots to get used to the winchester which I was to have. About 200 yards away stood an old shanty, empty and tumble down. On this Dalziel stuck the white lid of a box, offering a plain mark of perhaps 12 inches square. I took the rifle, and after firing two shots for direction and elevation I walked over to see how I had got on. Then I came back and resumed firing. When I got through three and twenty cartridges, we all—that is, the rest of the men in the store—with Dalziel and myself, walked over to the target.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed old Mottram. "Why, there ain't a single bullet within five feet of that box lid. You ain't got no show at all again Crookford, Mr. Compton, and if I was you I'd own up and apologize."

"I thank you for your advice," I replied. "I believe I have more chance than you fancy; but if I had none, this affair would have to go on, unless, indeed, your man should beg my pardon for throwing his glass in my face."

"There ain't much chance of

that, I fear. He's dead set on shooting you, sir; but I wish there was some way of stopping this affair. It seems unreasonable that you should meet a man such a tremendous lot better ner yourself when your life will most likely be pay the stake."

"Crookford soon arrived at the store, bringing his rifle with him, and, of course, a whisper or two from his friends made him acquainted with the results of my target practice. Dalziel made a last attempt to prevent a meeting and addressed Crookford upon the evil of carrying this affair to a termination which must almost inevitably result in murder on account of my poor target practice."

"Crookford said: 'There ain't no particular reason for fighting if he will apologize for striking that blow; but he's got to do it, and get to do it humble, too, or else let him get hold of his rifle. I won't say no more.'

"I impatiently waved to Dalziel to desist and signed to Mottram to proceed with the necessary preliminaries. Taking the two rifles from our hands, he pressed one by one into the magazines of each of them seven cartridges."

"Now," said he, when this was done, "you, Crookford, are well posted as to how these affairs are managed here, but for fear that you—turning to me—may not be so well acquainted with them, I will tell you the conditions. These two rifles will be laid down on the middle of the road, where it goes over the plain in a straight line. They will be placed about 200 yards apart, and you will stand each beside his gun. We—that is, Dalziel and myself—will stand between you and to one side. When I throw my hat up, you are each at liberty to get your gun and make the best use of it against one another. You may stand and fire, kneel and fire, or lie down and fire, as you please. You kin run in on one another, or if either of you chooses, he kin run back. There's plenty of road too. Each of you has about 50 miles of straight traveling behind if he don't like the looks of things in front. But neither of you must leave the road, and the seven shots in each of your guns must decide the affair, hit or miss. Mind, if these conditions are broken by either man, me and Dalziel here are to see fair play, and we have guns and will use them too. Without another word we all left the store, and the two seconds, placing the rifles on the road beside Crookford and myself, retired to the little hillock to give the signal."

"I perhaps ought to give you a description of my feelings at that moment, but really I can hardly do so; nor do I remember any very predominant emotion, save that I felt a sort of stony calm, mixed with a strong desire to draw a bead on that figure standing quietly beside his weapon some 200 yards away."

"As I before told you, I had laid down my method of proceeding, and the basis of it was to remain on the defensive, for I felt sure that Crookford, despising my abilities with the winchester, would advance upon me. Nor was I at all mistaken. Directly the signal was given, he seized his rifle and almost instantly discharging a shot—which passed within a few feet of me—he started on a zig-zag run toward me. Meanwhile I had gone down flat on the road, bringing my rifle to bear upon him, and getting sight after he had run in perhaps 50 yards I fired my first shot."

"I shot primarily to stop him, of course, if I could; but also with the intention of throwing a thin cloud of smoke immediately in front of me, beneath which I could again take sight. The day was still, bright and warm, and far away along the road behind Crookford a little white puff of dust told me that I had missed my man. Jerking the lever of the rifle forward and back to its place again, I had my second shot ready for delivery. This time I waited, judging that when he came to a stop, either to lie down or stand, I should have the best chance I was likely to get. But still my rifle muzzle followed his every movement. On he came, till less than 100 yards separated us. Dropping on his hands and knees, he was just reaching the prone position when once more my rifle rang out. This time I did not see the puff of dust betokening a miss, for I had no time to speculate about results; but, hugging the ground closely, I jerked the empty cartridge out and got another into its place."

"Zip came a bullet not three inches from my cheek, and again, as I brought my gun up, another struck the road almost straight in front of me and tore its way through the cloth of my coat on the arm. This shot nearly blinded me and rendered it impossible for me to return the fire effectively for the next two, both being in front and fortunately a little to one side. I absolutely could not see even the end of my own rifle. In a few seconds the dust was cleared sufficiently to allow me dimly to sight my opponent."

My finger had almost pressed the trigger when somehow or other I seemed to feel that I need not shoot. There was no motion about my adversary, nor was his face visible, and even at that distance I could see that his rifle was not in position, but was grasped in his right hand wide as from his body. I kept my rifle on him, hesitating what to do. He still had two shots in his magazine, and I had a right to fire on him and make certain. But still, as I say, I hesitated. As I did so Mottram waved me to hold my fire, and leaving their position on the hill the two seconds ran hastily to the silent figure in front of me. A wave of the hand released me from suspense and informed me that the duel was over. On reaching Crookford I found him insensible from pain and loss of blood. My second shot had struck him fair on the shoulder, shattering the bone at the joint in a terrible manner and flooding the road with blood. Even then the man had, before insensibility had set in, managed—goodness knows how to send those four bullets in rapid succession, one of which, had it been three inches truer, would have killed or badly wounded me. We got him to the store, and Dalziel, who possessed some surgical skill, managed to stanch the flowing blood, and in a day or two he was pronounced out of any absolute danger of his life. Recover he did, although it was three months before he could leave his berth. As the ranch had passed into my hands during that time, I saw that he was properly attended to, but when he was able to travel I directed that he be paid up all wages and given an extra \$50, but ordered that he be discharged from the employ. You see my life felt very unsafe while he was within 50 miles. I heard that he ultimately recovered the use of his arm, but it was a long time before it was anything like sound."

"Little more remains to be told, excepting that I gave Dalziel \$100 for that winchester as a souvenir of the affair."

"But, Mr. Compton," said I, "how on earth did you manage to make such a good shot at your man on your second attempt, when, as you pointed out, you shot so badly at the box lid? Was it simply a fluke?"

Crompton looked at me rather curiously and said: "I notice that you sometimes play at whist, but I don't perceive that you let the adversaries see your hand. It is true that I was never within five feet of the box lid; but then, you see, I never shot at that lid at all. I aimed at a dozen different parts of the shanty—knots, blotches on the wood, etc., but never at the lid. Knowing what I was shooting at I was satisfied, because all my shots were within six or ten inches of where I aimed them, and, of course, the others thought I was blazing away at the lid all the time, though, mind, I never said so, and Crookford naturally got the impression that I was a very bad shot from what the others told him. I rather expected the result would be that way, and it was unlucky for Crookford."

"Suppose we have a drink now. I can never think of those infernal bullets whizzing past me without feeling a certain dizziness in the mouth and throat. Upon my soul, the remembrance makes my flesh creep more now than it did at the time; but, you know, I was fighting mad then, and was 'shooting to kill'!"—San Francisco Examiner.

Wonders of Insect Fecundity.
"Away back in 1850 the people of east Prussia had a little experience with an imported insect which reminds us of the growth of the English sparrow pest. There was a young entomologist living near Cheron who had exchanged some insect cocoons with a brother bug fancier. Those obtained in exchange by the Cheron student were cocoons of the insect known to the entomologists as *Laparis monacha*. In due course of time a male and a female *Laparis* broke their silky coverings and came out to breathe the Prussian air. The young student figured that in the future he would go out and pick his own *Laparis* cocoon, and accordingly he gave the insects their liberty. The patch of woods into which they were turned to pasture comprised 30,000 acres and was one of the finest preserves in that country. It was April when Mr. and Mrs. *Laparis* tried their wings for the first time, but by September their progeny had so increased that the air was full of insects. By October of the following year there was not a live sprig in that forest of 30,000 acres, the entire wood having been converted into a desert covered with lifeless tree trunks. During the 18 months which elapsed between the time when the insects were turned loose and the last date mentioned, when the forest was pronounced a complete ruin, the people of the vicinity had collected and burned 600 pounds, or 900,000,000 single eggs, and had destroyed more than 3,000,000 fully matured moths! How is that for insect fecundity!—St. Louis Republic.

JAPANESE IN NEW YORK.

They Are Becoming a Prominent Factor in Domestic Life.

The Japanese are slowly but surely coming to be a factor in New York life. A short time since they were only to be found associated with a few importing houses or identified with such business as dealt exclusively with Japanese goods, callings that brought them in no very close contact with the people. Now they are entering our homes as domestics, acquiring scholarships in our colleges, finding positions as clerks in our great mercantile houses and otherwise coming in touch with the essentials of everyday life. There are nearly 400 of these warm skinned islanders in New York and Brooklyn. Few if any of them have been in this country over ten years. They come in small numbers, but they come often. In a group adventuring together from Japan the larger portions lay over in San Francisco or some adjacent town, but the movement in this direction continues, and the newcomers speak of the growing interest which their countrymen feel for America and American institutions.

Sanguine people see in this filtering emigration a way out of the complexities of the servant problem. At the Japanese club in Brooklyn, at the Japanese mission room, at certain unadvertised headquarters in New York, are to be seen young Japanese men reading diligently. They are only awaiting a call to enlist as butlers, cooks, valets or men of all work in well to do families. In their own country their services would only give them the equivalent of \$10 a month. Here they are paid from \$25 to \$40 and have a good and comfortable home besides. Some of these candidates look forward to higher vocations in future and accept the menial position only to gain money for pursuing their studies, but many of them regard a good place in an American household as a distinct advantage over anything they could do at home, and these may be looked upon as permanent retainers. It is said of them that they do not like to change employers often and that invariably they give entire satisfaction.

As regards Japanese women, there are very few in this country compared with the number of men. Some prosperous Japanese importers and public officials, who have established their families in New York, have brought along a serving maid or two to further the comfort of the household. A few trading houses number among other employees one or two women in sack shape kimonos and quaint head-dresses. Certain Japanese strays and waits, left over from the Japanese village and exhibition at the Chicago fair, have entered household service here as the only alternative to the dancing and singing that no one now cares to hear. These have places in third or fourth rate boarding houses, where their chances for advancement are slim and their gifts as tea makers little apt to be appreciated. Others, nursemaids and housemaids, are domiciled in the households of people who knew them in Japan, or of people who got their Japanese-American friends to send them over. In days when distance is so annihilated, and people pass a year or a half year in first one clime and then another, the American housewife becomes acquainted with the excellence of all lands and grafts on her establishment such treasures as suit her best. Of these, the Japanese maid is an example.

"The Japanese woman child draws in obedience from her earliest breath," says one of these returned nomads. "She is taught in the home, taught in the school, taught in the plays that she sees at the theaters when she grows up. She is her husband's upper servant, and the servant of his mother and father. Trained from her birth to sink her own identity in the interest of those around her, she is by nature a marvelously comfortable serving woman. My Japanese maid is methodical and painstaking, intelligent and industrious. She never obtrudes herself, and, having few acquaintances, never wants a day off."—New York Letter in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A Billiard Clock.
A hotel keeper of Breslau, Germany, Gustave Hey, has invented a billiard controlling clock, which automatically registers the exact time a billiard table has been in use without the possibility of an error. The apparatus consists of an ordinary clock and a small box attached just beneath and large enough to admit the balls. While the billiard balls remain in the box the clock is stopped. When the balls are taken from the box, the clock immediately starts and continues so until the balls are replaced.

Tramp Overlooks His Eyes.
Mr. Goodson—For a beggar you look rather respectable with glasses. Beggar—Yes, sir. I have ruined my eyesight looking for a job.—London Tit-Bits.

The Mixing of French Wines.

An American who has been residing in France and has devoted some time to studying the wines of the country says that California claret is as good as the claret of France. The Bordeaux wines that are exported to England and America are not pure wines, but are mixed expressly for the foreign trade. The French have a great objection to this fact being known. It is said that a former United States consul to Bordeaux was shot down in the streets after having described the process of mixing in a consular report. The idea that a Frenchman will consume large quantities of wine is a mistake. He will go to an inn, call for a glass of wine and sit down and play cards. If he is playing for an hour, the wine lasts him all that time. He takes but one glass. The French do not like a heavy wine, and the claret they drink is quite light. Even this thin wine is nearly always mixed with water, half and half. They say water brings out the fruity flavor.

To meet the English, American and other foreign demand the French wine dealers at Bordeaux take the thin native wines and mix them with the much heavier wines of Spain and Portugal, and the result is the Bordeaux wine of commerce. The method of mixing is wonderfully rapid and effective. Two bins of French wines are placed close to one of Spanish and one bin of Portuguese wine. Above them all is another bin, empty and ready for the receipt of the mixed wine. The work of mixing is done by an electric engine, to which are attached four rubber suction pipes, one pipe going from each bin of wine into the empty bin above. The wine from the four bins is thus sucked up and discharged in equal quantities into the empty bin. The mixing is thorough. Malaga wine from Spain, port, possibly from Portugal, and the thin French claret all go into one compound, Vin Bordeaux. It is a good wine, but it is not a pure wine in the sense of being the product of one kind of grape.

Talking With Louis Philippe.

I was then director of the Academie Francaise, and I had to bring to the king's notice some matter or other which concerned that body. After treating the question which had brought me I was about to retire when the king detained me, took a chair, motioned me to another and said affably: "Since you are here, M. de Tocqueville, let us talk. I want to hear you talk a little about America." I knew him well enough to know that this meant "I shall talk about America myself." And he did actually talk of it at great length and very searchingly. It was not possible for me nor did I desire to get in a word, for he really interested me. He described places as though he saw them before him, he recalled the distinguished men whom he had met 40 years ago as though he had seen them the day before; he mentioned their names in full, Christian name and surname, gave their ages at the time, related their histories, their pedigrees, their posterity, with marvellous exactness and with infinite though in no way tedious detail. From America he returned, without taking breath, to Europe, talked of all our foreign and domestic affairs with incredible unconstraint (for I had no title to his confidence), spoke very badly of the emperor of Russia, whom he called "M. Nicolas," casually alluded to Lord Palmerston as a rogue, and ended by holding forth at length on the Spanish marriage, which had just taken place, and the annoyances to which they subjected him on the side of England. "The queen is very angry with me," he said, "and displays great irritation, but, after all," he added, "all this outcry won't keep me from driving my own cart."

"Recollections" of De Tocqueville.

India's Fine Forest Policy.

India, says a contemporary, would scarcely be looked to for an example of forest preservation, but that country has perhaps the finest natural forest policy of any in the world. Before regulations for the conservation of growing timber had been devised and put in force forests had been consumed as recklessly as those of the United States, and that is putting the case as strongly as is necessary for emphasis. Fires destroyed them, timber was cut lavishly and without regard to economy and the forests were disappearing under careless treatment. Through the present policy India has placed 80,000 square miles under permanent regulation, while 50,000 other square miles are in process of settlement. A large number of trained men now constitute a force to protect the forests. The revenue from these reserves is expected to equal the expenditure for the entire preservative machinery. The product of the forests brings in a liberal and growing surplus. This policy has been in operation for 30 years and has been a great success.—Northwestern Lumberman.

THE DEATH OF SEDGWICK.

General Porter Describes the Fall of the Commander.

A little before 8 o'clock on the morning of May 9 General Grant mounted his horse and directed me and two other staff officers to accompany him to make an examination of the lines in our immediate front. This day he rode a black pony called Jeff Davis, given that name because it had been captured in Mississippi on the plantation of Joe Davis, a brother of the Confederate president. It was turned into the quartermaster's department, from which it was purchased by the general on his Vicksburg campaign. He was not well at that time, being afflicted with boils, and he took a fancy to the pony because it had a remarkably easy pace, which enabled the general to make his long daily rides with much more comfort than when he used the horses he usually rode. Little Jeff soon became a conspicuous figure in the Virginia campaign.

We proceeded to Sedgwick's command, and the general had a conference with him in regard to the part his corps was to take in the contemplated attack. Both officers remained mounted during the interview. The gallant commander of the famous Sixth corps seemed particularly cheerful and hopeful that morning and looked the picture of buoyant life and vigorous health. When his chief uttered some words of compliment upon his recent services and spoke of the hardships he had encountered, Sedgwick spoke lightly of the difficulties experienced and expressed every confidence in the ability of his troops to respond heroically to every demand made upon them. When the general in chief left him, Sedgwick started with his staff to move farther to the front.

Our party had ridden but a short distance to the left when General Grant sent me back to Sedgwick to discuss with him further a matter which it was thought had not been sufficiently emphasized in their conversation. While I was following the road I had seen him take I heard musketry firing ahead and soon saw the body of an officer being borne from the field. Such a sight was so common that ordinarily it would have attracted no attention, but my apprehensions were aroused by seeing several of General Sedgwick's staff beside the body. As they came nearer I gave an inquiry look. Colonel Beaumont of the staff cast his eyes in the direction of the body, then looked at me with an expression of profound sorrow and slowly shook his head. His actions told the whole sad story. His heroic chief was dead.

I was informed that as he was approaching an exposed point of the line to examine the enemy's position more closely General McMahon of his staff reminded him that one or two officers had just been struck at that spot by sharpshooters and begged him not to advance farther. At this suggestion the general only smiled and soon after had entirely forgotten the warning. Indifferent to every form of danger, such an appeal made but little impression on him. His movements led him to the position against which he had been cautioned, and he had scarcely dismounted and reached the spot on foot when a bullet entered his left cheek just below the eye, and he fell dead. As his lifeless form was carried by a smile still remained upon his lips. Sedgwick was essentially a soldier. He had never married. The camp was his home, and the members of his staff were his family. He was always spoken of familiarly as Uncle John, and the news of his death fell upon his comrades with a sense of grief akin to the sorrow of a personal bereavement.

I rode off at once to bear the sad intelligence to the general in chief. For a few moments he could scarcely realize it and twice asked, "Is he really dead?" The shock was severe, and he could ill conceal the depth of his grief. He said, "His loss to this army is greater than the loss of a whole division of troops." General Wright was at once placed in command of the Sixth corps.—General Horace Porter in Century.

The Root of Evil.

The Kind Lady—Tell me, is it not the love of drink that makes you the wretched being you are?

Dismal Dawson—None; it is the love of money.

"Good gracious! Do you mean to tell me that you are a miser?"

"Oh, no. I don't mean me loving money. I mean if other people didn't love their money so it wouldn't be so hard for me to get hold of it now and then."—Indianapolis Journal.

Reason For Harry.

The Doctor—Mrs. Brown has sent for me to go and see her boy, and I must go at once.

His Wife—What is the matter with the boy?

The Doctor—I don't know, but Mrs. Brown has a book on "What to Do Before the Doctor Comes," and I must hurry up before she does it.—Household Words.

ARE NOT IN THE SWIM

TRADEPEOPLE ARE BARRED FROM WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

But a Clever Nursemaid Works Her Way In—The First Requisite for a Social Career—Less Formality Than in Washington's Time.

[Special Correspondence.]
WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—Social Washington is having its fling now. The social season opened with the White House reception on New Year's day and since that time day and night have been given up by the devotees of pleasure to calling on each other, dancing, drinking tea, eating wafers and doing all the little things which the "society people" of Washington have done season after season for many years. Pleasure seekers I would better call them perhaps, because I think most of them never find the joy they expect in the round of social formalities. It is such a mockery, this social season in Washington. In the first place, our fashionable society is founded in a theory which comes to us from the people of other nations, and we never live up to it. Our society—using the word in its restricted sense—is not guarded by hereditary lines. We have few "old families," and the



THE DEMOCRACY OF TODAY.

fact that they are old does not assure them social honors. We have not a strictly moneyed aristocracy either, because conditions make the poor as well as the rich a social quantity. And even official society is uncertain, because people may be in official life in Washington and still be beyond the social pale. There is just a curious and accidental mixture here of rich and poor, vulgar and refined, "new" people and "old," officialdom and professional or business men. And all this makes up "Washington society" as you read about it in the Washington papers.

I have said that some people in official life are not of society. That is a bitter lesson which women who are new to Washington learn when they spend their first winter here. They go to the public receptions at the White House. You know any one can do that. They go to the reception given by the president to congress, a function which very few of the fashionable people of Washington attend. They call on the wives of the cabinet members, and a liveried footman returns the call by leaving cards at their doors. That is the limit of the congressman's wife in Washington, unless she has some social qualifications beyond the mere fact of being in official life.

What really counts chiefly in the social world here are cleverness and adaptability. Of course there are coarse grained, blundering millionaires in Washington; there are in New York society—men and women who possess not a single social qualification except the ability to entertain finely.

But there are others, people without wealth or family, and even without official position; of any kind, who make their way in society by dint of cleverness and perseverance. I heard of a case in illustration only a few days ago.

Up Like a Rocket.

A woman of wealth, well known socially, had in her employment a nurse whom she knew as Nellie. Perhaps in the words of the old song, "Nellie was a lady," but she was not recognized as one in Washington society. Nellie's employer decided to break up house-keeping and go abroad. Her house furnishings were to be sold at auction. Nellie asked permission to use these furnishings to equip a boarding house. Her mistress consented, and soon afterward departed, never to return.

Nellie—Mrs. Porthole as she was known there—opened a boarding house, and having such fine furnishings was able to command fashionable trade. Her service, too, was good and her business presently increased so that she had to enlarge her establishment. It increased still more as years went by, and Mrs. Porthole, who now represented herself as the widow of a naval officer, grew well to do. The fact that no Captain Porthole could have been found in the old navy registers was something no one took the trouble to trace.

A few days ago—less than ten years after the departure of Nellie's employer—a lady who had been intimate with her was attending an afternoon reception at a fashionable house. A woman of fine appearance and elegant dress was present to her as "Mrs. Porthole, the widow of Captain Porthole of the navy." The widow gave her the conventional, automatic handshake and passed on, smiling.

The other woman glanced after her and then raked her brains to identify the face. She had a good memory, and it was not long before she knew Mrs. Porthole as Nellie, the ex-nursemaid. On inquiry she learned that Mrs. Porthole was very popular and was received at all the most fashionable houses in Washington. Few people could have told anything of her past. This woman did not tell of it, because she thought Nellie had earned her success.

It took only ten years for Nellie to pass through the social incubator. That is an unusually brief period. Usually it is the second or third generation

which puts away the old and the new, and the new is regarded as the old. A little if a man is a venter of tea and old family here while illustration of society makes. This is a family one adopted the medicine; the other chose to become a grocer, equally refined and attractive. Probably the second aptitude for trade and a miserable failure in. But if he had any social might better have taken clerkship or lived on his row from his friends. No occupations is considered rier.

Dr. Carter—thunder however—bursting in because he was so poor and wealthy people and he gained a come. Grocer Carter came and sugar and in his own way, no. Both the doctor and family friends with a connection, and most were members of the Metropolis. Membership in the Metropolis a social test. The doctor belonged to a grocer did not. One day gested that his brother. The requisite number of obtained and the grocer's up. Then came an emiss in authority—a confid who whispered in the doctor suggested that the doctor brother's name, because the brother would be a doctor asked inquiry there was to his brother. He formed that it was else. Personally was very much like couldn't be expected grocer. So said to whom he appealed upon took down his resigned from the class.

There is only one this redeem a man who is gets into congress, his but be forgiven. A man who clothing store in Boston a ber of the Metropolitan ago. He was the man w Justice Lamar on the floor one day and seized the la After the fashion of a s man of the old time Mr. only the lower button of coat and let the upper negligently open. "You your coat that way. At the clothier-congre wear it this way." He trocked Mr. Lamar's sides and buttoned though he wore a parade the avenue, him and went around like himself until he house. Then he un

Of course we ought to toeracy of true worth in where all men are equal great many people who ington criticize those oth live here and entertain h who restrict their inv members of "your set." B look back a hundred year that the fathers were far catic than any one at affects to be today. When ington was made preside his official friends in cons termine how he should and this conference president must not guests; that he must at stated intervals, president of "your set." B the room, bowing and Mrs. Washington for the breaking up. Today the president mark for any Ameri wants to enter the White You hear of very few taking part in the affa gay world. Speaker Reed



THE ARISTOCRACY goes to official re his official capacity a entertainments now and is not, strictly speaking man." Senator Brice is sistent devotee of soci Washington. He is very his entertainments are the during the social season. is another devotee of soci a fortune, and he gers, though he seldom any other way. Represent Illinois is one of the most tertainers in Washington. or is another. So are R Washington of Tennessee kins of West Virg Reburn of Penns cott of Nevada, lands of Colorado, Maryland and Senu da, but the list w man. GEORGE

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We proceeded to Sedgwick's command, and the general had a conference with him in regard to the part his corps was to take in the contemplated attack. Both officers remained mounted during the interview. The gallant commander of the famous Sixth corps seemed particularly cheerful and hopeful that morning and looked the picture of buoyant life and vigorous health. When his chief uttered some words of compliment upon his recent services and spoke of the hardships he had encountered, Sedgwick spoke lightly of the difficulties experienced and expressed every confidence in the ability of his troops to respond heroically to every demand made upon them. When the general in chief left him, Sedgwick started with his staff to move farther to the front.

Our party had ridden but a short distance to the left when General Grant sent me back to Sedgwick to discuss with him further a matter which it was thought had not been sufficiently emphasized in their conversation. While I was following the road I had seen him take I heard musketry firing ahead and soon saw the body of an officer being borne from the field. Such a sight was so common that ordinarily it would have attracted no attention, but my apprehensions were aroused by seeing several of General Sedgwick's staff beside the body. As they came nearer I gave an inquiring look. Colonel Beaumont of the staff cast his eyes in the direction of the body, then looked at me with an expression of profound sorrow and slowly shook his head. His actions told the whole sad story. His heroic chief was dead.

I was informed that as he was approaching an exposed point of the line to examine the enemy's position more closely General McMahon of his staff reminded him that one or two officers had just been struck at that spot by sharpshooters and begged him not to advance farther. At this suggestion the general only smiled and soon after had entirely forgotten the warning. Indifferent to every form of danger, such an appeal made but little impression upon him. His movements led him to the position against which he had been cautioned, and he had scarcely dismounted and reached the spot on foot when a bullet entered his left cheek just below the eye, and he fell dead. As his lifeless form was carried by a smile still remained upon his lips. Sedgwick was essentially a soldier. He had never married. The camp was his home, and the members of his staff were his family. He was always spoken of familiarly as Uncle John, and the news of his death fell upon his comrades with a sense of grief akin to the sorrow of a personal bereavement.

I rode off at once to bear the sad intelligence to the general in chief. For a few moments he could scarcely realize it and twice asked, "Is he really dead?" The shock was severe, and he could ill conceal the depth of his grief. He said, "His loss to this army is greater than the loss of a whole division of troops." General Wright was at once placed in command of the Sixth corps. General Horace Porter in Century.

The Root of Evil.

The Kind Lady—Tell me, is it not the love of drink that makes you the wretched being you are?

Dismal Dawson—None; it is the love of money.

"Good gracious! Do you mean to tell me that you are a miser?"

"Oh, no. I don't mean me lovin' money. I mean if other people didn't love their money so it wouldn't be so hard for me to get hold of it now and then."—Indianapolis Journal.

Reason For Hurry.

The Doctor—Mrs. Brown has sent for me to go and see her boy, and I must go at once.

His Wife—What is the matter with the boy?

The Doctor—I don't know, but Mrs. Brown has a book on "What to Do Before the Doctor Comes," and I must hurry up before she does it.—Household Words.

ARE NOT IN THE SWIM

TRADESPEOPLE ARE BARRED FROM WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

But a Clever Nursemaid Works Her Way In—The First Requisites for a Social Career—Less Formality Than in Washington's Time.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—Social Washington is having its fling now. The social season opened with the White House reception on New Year's day and since that time day and night have been given up by the devotees of pleasure to calling on each other, dancing, drinking tea, eating wafers and doing all the little things which the "society people" of Washington have done season after season for many years. Pleasure seekers I would better call them perhaps, because I think most of them never find the joy they expect in the round of social formalities. It is such a mockery, this social season in Washington.

In the first place, our fashionable society is founded in a theory which comes to us from the people of other nations, and we never live up to it. Our society—using the word in its restricted sense—is not guarded by hereditary lines. We have few "old families," and the



THE DEMOCRACY OF TODAY.

fact that they are old does not assure them social honors. We have not a strictly moneyed aristocracy either, because conditions make the poor as well as the rich a social quantity. And even official society is uncertain, because people may be in official life in Washington and still be beyond the social pale. There is just a curious and accidental mixture here of rich and poor, vulgar and refined, "new" people and "old," officeholders and professional or business men. And all this makes up "Washington society" as you read about it in the Washington papers.

I have said that some people in official life are not of society. That is a bitter lesson which women who are new to Washington learn when they spend their first winter here. They go to the public receptions at the White House. You or I or any one can do that. They go to the reception given by the president to congress, a function which very few of the fashionable people of Washington attend. They call on the wives of the cabinet members, and a liveried footman returns the call by leaving cards at their doors. That is the limit of the congressman's wife in Washington, unless she has some social qualifications beyond the mere fact of being in official life.

What really counts chiefly in the social world here are cleverness and adaptability. Of course there are coarse grained, blundering millionaires in Washington as there are in New York society—men and women who possess not a single social qualification except the ability to entertain finely.

But there are others, people without wealth or family, and even without official position of any kind, who make their way in society by dint of cleverness and perseverance. I heard of a case in illustration only a few days ago.

Up Like a Rocket.

A woman of wealth, well known socially, had in her employment a nurse whom she knew as Nellie. Perhaps, in the words of the old song, "Nellie was a lady," but she was not recognized as one in Washington society. Nellie's employer decided to break up housekeeping and go abroad. Her house furnishings were to be sold at auction. Nellie asked permission to use these furnishings to equip a boarding house. Her mistress consented, and soon afterward departed, never to return.

Nellie—or Mrs. Porthole as she was known thereafter—opened a boarding house, and having such fine furnishings she was able to command a fashionable trade. Her service, too, was good and her business presently increased so that she had to enlarge her establishment. It increased still more as years went by, and Mrs. Porthole, who now represented herself as the widow of a naval officer, grew well to do. The fact that no Captain Porthole could have been found in the old navy registers was something no one took the trouble to trace.

A few days ago—less than ten years after the departure of Nellie's employer—a lady who had been intimate with her was attending an afternoon reception at a fashionable house. A woman of fine appearance and elegant dress was presented to her as "Mrs. Porthole, the widow of Captain Porthole of the navy." The widow gave her the conventional, automatic handshake and passed on, smiling.

The other woman glanced after her and then racked her brains to identify the face. She had a good memory, and it was not long before she knew Mrs. Porthole as Nellie, the ex-nursemaid. On inquiry she learned that Mrs. Porthole was very popular and was received at all the most fashionable houses in Washington. Few people could have told anything of her past. This woman did not tell of it, because she thought Nellie had earned her success.

It took only ten years for Nellie to pass through the social incubator. That is an unusually brief period. Usually it is the second or third generation

which puts away the yardstick or the awl or the pint measure, for trade, you know, is regarded with horror in Washington society. Family counts for very little if a man is a cutter of cloth or a vender of tea and coffee. There is an old family here which furnishes a striking illustration of the nice distinction society makes. This family is from Virginia, and it is one of those "first families" which are the peculiar property of the Old Dominion. Of two sons in the family one adopted the profession of medicine; the other for some reason chose to become a grocer. They were equally refined and attractive personally. Probably the second brother had an aptitude for trade and would have been a miserable failure in anything else. But if he had any social ambition he might better have taken a government clerkship or lived on what he could borrow from his friends. Neither of these occupations is considered a social barrier.

The Grocer and the Doctor.

Dr. Carter—that is not his name, however—flourished in society, and because he was so popular, fashionable and wealthy people became his patients and he gained a very comfortable income. Grocer Carter meantime sold coffee and sugar and lard and enjoyed life in his own way, not caring for society. Both the doctor and the grocer had old family friends with whom they kept up a connection, and most of these friends were members of the Metropolitan club. Membership in the Metropolitan is considered a social test in Washington. The doctor belonged to the club. The grocer did not. One day the doctor suggested that his brother join the club. The requisite number of sponsors was obtained and the grocer's name was put up. Then came an emissary from those in authority—a confidential agent—who whispered in the doctor's ear. He suggested that the doctor withdraw his brother's name, because if he did not the brother would be blackballed. The doctor asked indignantly why objection there was to his brother. He was informed that it was the grocer, nothing else. Personally the doctor's brother was very much liked, but really a man couldn't be expected to associate with his grocer. So said the club members to whom he appealed. The doctor thereupon took down his brother's name and resigned from the club.

There is only one thing which may redeem a man who is in trade. If he gets into congress, his business sins may be forgiven. A man who kept a retail clothing store in Boston became a member of the Metropolitan club some years ago. He was the man who approached Justice Lamar on the floor of the house one day and seized the lapel of his coat. After the fashion of a southern statesman of the old time Mr. Lamar fastened only the lower button of his black frock coat and let the upper part of it roll negligently open. "You shouldn't wear your coat that way, Mr. Lamar," said the clothing-congressman. "You should wear it this way." And he dexterously tucked Mr. Lamar's shirt down at the sides and buttoned his coat as trimly as though he were a young blood about to parade the avenue. Mr. Lamar thanked him and went around looking very unlike himself until he left the hall of the house. Then he unbuttoned his coat.

"Our Set."

Of course we ought to have an aristocracy of true worth in this country where all men are equal, and I hear a great many people who come to Washington criticize those other people who live here and entertain handsomely and who restrict their invitations to the members of "our set." But if they will look back a hundred years they will see that the fathers were far more aristocratic than any one at Washington affects to be today. When George Washington was made president, he called his official friends in consultation to determine how he should carry himself, and this conference agreed that the president must not call on any one; that he must not shake hands with his guests; that he must give formal levees at stated intervals. At these levees the president always made the circuit of the room, bowing to his guests, and he and Mrs. Washington retired as a signal for the breaking up of the assemblage. Today the president's right hand is a mark for any American citizen who wants to enter the White House.

You hear of very few congressmen taking part in the affairs of the very gay world. Speaker Reed, for example, and not the federal government was the real owner of the land, and the efforts of the association were directed toward the state legislature. Judge Kirk Hawes, president of the Grand Army Hall and Memorial association, secured the passage of a bill authorizing the Soldiers' home in Chicago to erect the memorial on the north quarter of Dearborn park. This was in July, 1889, but it was found that it was impossible to raise the necessary funds.

At this crisis the directors of the Public library came forward and proposed to join the Grand Army in securing the passage of another bill authorizing the erection of a library building covering the whole square, in consideration of which the library directors were to construct in the north end of the building the memorial hall, which the veterans did not have funds to erect.

The bill was passed, and the library association agreed to lease the hall to the Grand Army at a nominal rental for 50 years, after which it should revert to the library, but was to be kept as a memorial hall forever.

In a most satisfactory manner have the library directors fulfilled their promise. The hall is not only the handsomest section of the new library building, but is said to be, without exception, the handsomest hall of the kind in the world. The memorial hall and other rooms cover a floor space of 60,000 square feet. Besides the memorial hall there are eight smaller assembly rooms.

The hall is located on the second floor and is approached through a magnificent corridor paved with mosaic marble and a grand marble staircase. A massive door of bronze and mahogany opens into the vestibule, whose walls and floor are of marble. The rotunda is 45 feet square, and from the mosaic floor to the beautiful stained glass windows in the dome is a distance of 80 feet.

The memorial hall itself opens from the rotunda. The walls, which are 60 feet high, are sheathed with green antique marble ornamented and relieved by moldings of solid bronze. Enormous windows, reaching almost from the ceiling to the floor, light the room and give it the appearance of being even larger and higher than it really is. In the panels under the arches over the doors and windows are army and navy badges. Around the walls are to be placed in relief the badges of every corps engaged in the war, while on the west wall will be a large badge of the Grand Army of the Republic, faced on the east wall by the seal of the United States. The ceiling is also richly decorated. Around the hall are placed plate glass cases, in which will be stored the priceless relics of the great struggle which are now in the possession of the Chicago poets or which are to be collected in the future.

C. J. BOWDEN.

GRAND ARMY MUSEUM

A MAGNIFICENT MEMORIAL HALL BUILT IN CHICAGO.

Fine Assembly Rooms and Spacious Cabins For Relics of the Civil War—Result of Fifteen Years of Hard Work by the Veterans.

Chicago Grand Army veterans have the finest assembly rooms to be found anywhere in the country. They have not yet occupied their new quarters, and it may be some time before they do so, for their new home is so grand and imposing as to architecture and so rich in decoration that to provide appropriate and suitable furniture for it will cost a small fortune, and the veterans are wondering where the money is to come from. The new hall will be dedicated on May 30.

It was through the efforts of the Grand Army Memorial association that their magnificent new quarters were obtained, and it was only after 15 years of hard and persistent work by all the Chicago poets that the object was accomplished. In 1881 the Chicago poets awoke to a realization of the fact that, while many other states and cities had erected colossal monuments and elaborate memorial buildings, neither the state of Illinois, that had furnished a Lincoln, a Grant, a Logan and 250,000 men, nor Chicago had ever erected a suitable monument or memorial building in honor of those Illinois heroes who lost their lives fighting for the Union.

So an association was formed to build a memorial hall. A site was selected on what was then known as Dearborn park. This was part of the old Fort Dearborn military reservation which had been reserved as public ground when the rest was cut up into lots and sold. It was supposed that the title to the property rested with the United States government and had been so decided in court. The Grand Army men were joined by the directors of the Chicago Public library, which also wanted part of the park as a site for a new library building. The library people wanted the south two-thirds, and the Grand Army men asked for the north third. A bill embodying these requests was presented to congress, but it failed.

About this time, however, Justice Harlan decided that the state of Illinois



JUDGE KIRK HAWES.

and not the federal government was the real owner of the land, and the efforts of the association were directed toward the state legislature. Judge Kirk Hawes, president of the Grand Army Hall and Memorial association, secured the passage of a bill authorizing the Soldiers' home in Chicago to erect the memorial on the north quarter of Dearborn park. This was in July, 1889, but it was found that it was impossible to raise the necessary funds.

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THEATER MILLINERY

CHICAGO SEEKS TO EXTERMINATE OBSTRUCTIVE FEMININE HEADGEAR.

Similar Attempts in Other Places Have Furnished More Amusement Than Profit, but All Mankind Unites in Blessing Alderman Plotke of Chicago.

The crusade against the theater hat has broken out in a new spot. This time it is in Chicago, and the city council of that metropolis has passed an anti-theater hat ordinance which is expected to abate a nuisance which has existed longer than Chicago's has.

Just how this undertaking will succeed is an open question, and the rest of the country will watch the struggle with interest. Time and time again has the theater hat been assailed, but it has al-



ALDERMAN PLOTKE.

ways come out on top—very much on top, in fact. Common councils, boards of aldermen and state legislatures have all wrestled with the legal side of the question at various times and in different parts of the Union, but there has never been a decisive conclusion arrived at as to whether the wearing of a view obstructing hat by a woman at a theater was a capital offense, a misdemeanor, a breach of the peace or merely an exhibition of feminine folly. If Chicago can throw any further light on the question it will be welcomed.

Among the many empty victories which the opponents of the theater hat have gained was that represented by the Fostick law in Ohio. When the legislature of the Buckeye State passed that measure and it became a law, it was thought that the nodding plumes and other distracting features of theater millinery had been banished forever. But they were not. There is a law on the Ohio statute books against the use of

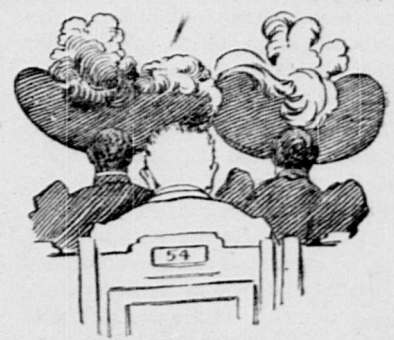
profanity. The Fostick law is there, too, but the big hat still flaunts its tantalizing feathers in the parquet circle, and it is needless to add that the man who swears at the theater hat is not imprisoned.

The Ohio law does not forbid the wearing of hats altogether, but discriminates against the wearing of big hats and leaves to the reluctant managers the task of drawing the line. There were a few spasmodic efforts to enforce the statute, but theaters are run on business principles, and the managers of them dislike to offend their patrons as much as men in other lines of business do. So the law has become a dead letter.

Sometimes the efforts to prohibit the theater hat have resulted in curious complications. In Indianapolis, for instance, where such an attempt was made, a woman who had been forced to remove her hat retaliated by refusing to allow a man who wanted to go out between the acts to pass her. She insisted that he was interfering with her comfort as much as her hat interfered with that of the man behind her. She was a woman of determination, too, and the man had to go thither until the end of the performance.

In St. Louis a man who found himself seated behind a monstrous creation of the milliner's art became so exasperated in his futile attempts to see what was taking place on the stage that he decided to wreak a vicarious revenge. So he put on his tail silk hat and ignored the protests of the women behind him. He was arrested, fined and canonized as a martyr to men's rights.

A New York man who tried the same experience was far more successful. He had paid \$1.50 for a seat in a Broadway theater, when a woman with exaggerated headgear took the seat in front of him, completely shutting off his view of the stage. His polite request that the offending hat be removed was met by an angry refusal from the wearer. The Gothamite, however, was a diplomat. Carefully folding his ulster, he placed it



WHY ALDERMAN PLOTKE DOESN'T LIKE THE THEATER HAT.

in his seat, and then, putting on his high silk hat, he sat down. Of course, the woman in the rear were highly indignant at once and began to shout:

"Take off that hat! Take it off!"

The woman with the big hat, thinking that the shouts were meant for her, turned red and finally surrendered. Then the diplomat bowed low to the indignant audience, removed his own hat, hung his ulster over the back of his chair and sat down to an undisturbed enjoyment of the play.

Besides the numerous attempts to legislate the theater hat out of existence there have been numerous crusades of an unofficial character. Mighty metropolitan newspapers have thundered and stormed away in their editorial columns and printed long articles of denunciation against big hats, while the machine humorists have from time immemorial regarded the theater hat as so much stock in trade and good for a 50 cent joke about three times a year.

But it has all been a waste of effort. Social philosophers have pointed out to



THE MATINEE GIRL'S REVENGE.

women that they were showing a selfish and inconsiderate spirit when they disregarded the rights of others in this manner. The philosophers have done this in all seriousness, forgetting that "when a lovely woman stoops to folly" she is not to be censured either by logic or reason. "Men seem to think," said a well known woman recently when discussing the subject, "that we are prompted by malice, or else they lay it to natural perversity. It is neither. A woman wears her best clothes to the theater because she knows she is going to be seen as well as to see, and she wishes to appear at her best. She does not wear a hat because it is necessary, but because it is part of her costume. She thinks that her hat is a pretty one and becoming, or else she would not have bought it, and to ask her to leave in a cloakroom or hide in her lap something which she admires and which she thinks adds to her beauty when she has it on her head is preposterous and unreasonable. So, there!"

Perhaps Alderman Plotke, who framed and introduced Chicago's theater hat law, never had the matter put before him in this form, and then, again, perhaps he has sat craning his neck for three mortal hours in a vain struggle to look around, over or under a gaudy thing with flaring brim, towering crown and dancing appendages until his soul was sick within him and his collar had rubbed his neck raw. He says he has done this and that he means to fight the theater hat in Chicago until it dies the death.

S. C. SCHENCK.

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JANUARY, 1897.

PENANCE OF THEODOSIUS.

BY REV. F. A. CUNNINGHAM.

Theodosius, the emperor of the east, was a pious and amiable prince, deserving well of the Church for his solid faith, as well as for his vigorous support of religion in the empire. Unfortunately he was burdened by a court full of unscrupulous counselors, courtiers and politicians, who only too often contrived to impose upon the good nature of their prince.

Some citizens of Thessalonica had in a sudden uprising of the people, committed a serious misdeed which merited an exemplary punishment. St. Ambrose with some other bishops was sent as a mediator to sue for pardon. Theodosius, partly out of reverence for so great and well beloved a prelate and partly from his own gentleness of disposition, promised forgiveness for the offending city. Afterwards, however, instigated and solicited by his courtiers, who by their specious arguments reminded his anger, he forgot the faith he had given to the holy bishop. He dispatched to the unfortunate city a force of troops which for three hours committed every sort of cruelty upon the citizens, putting to death all who could be found and not sparing even the most innocent.

The holy bishop of Milan was filled with inconsolable grief both for the unfortunate sufferers and for the emperor himself who with so much injustice and in cold blood had joined hands with death and obscured his own glory. So vehement was his grief that he complained bitterly of the perfidious faithlessness of the emperor. He could not allow such a misdeed to pass with impunity even in a sovereign, and especially in a son so tenderly beloved. Hearing, therefore, that Theodosius was coming to Milan, he departed from the city, hoping by such tacit and mild reproof to awaken the conscience of the prince, rather than be compelled to meet him with bitter reproaches.

On the night of his departure God sent to the saint this vision. He seemed to see Theodosius entering, as was his custom, the church for the Divine Sacrifice. But the saint imagined that he could not perform the Holy Mass on account of the presence of the Emperor. From this vision he understood that Theodosius should be subjected to public penance. He dispatched to the emperor a letter in which, after having, with priestly liberty, demonstrated the atrocious injustice of his act and its cruelty, he showed how he could not hope for salvation hereafter except through tears and repentance. "You are a man," he added, "and your fault only demonstrates the weakness of your nature. It remains for you now, by an act of glorious justice to prove yourself greater than your weakness and to show that you esteem virtue and right more than yourself. No angel, not even the seraphim can cancel your sin. God alone who was offended, can pardon and reconcile the sinner to himself; but his pardon is for those only who humble themselves by penance. Perform your penance therefore, sire, courageously, for that alone can secure your eternal salvation. I, myself, sympathize with you, for it wounds my heart to see the extremity to which you allowed yourself to be led. Oh God! and I say it with tears in my eyes, who were once a model of piety and gentleness among princes, who who scrupled to cause the death of those even who merited it,—I find you cold and insensible to remorse even for the death of so many innocent ones. What has changed you so? You were once glorious for your valor, your discretion and your noble enterprises; but your greatest glory was your piety, your virtue and your gentleness of heart. The evil spirit was envious of so much worth, and has robbed you of that precious quality which alone made you the delight of your people and of the whole world. I beg you, in the name of God, over-

come now that which has overcome you, blot out this stain and restore your name to its former lustre. In the meantime, while you will live in penance, in which you will have my sympathy, do not presume to mingle with the faithful at the divine sacrifice. Know too, that God himself has commanded me thus to admonish you. Content yourself for the present with sacrifice of humiliation, of tears and of repentance. Beware not to excite farther the justice of God by despising the commands of his Church!"

When St. Ambrose returned to Milan he found the emperor little moved by his reproaches and menaces. The prince had become obstinate in his error, and even determined in spite of the command of the holy bishop, to assist at the Holy Sacrifice with the rest of the faithful. But the saint feared God more than imperial power, and loved the soul above all the honors of Theodosius.

The following day Ambrose learned that the emperor, followed by his court was on the way toward the church. The saint hurried to the doors of the vestibule clad in the robes of his pontifical office. As the emperor approached he was confronted by Ambrose who with a grave countenance and in a clear voice, said to him: "Is it possible, sire, that after calm reflection, and after my admonitions you do not comprehend the gravity of the sin committed by you in the massacre of Thessalonica? Has the splendor of your crown so blinded you that judge the relations of things that you do not know even yourself? Understand, therefore, from me that you are only a man like all others; that like your humblest people you are subject to the supreme Lord of all, to the Omnipotent God. And since you have outraged Him so cruelly do you dare to come into his Presence, to participate in the Body and Blood of his Son, without first having been reconciled? Can I permit it, can you dare to take into your hands stained with innocent blood, the sacred Flesh of the Lamb of God? How can your soul permit you to put your lips upon the chalice of the Precious Blood, you who in the blindness of anger so far forgot every law as to shed innocent human blood at Thessalonica? Go away from this altar of peace! Add not a new and greater crime to that already committed! Accept the medicine of penance offered you by the great Ruler of the universe for your soul's salvation!" Theodosius endeavored to excuse himself by the example of David, who was himself a sinner and a homicide. "It is well," rejoined Ambrose, "you have imitated David in his sin, now imitate him in his repentance."

The heart of the emperor was touched by the courageous spirit of the bishop; he acknowledged the divine authority that spoke through his words. He accepted the public penance imposed by the saint and casting himself with all his imperial ornaments upon the ground, he confessed his sin. He begged pardon of God for his offence, and of the people for the scandal he had given. Then in all the confusion of humiliation he returned in tears to his palace.

For eight months he remained in the seclusion of his home, humiliated, weeping bitterly, excluded from the church and from the divine mysteries, and calling upon the mercy of God. One day a certain Rufinus, a member of his household, surprised the emperor as he was giving way to his sorrow in a flood of tears, and he begged to know the reason for so much grief. "You ask why I am so sad?" replied Theodosius. "Have I not reason to be? Do you know of a more miserable fate than mine? Behold the church is open to all the faithful, to slaves and to beggars; there every man and woman may enter to praise God and receive the holy oblations. I alone am excluded; to me alone those precious graces are denied." Rufinus endeavored to comfort his master. "Permit me," he said, "to go to Ambrose and beg for your absolution." "You deceive yourself," answered the prince. "You will obtain nothing. You do not know Ambrose. He is not a man who can be won by prayer, by fear or any other human means, to yield in the least when his conscience had determined what he should do." Nevertheless Rufinus approached the holy bishop with his petition. It was all in vain, for Ambrose rejected his proposals with strong terms, and bade him go back to his master and tell him that he should not move from his palace.

Theodosius determined, therefore, to try what he could do, himself. Despite the warning of the saint he set out from the palace and betook himself to the church. He did not, however, dare to enter the sacred edifice, but proceeded to a room in the house of the bishop near by. Here he met with Ambrose, and humbly begged the saint to restore him once more to the communion of the Church. The bishop at first reproved him as if he were guilty of a violation of ecclesiastical

DRAFTS on IRELAND.

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laws and disobedient. But perceiving his humility, the fervor of his contrition and his readiness to execute any command of the Church, he opened his arms and pressed him to his heart. He released him gladly from the bonds of excommunication and conducted him back to the church. Here the good emperor prostrated himself upon the ground and with tears of repentance prayed to God for the pardon of his sin.

Ambrose, before pronouncing his entire absolution, imposed upon him as a medicinal penance that whenever he should pronounce a law or a sentence of confiscation or death it should not go into effect before a lapse of thirty days, thereby removing all danger of precipitate action.

The emperor returned to his palace with a mind at rest. The plaudits of the joyous multitudes rang not so sweetly in his ears as the echo of those words which the Church, after her divine Founder, addresses to her repentant children: "Go, and sin no more." The life of Theodosius thenceforth bore out the sincerity of his contrition for it bore no record of deeds unworthy of a child of God's Holy Church.

THE INFLUENCE OF ROME.

The Roman Post prints the following interesting article about the influence which Rome exercises over every appreciative mind.

There is one characteristic of Rome which distinguishes it from every other city in the world, and that is the longing which besets everyone who has ever been there to return to it. And we cannot point to any definite quality in the city itself alone sufficient to account for this marvellous attraction. Other cities are more ancient, such as Athens; other cities are as pleasant to live in; other cities have splendid histories, like Venice or Genoa, and yet none exercise the same influence over the strangers who visit them. We cannot attribute this influence to its ecclesiastical supremacy, for Catholics, Protestants and atheists feel it alike. It is not to the faithful alone that Rome is, as Bourget puts it, the mother city of the world.

The truth is, I think, that to every one of us who have lived under the domination of western civilization, a civilization which has spread over the whole world, Rome is the pit whence we were digged. Whether we are conscious of it or not, we seem to feel it; the legend of the middle ages has somehow sunk into our blood, and we are surprised to feel ourselves more at home in the Roman streets than among the familiar sights and sounds of our native land.

And yet few of us, by comparison, have ever been taught the relation in which we stand to the Eternal City. To most of us, the sense of that relation has come by imperceptible steps, and through unexpected channels. In all probability we inherit a part of it from our forefathers; what is implicit to us was explicit to them. To them the primacy of Rome, spiritually and temporally, was always present. Wherever there was a priest they felt the authority of the pope; wherever there was a notary they felt the jurisdiction of the Emperor. The civilized world for them, as for Dante, leant ultimately on these two pillars. Hence the world-wide interest that was felt in Rome which showed itself in the spread of the most extravagant legends con-

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* *

cerning her history and her state. The legend of Virgil, of Augustus, of Constantine were as familiar to them as the particular history of the states in which they dwelt. The noblest families of the continent took a pride in tracing their descent to Aeneas, and in every country the masterpieces of ancient times were put down unhesitatingly to the Romans, or to the devil.

And as history is continuous, a fact we constantly forget, and modern history begins not with the taking of Constantinople but further back, in ages of which we have no sufficient written record, so also such a great and universal tradition could not and did not die a sudden death, and the effects of it are present with us to this day.

Let me try and indicate a few of the ways in which the tradition of past times keeps its hold upon us.

Hardly any of us begin life without some kind of education, religious or secular. There is no need to point out how closely the Holy See maintains its hold on the Catholics throughout the world. To them Rome is always at the very least their spiritual mother, a city which is their dearest wish to visit, and which they cannot leave without some pangs at parting. But those to whom Rome does not occupy this position nevertheless have its greatness constantly thrust upon them. It becomes to them the great enemy against whom their fathers fought, and the interest in an enemy is almost as strong as in a friend. To others again it is the home of a church from which they have separated, and the greatest of the churches to which they wish to be reunited.

But even those whose interest is not of that kind have had the name of Rome constantly before their eyes. They feel that they are the subjects of the Emperor under whom Christ was born, and that St. Paul is in a way their fellow-citizen. Again the shortest history of almost any modern country begins with Julius Caesar, and though the empire is passed away the names of Charlemagne, of Frederick Barbarossa, and even of Napoleon are enough to recall it. The traditions of the middle ages have left their mark on the literature of every modern country. Just as in England they may be traced from Malory to Tennyson and find their most recent expression in William Morris, so also in other countries they have largely contributed to form the material to which modern authors have added form. The very word romance indicates sufficiently the source of its inspiration.

But besides all this, the Renaissance brought us a fuller knowledge of ancient Rome, and as Plutarch has left his mark on Shakespeare, so has Seneca on Corneille and Racine. We must add, too, the vast influence of Italy on the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries all over Europe in which Rome had no share. And if that were not enough we might also name the recent struggles for Italian independence.

And so when we visit Rome we come to a city which we seem to have known intimately all our lives, a city which has made us what we are, and which may yet have a great effect on the destinies of the world. No wonder, then, that we long so anxiously to return, or that we drop our soldi so willingly into the waters of the Trevi.

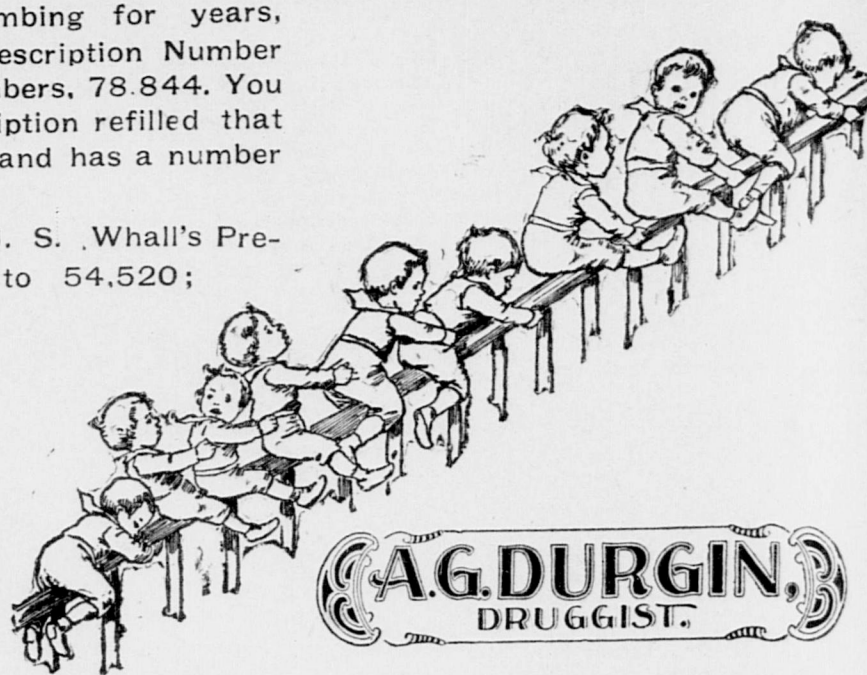
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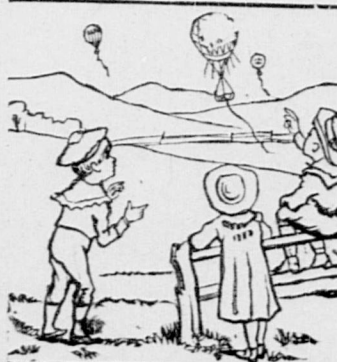
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Municipal Notices.

NOTICE TO PARENTS.



CITY
OF
QUINCY.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE, Dec. 14, 1896.

THE Record of births in any city or town is always more or less unsatisfactory, owing to the fact that the canvases find difficulty in getting the necessary information. Names and dates are frequently given incorrectly. The importance of accuracy is shown in many cases where there is a question of descent, or inheritance of property, or collection of life insurance or pensions. The City Clerk's copy of the record is accepted as conclusive evidence in a court of law. While great pains are taken by this office to have the record correct, experience shows that it is necessary that parents themselves should lend their assistance. In fact the law requires that parents shall give notice to the City Clerk of the birth of their children, and provides a penalty for neglect to give such notice for the space of six months.

It often happens that only children or servants are at home when the canvasser makes his call, and the answers to his questions are open to doubt. I therefore request all parents in whose households a birth has occurred in the year 1896, to place upon a paper or card the required information, and keep it in a convenient place until the canvasser appears.

The canvase will be commenced on Jan. 1, 1897.

HARRISON A. KEITH, City Clerk.

Dec. 14 to Feb. 1.

Dec. 13-14

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Municipal Notices.

NOTICE TO PARENTS.



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City Clerk.
Dec. 14 to Feb. 1.
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OUR SHEPHERD.

See! he stands with hands outspread
He prays for the living, he prays for the dead.
He sees each sinner's last Amen
Blessings on his flock; and then
Once more bows low before the altar,
Pleading those stern lips falter—
"O kind, O just, O loving God
Help me to bear thy chastening rod
Send me the grace to grasp my cross
(Nought do I care for earthly loss).
And when death comes and life is o'er
And I lay down my crook; no more
To play the anxious Shepherd's part
Wilt thou be near O loving heart?
The little lambs I've tried to guard
And hidden thorns, and endless pain.
I've held them close in fond embrace
When threatening storms they dared not face.
From deepest depths my true love poured
When wolves and winds together roared,
O may they always safely rest
As when I held them to my breast."

October 19, 1896.

Catholic chaplains were quite in evidence here in Massachusetts on the day that saw the inauguration of new city governments. Abbe Hogan officiated in Boston City Hall; Father Gilday was the chaplain out at Woburn; Father Deady offered prayer at Fall River, and priests were called upon in other cities for similar services. In the majority of cases the new mayors, who invited the chaplains, were Catholics, but that was not so here in Boston, where Mayor Quincy, a Protestant, requested Dr. Hogan to officiate.

The first concert of the Union Choral Society of Braintree, recently held in the Town Hall, was one of the most gratifying musical successes of recent years. The soloists and chorus had by many weeks of rehearsing prepared for the public presentation, and it cannot be gainsaid that all acquitted themselves in a most commendable manner. The chorus rendition of "The Wreck of the Hesperus" was excellent.

PIANOS TUNED

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THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

Viscount de Vogue's assertion that every time the daily press is in want of Roman news nowadays it kills the Pope, so important a personage in European affairs is the Holy Father recognized to be, was partially verified the other day, when the cable announced that Leo XIII. was so seriously ill that his personal attendants were alarmed, and Austria was considering what steps she should take to protect her privileges in the coming conclave. Happily, however, the next day after this alarming report appeared the papers declared that the Sovereign Pontiff was in the enjoyment of his usual health and had celebrated mass the day before.

Bishop Keane's appointment as a prelate assistant at the pontifical throne was announced from Rome late last week. The bishop of Ajaccio may now be said to be settled in his new quarters and to have entered upon the discharge of his honorable duties which the Holy Father has entrusted to him. His presence in Rome cannot fail to be advantageous to Catholic interests in this country, of which Monsignor Keane, of course, remains a citizen; for nobody has more at heart than he the welfare of the American Catholic church, and his official influence can be counted upon to be cast always in its favor and for the promotion of its well.

His brother priests in the Springfield diocese testified in what esteem and affection they hold Dr. Conaty by tendering him a reception last Monday evening, prior to his departure for his new field of labor. Dr. Conaty, of course, retains his affiliation with the Springfield diocese, though it is very probable that higher than parochial duties will engross his attention for the remainder of his days. He goes to Washington with the inspiring assurance that he carries with him the best wishes of his bishop and fellow-clergy-men, and, for that matter, those of the entire Catholic body of the country, ecclesiastical and lay, for the largest possible measure of success in his administration of the affairs of the university.

The good people of Lawrence, who paid such marked honors to Monsignor Martinelli during his recent visit to their town, can now pride themselves on the fact that the Pope has sent their city his blessing, a favor which, so it is said, has never before been accredited to any American municipality. The blessing of so venerable and saintly a man as Leo XIII. admittedly is, cannot well fail to be beneficent wherever it is bestowed, and while there may be some few individuals down at Lawrence to make light of, and even condemn, the Papal benediction, the city itself, with the great majority of its residents, appreciate the Pope's gratitude and are proud of the distinction he has bestowed upon their town.

New books by Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland are now being favorably criticized by the Catholic press. The cardinal has been an author for many years past, but this is Archbishop Ireland's first book. "The Church and Modern Society" may contain nothing new—it is simply a collection of the most important public addresses which its distinguished author has delivered of recent years—but the book will be welcomed, none the less, as giving us in enduring form the best thought of Archbishop Ireland on the engrossing subjects which he discusses so ably and exhaustively in his pages.

Still another vacancy has been created in the Sacred College by the death of Cardinal San Felice, archbishop of Naples, whose demise was chronicled last week. His death and that of Cardinal Boyer offsets the increase in the cardinalial ranks effected at the recent consistory, when it will be remembered, only two new cardinals were created. Cardinal San Felice's demise, furthermore, lessens the strength of the Italian representatives in the college, though the Italian prelates still have a clear majority in that body. The deceased prelate was a member of the Benedictine order, and was very highly esteemed because of his piety, his learning and his great affability.

Bishop Harkins has recently promoted two worthy priests in his diocese by making Rev. Michael Fitzgerald rector of the Immaculate Conception Church, Providence, and Rev. John S. Harty pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, Pawtucket. Father Fitzgerald was for many years rector of the Providence cathedral, serving at that church when Bishop McFarland dwelt at Providence and when Rhode Island was a part of the Hartford diocese. Father Harty is a Maynooth man, who began his ministry at St. Patrick's and afterwards was attached to the cathedral, and who has for many years past been the pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, East Providence.

The esteemed Ave Maria, which always practices what it preaches, gives certain of its Catholic contemporaries excellent advice when it says that "a much more uncommon attribute of the Catholic editor than the ability to hit hard argumentative blows and 'knock out' an opponent in editorial debate, would seem to be the self-repression that enables him to refrain from wasting on Catholic contemporaries the controversial talent and energy that could better be employed in dissipating the errors sedulously promulgated by the anti-Catholic press."

Referring to certain financial pamphlets which a little coterie of New York gold bugs has lately sent to the press, with requests to publish, the North-western Chronicle, which says it isn't republishing ancient history, advises the individuals who are sending out such stuff to "keep to their coupon clipping and denunciation discounting, and leave the preaching of sermons and editing of papers to those qualified and fit for the task." It generously offers, however, to print their biographies if they will included in those a statement of their wealth, and when, where and how they got it.

As a resident of North Dakota, Bishop Shanley naturally takes a great concern in all that affects the welfare of the state, and for that reason he is outspoken in the condemnation of the lax divorce laws which have won the commonwealth so much unenviable notoriety. Speaking on that subject recently, Dr. Shanley said: "The effects are beginning to appear among our own citizens, notably the young. The bishop added that while he is powerless to effect any change in the existing laws, he hopes to see such a change made, and he pertinently inquires why if a residence of a year is required to make a title to citizenship, the same length of residence should not be exacted to give an applicant for divorce the right to bring his case into the state courts."

The first Catholic lay congress held in any South American country convened last year at Lima, Peru, and proved a very large and successful gathering. Many of the Peruvian hierarchy were present, as was also Monsignor Macchi, the Papal representative. The latter dignity, it will be readily recalled, passed through this country a few years ago, when he was enroute for South America, and spent some time in New York as the guest of Archbishop Corrigan. His mission to South America appears to have been as successful as that of Monsignor Averardi to Mexico or as Cardinal Satolli's proved here.

It cannot be said that the Jesuits are antagonistic to the present apostolic delegate—as was hinted of their attitude towards Monsignor Satolli, though there was doubtless no good ground for the insinuation. For prominent among the honors conferred upon Monsignor Martinelli during his recent visit to Boston were those accorded to him at Boston College, a Jesuit institution. The provincial of the society, Very Rev. Father Pardow, came from New York to lend his presence to the occasion. Rev. President Brosnahan, S. J., of the college was one of the principal speakers, and the poet of the occasion was another Jesuit, Rev. M. J. Byrnes.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a regular meeting of Division 5, A. O. H. held on December 23d, 1896, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS,—It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our late brother Daniel Moran, and

WHEREAS,—The intimate relations long held by our deceased brother with the members of this Division, render it proper that we should place on record our appreciation of his services as a Hibernian, and his merits as a man, therefore be it

Resolved,—By Division 5, A. O. H., that, while we bow in humble submission to the will of Almighty God, we do not less mourn for our brother, who has been called from his labors to rest.

Resolved,—That in the death of Daniel Moran, this Division loses a brother who was always active and zealous in his work as a Hibernian; ever ready to help the needy and distressed; prompt to advance the interest of the order; devoted to its welfare and prosperity; one who was wise in council and fearless in action; an honest and upright man whose virtues endeared him not only to his brethren of the order but to all his fellow-citizens.

Resolved,—That this Division tenders its heartfelt sympathy to the family and relatives of our deceased brother, in their sad affliction.

Resolved,—That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of this Division and that they be printed in the Quincy Monitor also that a copy of them be sent to the family of our deceased brother.

EDWARD POWERS, President.
J. P. FLANNIGAN, Vice President.
PATRICK CRIMMINS, Rec. Sec.
THOMAS M. MURPHY, Fin. Sec.,
JOHN DEADY, Treasurer,
Committee on Resolutions.

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JOHN DRISCOLL.....	TIMOTHY J. CAREY
BARNEY DONOVAN.....	R. J. GRAY
TEDDY BURKE.....	G. A. CAHILL
TIM BURNS.....	JOHN MCGUANE
LEUT. ROGERS.....	EDWARD H. MCINTY
ALINE DRISCOLL.....	MISS JENNIE WALSH
NELLIE SHANNON.....	MRS. G. H. FRIGUSON
KATE KELLEY.....	MISS MOLLY M. McNALLY
MARY.....	MISS CATHERINE BALLENTYNE

Soldiers, David Meaney and John McGuane.

SYNOPSIS.—Act I. The home of the Driscolls. The girl I left behind me, Aline and the Captain. A forged kiss. Barney's blarney. The devil and his shadow. Captain Jack. A warning. Old friends. The Squire's proposal. "I have sworn to make you my wife by fair means or foul." A cowardly blow. The arrest.

Act II. The Squire's study. The cat's-paw. A rose from a thorn. Nellie plans a rescue. The ex-captain. A plea for mercy. Aline's resolve. "Not even for his sake." In the Squire's power. Rescued. Barney bobs up again. Teddy brings bad news. The hunted outlaw. The escape.

Act III. At the Driscolls'. Kate and Barney. A little tiff. Kate Kelley's kiss. Aline and the Captain. A light ahead. Hunters and hunted. An undutiful daughter. Captured. A rift in the clouds. The pardon.

The entertainment will open each evening with the presentation of

"THE * BLIND * BEGGARS,"

an operetta in one act, by

WILLIAM A. KINGSTREE as.....ZACHARIAH MORGAN
ALEXANDER MCKEE as.....MR. BUFFER

SYNOPSIS.—The instinct of the blind. The attitude. The embrace and wink. A misfortune. Struck by an idea. The struggle for a dropped coin. The dispute. The pack of cards. The police.

"Capt. Jack" is really a most taking piece, and while it is perhaps on the lines of the conventional Irish play, it is nevertheless replete with those characters and sentiments so pleasing to the chivalrous and poetic nature. All pieces of this character must of necessity have just a bit of love, interwoven as it were, to give spice and piquancy, and to act as a stimulus to the gallantry of the time portrayed. All such pieces have likewise the elegant and useless (commercial standard) minion of Her Majesty's army, the devil-may-care Irish lad, the despicable informer, the sacrificing patriot battling for his native land, the selfish dandy and the pretty colleen. "Capt. Jack" is no exception to the rule, only that the different characters are given more adequate treatment and fuller scope. The cast has spent much time in preparation, and will in consequence be able to give a most enjoyable presentation.

"The Blind Beggars" is indescribable in its many ludicrous situations, and cannot be rightly estimated until seen. It is a comical portrayal from beginning to end, causing one to lament that its life cannot be prolonged.

Admission, 35 Cents.

Tickets may be procured at S. A. Pierce's drug store, The Phoenix Pharmacy, of members, and at the door. Doors open at 7.15 o'clock. Curtain at 8 o'clock.

Saint Francis' Sunday school had a delightful time in the Town Hall recently. The following excellent programme was rendered, after which the tree was unloaded by Santa Claus. The programme was as follows:

PART I.
Selection, Cuff's Orchestra.
Chorus, Christmas Bells.
Reading, Miss Theresa G. G'Rourke.
Duet, Misses Cuff and Shea.
Dancing, Miss McClosky.
Rainbow Dialogue.
Singing, Miss Gertrude Berry.
Recitation, Miss Edith Johnson.
Song, Miss Marguerite Packard.
Sunday School Class.

PART II.
Selection, Cuff's Orchestra.
Song, Miss Helen Cuff.
Reading, Miss T. G. O'Rourke.
Duet, Misses Kitty and Gertrude Barnes.
Dumb bell exhibition, Miss McClosky.
Mandolin Solo, Miss Nettie Cunningham.
Dancing, Misses Johnson and Lowe.
Reading, Miss Minnie Shea.
Song, Miss Lottie Packard.
Drama,—"A precious pickle." Miss Pease, Miss Gertrude Barnes; Mrs. Gabbie, Miss Minnie Shea.
Juno, Miss Berry; city girls, Misses Cuff, Miss Clara Shea, Miss Barnes; sissy Gabbie, Miss Johnson.
Santa Claus was represented by Patrick Walsh.

A. O. H. Officers.

Division 4, A. O. H. of West Quincy, held its regular meeting Sunday, Dec. 27, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:
President, James O'Dowd.
Vice President, Jeremiah Curtin, Jr.
Recording Secretary, William H. Coughlan.
Financial Secretary, Cornelius Crowley.
Treasurer, William Corcoran.
Standing Committee, Edward Finn, Dennis Creedon, Eugene Shine, John Corcoran and Dennis Leahy.

Bishop Healy of Portland was in Boston the day that Monsignor Martinelli was honored at Boston College, but the condition of his health, it was stated, made it prudent for him to refrain from attending the entertainment given at the delegate's reception. The Portland prelate is evidently in the enjoyment of fairly good health, however, for he accompanied Bishop Harkins to Providence and was his guest for a few days. Both prelates are always welcome visitors to Boston, where they are still, and will long be, remembered as former zealous pastors of St. James' Church on Harrison avenue.

Monsignor Enard is the youngest of the provincial prelates of Montreal. Bishop Moreau of St. Hyacinthe is nearing his 73d year; Monsignor Larocque of Sherbrooke completed a half century of life last October, and Bishop Decolles, coadjutor of Monsignor Moreau, was born four years before his colleague of Valleyfield; so that if Rome should promote Bishop Enard to Montreal, the youngest prelate in the province would be the metropolitan, who will not reach his 44th birthday until next April.

DIED.

CORCORAN—In Quincy, Jan. 12, Mrs. Mary A., wife of Mr. Timothy Corcoran, aged 49 years.
McDONNELL—In Quincy, January 13, Mildred Gertrude, daughter of Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Mary A. McDonnell, aged 2 years, 4 months and 11 days.
CAHILL—In Quincy, Dec. 30, Mr. Patrick Cahill, aged 51 years.
ROONEY—In West Quincy, December 26, Bartholomew Rooney, aged 60 years, 11 months.
BROWN—In Milton, Dec. 23, Mrs. Maria M., wife of Mr. Leonard J. Brown, aged 52 years and 1 month.

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2 lb. Peas, 10c. " 1.05 doz.
3 lb. Peaches, 10c. " 1.15 doz.
2 lb. Blueberries, 10c. " 1.10 doz.

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Blue Label Peas, 12 1-2c. can, 1.30 doz.
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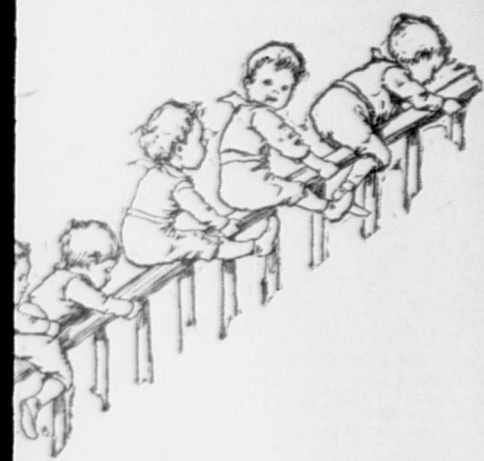
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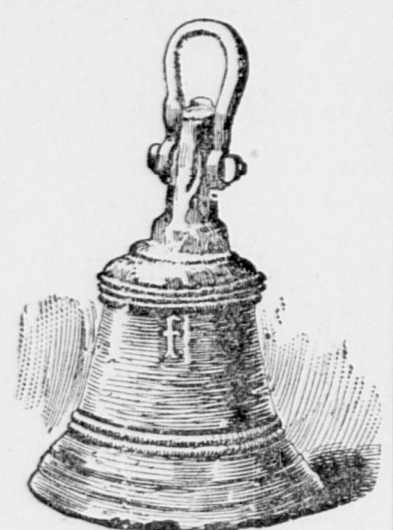
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TWO FAMOUS RELICS.

KING FERDINAND'S BELL AND COLUMBUS' STIRRUP.

They Came All the Way From Spain and Are Now in the Field Museum at Chicago—A Unique and Valuable Experience.

[Special Correspondence.]
CHICAGO, Jan. 11.—The last "report" of the Columbian museum, at Jackson park, indicates that this beneficent institution, so amply endowed by Mr. Field and other eminent citizens of this city, is not only still alive, but well on its way to a magnificent career. But there is also a note of sorrow or regret in Director Skiff's well written report, caused by the fact that so few have come out to view the valuable collections. He recommends that the attendance of the school children be made in a measure compulsory, so that the rising generation, if not the generation already risen, shall get the benefit of his and his assistants' labors in their various fields. This lament is well founded and has its rise in the fact that the museum is situated so far from the center of activities and away from the busy haunts of men, as it were. All of us who were in attendance upon the exposition in its incandescent period—and that extended very nearly throughout its entire duration—will recall with a shudder our sufferings from and futile conflicts with the wind, the rain, and the slimy mud of Jackson park, not to mention the distances necessary to traverse to find anything approaching completeness. And now that the inspiration of immense multitudes and the eclat of foreign and native assemblage have passed away, it requires more than ordinary assiduity to induce even a public spirited Chicagoan to wend his way thither. But, despite the distance from the city's center and the time it took to get there, I resolved to pay one more visit to the park before I passed away, in order to inspect the museum collections gathered there at so much expense.



KING FERDINAND'S BELL.

Very naturally I wished to see, first, those which I myself had a hand in gathering together, and so I made my way to that department where they were on exhibition. In Americans, particularly in those objects pertaining to the voyages of Columbus and the first settlements in our country, this museum has many articles which cannot be duplicated and are not to be found in any other collection, either in this country or any other.

As it was intrusted to me, during the two years immediately preceding the exposition, to seek out and dispatch to Washington and Chicago all those remains to be found identified with Columbus and his voyages, it follows that these would have a great interest to me at this time, now that they are on permanent exhibition. It was a unique and valuable experience, that of mine, to explore and investigate in places hardly ever seen by my countrymen before, and I recall with feelings of pleasure (now that the hardships are past) my life in those little-known West Indian islands and my adventures while on the trail of the great navigator, Christopher Columbus. After I had finished my two years' labor and had ransacked every nook and corner of the islands supposed to contain any relics of Columbus and his times, my "finds" were grouped together in a room in the Convent of La Rabida, which, it will be remembered, was devoted to an exposition of Columbus.

It is now the four hundred and third anniversary of the founding of the first city—called by Columbus Isabella—on the north coast of Santo Domingo. When I visited its site in the summer of 1891, I found but a few stones remaining of this first of American cities, and those few I caused to be transported to Chicago. But a few other relics, far more interesting than mere carved stones, were found there, and of these



COLUMBUS' STIRRUP.

perhaps an old bell and a bronze stirrup were the most valuable to antiquarians and the general student of history. The site of Isabella was entirely covered with a rank growth of tropical trees and vines, through which I had great difficulty in hewing my way by means of knives and machetes. Aside from the old stirrup, which is of bronze and weighs two pounds or more, I found little else than heaps of

earthen tiles and fragments of pottery, although I excavated everywhere and remained in the locality over a week. But up in the mountains interior of the island I discovered remains of cities founded at a later date by Columbus, and there got on the track of a bell which had once hung in the church tower of Isabella itself. The city where it was discovered dates from 1495, two years later than Isabella, and to the chapel there erected had been carried the bell in question.

And when I came to negotiate for its removal to the exposition at Chicago, I encountered almost insuperable difficulties. I offered any price for it within reason, I promised every sort of guarantee, but it was not until I had drawn up an official document signed by our consul and insured the bell for the sum of \$1,000 that I was allowed to ship it by steamer to New York and Chicago.

As soon as the document was signed and the bell in my possession I hastened to the steamer, then about to sail, and deposited it in the "specie tank" in the care of the purser. The very next morning, and fortunately after the ship had sailed, the original custodian of the bell came to me with wailing and lamentation, saying that his neighbors and the authorities had threatened him with all sorts of evil things if he allowed the sacred relic to be deported, and praying for it back again.

But he didn't get it. The exposition did, and this, in brief, is the story of its discovery and deportation, and explains how it may now be seen (or rather a cast of it) in the Field museum at Chicago today. These two relics, the bell and the stirrup, are probably among the oldest authentic European "finds" in America, leaving out the somewhat doubtful relics of the Norsemen.

FRED A. OBER.

EARLY SPRING STYLES.

Olive Harper Looks Into the Future and Gossips of the Present.

[Special Correspondence.]
New York, Jan. 12.—Surprise folds across the waist have always been popular, though long out of fashion until the last year, but now they are among the most stylish effects of this season, and they are not confined to ordinary cotton dresses either, but are made on handsome street and visiting costumes as well as elegant home and dinner gowns, and also pretty dresses for young folks. The surprise folds, as a general rule, are made of a material differing from the gown and are added as a special decoration. One costume may, if described, show how it is applied. This gown was of a slate gray diagonal, fine and glossy. The skirt was plain and not very wide. The waist part had a vest front and collar of lace over pale pink silk. The surprise drapery was of silver gray silk, with rosette and donkey ear bows, and it was very rich and graceful. Above this was a figaro of the di-



EARLY SPRING GARMENTS.

agonal, trimmed with four rows of iridescent spangles with green and blue shades. The sleeves were plain, with narrow caps lapped over and sewed with two rows of spangles.

Braiding on gowns and coats is now a recognized style, and some of the designs are very elaborate and close, wrought with the finest braid. Others have bolder and more open patterns, with thicker braid and in some cases with cord. One striking costume just completed for early spring is of chestnut colored serge with graduated designs up the sides of the skirt. There was a round waist of tan colored cloth, which showed but for two inches above the belt, as there it met the short jacket of serge.

Another manner of applying the braid is to have flat lines of it laid straight or in set patterns around the skirt and on whatever wrap is worn with it. A tufted gray and white chevrot had two rows of half inch soutache sewed in a zigzag design all around the skirt at equal distance. There was a box coat of the same material with two lines down the center of the front. It closed at the left side with one button. A collar with deep revers made of dark gray plush and cuffs to match completed the costume, which was very striking in spite of its simplicity. The bishop sleeves were caught in just above the elbow with a fancy jet and steel button.

Nobody follows any one else this season, but strives to have something differing from everybody else's clothes. A very novel evening dress was princess shape, with a gabielle waist. The skirt was laid in hollow folds, and the whole gown was bordered top and bottom with a puffing of gold colored gauze. The dress was of violet moire. On the bust and sleeves were bands of imitation diamonds and emeralds. One does not see such a gown very often.

Blouse waists will be plentiful next spring. Some of the prettiest evening bodies are made this way, and I saw one elegant cream serge with blouse front, with two two inch bands of Alaska sable down to the belt. This was for afternoons at home and had a draped belt of pure white bengaline, with two brass buckles. The collar and wrists had bands of fur.

The new summer goods will be on view next week beside the skating costumes. Let us hope they will be as pretty as were those of the last season.

OLIVE HARPER.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

Prosperous Career of a Favorite Southern Author.

Thomas Nelson Page is one of the few wealthy American authors. He has earned little of the large fortune which he now enjoys with his pen, however, for his second wife, who was Mrs. Henry Field, was the widow of a millionaire and brought him financial prosperity when they were married about 4 years ago.

It was not until after the wealthy Mrs. Field became Mrs. Page, that the author of those delightful stories whose scenes are laid "in old Virginia" discovered that he had told all the stories he knew and decided to travel. Since then Mr. Page has given the public but little of his work.

Mr. Page comes of an aristocratic southern family. As a boy he lived on



THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

the family plantation, Oakland, in Hancock county, Va., located on land which was comprised in the original grant made by the English crown to the "colonial magnate," Thomas Nelson. But the war swept away most of the Page-Nelson fortune, and as a youth he taught school to help pay his way through college.

After being graduated from the law school of the University of Virginia he opened a law office in Richmond. He was not much of a lawyer, so he tried his hand at writing for the magazines. He had had some little experience in writing at college, where he edited the college magazine. His first story was "Mars Chan," and he sent it to Scribner's Monthly. For more than three years he waited, never hearing a word from his manuscript, and he had become deeply discouraged when he received a check for \$80. Soon after this, in October, 1881, the story was printed.

His next story, "Meh Lady," was written to please his young wife, beautiful Annie Seidman Bruce, whom he married in 1880 and who lived only two years afterward. This story was rapidly followed by others, and for several years he was very active in the literary field.

A PIONEER CARPENTER.

The Man Who Built the First House in Chicago Still Lives.

Although Chicago is a great metropolis, with acres of skyscrapers and 2,000,000 inhabitants, more or less, there is still living the man who built the first house on what afterward became the site of the city. His name is N. C. Phillips, and he went to old Fort Dearborn, near which now stands the new Public Library, in May, 1832. At that time the fort itself was the only structure inhabited by civilized beings for many miles around.

Phillips went to the fort from Detroit and enlisted as a soldier. For a year more he fought in the Black Hawk war and then returned to the fort. Just about this time Mark Beaubien came along and engaged Phillips, who was a carpenter, to put up for him a house. The building was located at some distance from the fort and near the forks of the river. It was a crude affair, built of logs and poles, and the men who worked on it little dreamed that within the century it would be replaced by 20 story office buildings of stone and iron.



N. C. PHILLIPS.

There were four rooms in the house, but Beaubien opened it as a hotel and used it as such for several years. At first it was called the Beaubien House, but later it was known as the Saginaw hotel.

The guests did not arrive by rail, but came tramping through the woods over the Indian trails. They were trappers and hunters, rough men who expected but few comforts. The very first guest was "Long John" Wentworth, who afterward became a prominent figure in the early history of Chicago.

After building the first house in Chicago Phillips did not stay to see the city grow, but wandered about the Union. He left in the fall of 1834, and after a visit to Pennsylvania returned to Illinois and lived at various places in the state for several years. In 1852 he drifted into Texas and has lived there ever since.

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IN 1897 no doubt you'll need us. Our upholstery and repair department is as complete and perfect as brains and experience can make it. Here we employ only men of experience, men with the know how to do, not tinkers. In this department we attend to all kinds of furniture upholstering and repairing; mattresses to order and made over, window shades, screen doors and window screens to order; carpets taken up, cleaned and relaid. It's uncommon to find first-class workmen in this line, but good workmen are the cheapest workmen in the end. This is the best time in the year to have your upholstery work attended to. Estimates promptly furnished, a postal calls the delivery wagon.

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A MILE A WEEK.

Exp. of a Locomotive in the Mountains of North Carolina.

is not at all probable that we have as yet attained the maximum speed possible for locomotives. Efforts to "break the record" are many. But there is a proposition at the other end of that idea. A maximum implies also a minimum. No effort is made to "break the record" for that. There probably is no record, but there is a minimum. Few who do much traveling have failed of the experience of "a mile a minute." A somewhat interesting trip was once made by a locomotive at a pace of a mile a week. It was a short run, only a little over three miles, but it took three weeks to make it.

There are few more remarkable evidences of engineering skill, in this or any other country, than the climb of the Western Carolina railroad over the Blue Ridge mountains. The first trail through those mountains to cross Swannanoa gap was made by the deer and other forest animals. The Indians followed the path which the animals marked out. The Indian trail became the wagon way of the white pioneer, and, with advancing civilization and settlement, the state turnpike. Twenty years ago the railroad was pushed along the same general route. But men and horses, wagons and oxen can go where a locomotive cannot. To climb the ridge an easier grade was imperative.

From a little station called Henry, for a considerable time the terminus of the road, but now abandoned, to the top of the gap is a distance of three miles in an air line. By rail it is nine miles. From the Round Knob hotel, two miles beyond the site of Henry, to a point just above Mud cut is a short three-quarters of a mile by a mountain trail. By rail it is five miles. The difference in elevation between Henry and the top of the gap is 1,700 feet, or rather more than 500 feet to the mile. The old turnpike road between the two points follows a fairly direct line, with an average rise of about one foot in five. The ascent at that grade, though possible for a man and beast, is impossible for a locomotive without gearing.

When the line was pushed through the mountains, 20 years ago, the construction work was carried on at both ends, from Old Fort westward upon the eastern side and between the gap and Asheville upon the western side. As the work progressed, an engine upon the western side became a necessity, and the line upon the eastern side had only reached Henry. To suspend the work meant long delay. An engine must go out, and the problem arose, how to get it there over the mountain. One of the lightest engines on the line was sent in as far as Henry. From there to the rails on the other side of the gap it was 3½ miles, and all the way up hill 500 feet to the mile. The truck to the top was but roughly graded. There were bridges and culverts to build. It was decided to use the turnpike road. By means of short sections of track, the sections being taken up after the engine had passed them and carried forward to be replaced for further progress, it was regarded as possible to effect the ascent.

As it was manifestly impossible for any friction wheeled engine to carry itself up so sharp a grade, it would have to be dragged up by other means. A long line of oxen was tried, but the plan failed through inability to obtain a uniform pull from the team. There was plenty of power, but it could not be made to harmonize. Finally the large crew of convicts by whom the road was being built was set at work. Ropes were run forward, upon which some 200 men in striped clothes were set to pulling. Others worked at the wheels with pinch bars, while others stood ready with blocks of wood to serve as wedges behind the wheels, to hold every inch of ground that was gained. Almost inch by inch, "with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull together," this 40 tons of dead engine was dragged up the mountain at the rate of a mile a week.

Trains have been snowed in, broken down and delayed, so that progress was slow, but it is doubtful if a complete engine was ever kept in motion day after day for three weeks at a slower rate of movement than one-sixth of a mile per day.—New York Post.

Truth.

Speaking truth is like writing fair and comes only by practice. It is less a matter of will than of habit, and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit. To speak and act truth with constancy and precision is nearly as difficult, and perhaps as meritorious, as to speak it under intimidation or penalty. And it is a strange thought how many men there are, as I trust, who would hold it at the cost of fortune or life for one who could hold it at the cost of a little daily trouble.—Ruskin.

THE RETIRED

A Very Singular Experience Before Christmas.

"Speaking of the retired burlesque, I think of the experience I had when I'd started picking up the children.

In the suburbs, cellar door open, sloping, outside kind children like. You've seen them, snowing like all p. been, all night, and the snow had corner of the house door was and blow the open door in, and filled it half full.

"I should think the snow was I slipped going down, fell the rest of the like falling into, didn't hurt me, make any noise. I got the without much inside. I was snow, and I shook it off. I where the car. I kept right at other door, at the cellar stairs, the first floor to the through that all that door through the front hall of for business.

"I turned the door very gently, anybody in the door very quiet, that was brightly full of people, men, women, all sitting on the door, seemed as if they were breathing for when they found then they a hurrah and make the great hearth of, with my old ulster around the middle cap and all covered head to foot and my shoulder that to carry the Noah's arks and home in. I looked like Santa Claus, like Santa Claus ever saw.

"But the appl to last forever. I ed and smiled, but I time. And I or two, I ju into someb around out, and saw I Santa Claus stairs or some the door that I

"Standing in the parlor door, the with a million ov on it, the pegs all 14 deep, and with hats and 44 derb I could see the glaring at me. W I was somebody robbing him of the Santa Claus, or w but I knew some done, and in abou him around. I was leaning weight on minute Santa and cover with cloak hatrack on hats and de ming around. was time for me whole parlor was door into the hat than got started stairs before the with them. I eedling about on the went out on three door."—New York Post.

When Elephants Recent study stone and flint, near Abbey Ile, I ened the be, plements r men, eleg species w of Europe in century year peric No writi, ditions hav that early ra, ilized descend, have been able remains of chipp is that they live quently hunted animals that ha Europe when regan.—Youth's C

Enlighter She—Do you dicative of the He—Yes; that out what w ther was.

A MILE A WEEK.

It is not at all probable that we have as yet attained the maximum speed possible for locomotives. Efforts to "break the record" are many. But there is a proposition at the other end of that idea. A maximum implies also a minimum. No effort is made to "break the record" for that. There probably is no record, but there is a minimum. How who do much traveling have failed of the experience of "a mile a minute." A somewhat interesting trip was once made by a locomotive at a pace of a mile a week. It was a short run, only a little over three miles, but it took three weeks to make it.

There are few more remarkable evidences of engineering skill, in this or any other country, than the climb of the Western Carolina railroad over the Blue Ridge mountains. The first trail through those mountains to cross Swannanoa gap was made by the deer and other forest animals. The Indians followed the path which the animals marked out. The Indian trail became the wagon way of the white pioneer, and, with advancing civilization and settlement, the state turnpike. Twenty years ago the railroad was pushed along the same general route. But men and horses, wagons and oxen can go where a locomotive cannot. To climb the ridge an easier grade was imperative.

From a little station called Henrys, for a considerable time the terminus of the road, but now abandoned, to the top of the gap is a distance of three miles in an air line. By rail it is nine miles. From the Round Knob hotel, two miles beyond the site of Henrys, to a point just above Mud cut is a short three-quarters of a mile by a mountain trail. By rail it is five miles. The difference in elevation between Henrys and the top of the gap is 1,700 feet, or rather more than 500 feet to the mile. The old turnpike road between the two points follows a fairly direct line, with an average rise of about one foot in five. The ascent at that grade, though possible for man and beast, is impossible for a locomotive without gearing.

When the line was pushed through the mountains, 20 years ago, the construction work was carried on at both ends, from Old Fort westward upon the eastern side and between the gap and Asheville upon the western side. As the work progressed, an engine upon the western side became a necessity, and the line upon the eastern side had only reached Henrys. To suspend the work meant long delay. An engine must go out, and the problem arose, how to get it there over the mountain. One of the lightest engines on the line was sent in as far as Henrys. From there to the rails on the other side of the gap it was 3½ miles, and all the way up hill 500 feet to the mile. The track to the top was but roughly graded. There were bridges and culverts to build. It was decided to use the turnpike road. By means of short sections of track, the sections being taken up after the engine had passed them and carried forward to be replaced for further progress, it was regarded as possible to effect the ascent.

As it was manifestly impossible for any friction wheeled engine to carry itself up so sharp a grade, it would have to be dragged up by other means. A long line of oxen was tried, but the plan failed through inability to obtain a uniform pull from the team. There was plenty of power, but it could not be made to harmonize. Finally the large crew of convicts by whom the road was being built was set at work. Ropes were run forward, upon which some 200 men in striped clothes were set to pulling. Others worked at the wheels with pinch bars, while others stood ready with blocks of wood to serve as wedges behind the wheels, to hold every inch of ground that was gained. Almost inch by inch, "with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull together," this 40 tons of dead engine was dragged up the mountain at the rate of a mile a week.

Trains have been snowed in, broken down and delayed, so that progress was slow, but it is doubtful if a complete engine was ever kept in motion day after day for three weeks at a slower rate of movement than one-sixth of a mile per day.—New York Post.

Truth.

Speaking truth is like writing fair and comes only by practice. It is less a matter of will than of habit, and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit. To speak and act truth with constancy and precision is nearly as difficult, and perhaps as meritorious, as to speak it under intimidation or penalty. And it is a strange thought how many men there are, as I trust, who would hold it at the cost of fortune or life for one who could hold it at the cost of a little daily trouble.—Ruskin.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

A Very Singular Experience on the Night Before Christmas. "Speaking of Christmas," said the retired burglar, "always makes me think of a very singular experience I had one Christmas eve when I'd started out with the idea of picking up a few little things for the children. I came across a house in the suburbs that had its outside cellar door open. It was one of those sloping, outside cellar doors, the kind children like to slide down on. You've seen them no doubt. It was snowing like all possessed and had been, all night, and blowing, too, and the snow had drifted round the corner of the house where the cellar door was and blown down through the open door into the cellarway and filled it half full.

"I should think down to the bottom the snow was 2 or 3 feet deep. I slipped going down the steps and fell the rest of the way, but it was like falling into a bed of snow; it didn't hurt me a bit and it didn't make any noise.

"I got the inside cellar door open without much trouble, and stepped inside. I was just covered with snow, and I suppose I ought to have shook it off before going up stairs, where the carpets was, but I didn't. I kept right along. There was another door, at the head of the inside cellar stairs—the stairs from the first floor to the cellar—and I got through that all right, and from that door through another door into the front hall of the house, ready for business.

"I turned the knob of the parlor door very gently, so as not to disturb anybody in the house, and opened the door very quietly into a room that was brightly lighted and chock full of people, men, women and children, all sitting still as mice and all sitting with their eyes just glued on the door I was coming in at. It seemed as though they all held their breaths for about half a minute when they saw me coming in, and then they all began to laugh and hurrah and clap their hands and make the greatest hullabaloo you ever heard of, and I suppose that with my old ulster on, with a cord around the middle, and my woolen cap and all covered with snow from head to foot and with a bag over my shoulder that I'd brought along to carry the horses and carts, Noah's arks and things like that, home in, I looked about as much like Santa Claus as anybody you ever saw.

"But the applause wasn't going to last forever. I knew that. I bowed and smiled and bowed and smiled, but I was backing out all the time. And when I'd got back a step or two, I jumped back to make for that cellar door again and bunked into somebody in the hall. I looked around out of the corner of my eye and saw I'd bunked into the real Santa Claus, coming down from up stairs or somewhere and making for the door that I'd just opened.

"Standing in the hall close by the parlor door, there was a hatrack with a million overcoats and wraps on it, the pegs all full and piled up 14 deep, and with about 17 beaver hats and 44 derbies on top of that. I could see the real Santa Claus glaring at me. Whether he thought I was somebody playing a trick and robbing him of the glory of being Santa Claus, or what, I don't know, but I knew something had got to be done, and in about a second I bounced him around against the hatrack. It was leaning forward with the weight on it already, and the next minute Santa Claus was on the floor and covered about three feet deep with coats and overcoats, with the hatrack on top of that, and beaver hats and derbies prancing and slamming around everywhere. Then it was time for me to go sure. The whole parlor was making for the door into the hall. I hadn't more than got started down the cellar stairs before the hall was swarming with them. I could hear them scuffling about on the floor overhead as I went on out through the open cellar door."—New York Sun.

When Elephants Inhabited Europe.

Recent study of the remains of stone and flint implements found near Abbeville, France, has strengthened the belief that when those implements were made by prehistoric men, elephants belonging to two species were abundant in that part of Europe. But of course the date in centuries or even in thousand year periods cannot be ascertained. No writings or inscriptions or traditions have been handed down from that early race of men to their civilized descendants of today. All we have been able to learn, from the remains of chipped stones and bones, is that they lived among and frequently hunted and fought with animals that had ceased to inhabit Europe when recorded history began.—Youth's Companion.

Enlightened by a Sole.

She—Do you think the foot is indicative of the man?
He—Yes: that's the way I found out what sort of a man Clara's father was.—Yonkers Statesman.

A DESTRUCTIVE PEST.

Iron Cables Sometimes Sundered by the White Ant.

According to an interesting statement from our Paris correspondent, the swamps of Tonquin have proved fatal even to telegraphic cables. Professor Bouvier has been describing to the Academy of Science how the insects in that undesirable possession have been embarrassing the engineers. It appears that a wire was laid in Tonquin in the year 1894. As the ground was marshy, it was made up into a cable, as if for submarine purposes. The copper wires were surrounded with an insulating material—probably gutta percha—and this was inserted in an envelope of cotton and jute. By way of making everything secure, it was inclosed within a lead pipe. But hardly had a year gone by when the cable showed signs of being defective and it was found necessary to replace it. The protecting envelope had been pierced again and again by the attacks of termites and its insulation destroyed.

These termites, or white ants, are the pests of many tropical countries. Certainly the wise king, had he thought of them, would never have sent the sluggish to the ant for a moral lesson. An excess of energy may be more mischievous than the spirit of "rest and be thankful." Perhaps, however, as Solomon is said to have been an adept in natural history, he would have replied that he was not responsible for the misnomers of the future generations. The destructive termite is, in fact, not a true ant, and has no real connection at all with that model of brisk yet patient industry. Indeed they are generally put so far apart as to be classed in different orders, but in many of their habits the termites resemble the true ants. Some species build conical mounds, raising them to a height of 5 or 6 feet and constructing in the hard mud an elaborate system of chambers and galleries. Others burrow into wood. These are the terror of the householder. Posts and beams are riddled by them; chairs and tables are converted into a hollow mockery, for the creatures work away at the interior, leaving the outside undisturbed.

The termite is not very particular as to what it attacks. Though a soft bodied creature, its jaws seem to be fairly hard. Not only furniture, but also books, papers, clothing, cord—almost anything about a house except the bricks and the mortar, the slates and the glass—are food for its ravenous maw. The copper in the French cable, of course, was too much for it—although Professor Bouvier stated that leaden bullets sent to the Crimea during the war were perforated by some insects—but the wire became worthless when its insulation was destroyed. The leaden pipe, however, presented no difficulty. Probably it was but roughly laid, being only meant for general purposes of protection.

Chinks would occur here and there, and an army of termites would soon effect a lodgment within the fortification. The rope and the gutta percha they would not find much to their taste, and would be no more affected by the passing current than are the birds which perch on the overhead wires.

The termite no doubt has its assailants, such as spiders and toads, lizards, goat suckers and bats. We imagine that in Tonquin people must look almost affectionately even on the first two of these, but the insects increase and multiply so fast—for the female is a regular egg laying machine—that it will be many a day before these destructive little creatures disappear from tropical countries. Submarine cables have been attacked by the termites and other boring creatures, but these can be defeated by sundry devices, one being to prepare the rope with a solution in which fine sand is mixed, but the termite would probably be able to deal even with this. Professor Bouvier advises the use of sulphate of copper. If the cable be steeped in this, he believes even the termite will decline it as an article of diet.—London Sentinel.

During the Engagement.

Aunt Susan—What. Sitting up writing at his hour?
Carrie—Yes, auntie. It's only a little note to Harry.
Aunt Susan—Why, Harry left you only five minutes ago.
Carrie—Yes. But there is something I forgot to ask him, and it's very important.
Aunt Susan—Yes?
Carrie—I asked him if he loved me, and he said yes. But I forgot to ask him if he would love me always.
—Boston Transcript.

Famous Ruler.

Schoolmaster—Now, Smithson, we have read of the principal reigning monarchs of the world. Which ruler inspires the most respect and fear?
Smithson (thinks of his knuckles, still sore)—The one on your desk, sir.—London Tit-Bits.

WANTED TO SEE HER.

It Wasn't Curiosity That Impelled Her, but Admiration.

She was a plain, wistful little woman who entered the office of a Chicago newspaper and said she wanted to see the editor. She apologized very humbly for jostling the elbow of another woman with blue glasses and irregular features who was writing rapidly at a small table at one side of the room.

"I don't want to violate any of the rules of your establishment," she said deprecatingly, "nor to ask any favor that you are not in a habit of granting."

"We will be glad to do almost anything we can for your except to print libelous remarks about somebody."

"Oh, I don't want anything published. I want to see about something that appeared last week."

"Do you wish to answer an advertisement?"

"No. It's something of an entirely personal nature, and I don't quite know how to tell it."

"Perhaps you might write it and let me read it," the editor suggested as he glanced at a heap of manuscript. "I could take plenty of time and read it slowly, you know, and then I'd be sure to know exactly what you mean."

"Oh, no. I'll tell it to you. What I want to do is to find out the address of the lady who writes the articles entitled 'How to Be Beautiful.' I've read every one of them, and I have taken ever so much interest in them."

The woman at the small table ceased writing and looked pleased.

"Do you want to write to her, or is it your desire to meet her individually?"

"I want to meet her face to face. I haven't anything to say to her. I just want to look at her. And I am afraid that would be a little embarrassing to both of us."

The woman at the small table looked less pleased.

"You mean that she strikes you as somebody that it would be interesting to see, as a matter of curiosity?"

"No, I don't think curiosity is quite the word. I don't want to stare at her as if she were an exhibit in a museum. I want to stand in respectful admiration. I've tried some of her recipes for being beautiful, and, as you can see for yourself, they haven't produced any very remarkable results. But I've had so much else to do that I could not follow out the directions systematically, so I don't find fault with anybody but myself."

"I'd like, though, to see somebody who has made a life study of the art from an intelligent standpoint, and I don't know of any one so likely to have done so as the lady who wrote the article. She knows all about it. That's plain enough from the articles she writes, and I'd just like to feast my eyes on her for a few minutes. It would be a kind of an encouragement to keep on trying, and maybe I could force myself to go about it in a more methodical way and get some results, the same as she has done."

"Well," said the editor, arising from his chair, "your wish is a very easy one to gratify. But I'll warn you beforehand that the world is full of disappointments. Just step this way and I'll introduce you to"—

But the woman with irregular features had vanished.—Detroit Free Press.

Opposed Long Engagements.

"So you are engaged?" remarked the girl in the buff coat.

"Yes, dear," replied her dearest friend. "Charley has asked me to marry him, and I consented."

"How lovely! When is it to be?"

"When are we to be married?"

"Yes. I want to know the date so I can get my dress for my part as a bridesmaid. You know, you promised that I should be your bridesmaid when you got married."

"It hasn't been fixed yet."

"I hope it will be soon."

"But it won't be. You see, I am not very rich and Charley is poor. We have decided to wait until he can save enough money to furnish a house."

"That's too bad."

"Don't you approve of long engagements?"

"No, I don't. You see?"

"I didn't at first. But Charley succeeded in converting me. Why do you oppose them? Tell me, so I can tell Charley."

"Well, you know the fashion in engagement rings changes so. Next year the ring he gives you now will be out of fashion, and then what will you do?"

"That's so. I'll see Charley at once."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Time For Protest.

"Now, look here," said the old man to the daughter who had spent some time at the east. "I guess I can manage to stand it when you call a 50 cent piece a hof dollar, but when you speak of a slab as a slob I want it understood that I will permit no such language."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

OLD CORKS.

They Are Articles of Commerce and Have a Number of Uses.

It was easy to find the "old cork" establishment, for an elaborate "cork castle" of ridiculous proportions adorned the window, and four stiff legged cork men were apparently making efforts to drive a score or so of cork fowls into the castle keep.

Inside the shop the proprietor was busily sorting new looking corks into little muslin bags for samples.

"These," said he in the course of my chat with him, "are all old corks, and perhaps some of them have been remade three or four times. Yes; I can make money out of any sort of old corks, good or bad. These," he continued, leading the way to a long, high room, lined on each side with immense wooden bins, "are all old corks. This first bin, you see, is filled with mixed or broken cork articles."

"I pay something like 4 pence or 6 pence a pound for this refuse, and after being washed in hot water and then dried it is ground fine and sold to linoleum manufacturers at 2 shillings a pound."

"These are what we call 'screws,'" he said, leading the way to a bin of old ginger beer and wine bottle corks. "By 'screws' we mean that the corks have been pierced by a corkscrew, which, of course, renders them unfit for remaking into new corks. So we put them through a 'coring' machine, which cuts the inside out of them, and leaves a hollow tube. The tubes are then sliced into rings for use in beer and ginger beer bottles."

"The very best quality of wine corks, which are sold in first instance at from 8 shillings to 10 shillings a gross, are bought by us for 8 pence. We get our supply of them from the big west end clubs and fashionable restaurants. It is very seldom that a corkscrew goes into the corks in high priced wine. Therefore it is an easy matter for us to make them into apparently brand new corks. The waiters at fashionable clubs and other places where expensive wine is drunk find that collecting old corks is a very valuable perquisite. Wine corks are our most valuable commodity, and most of the beer bottle corks now in use are old wine corks which have been remade."

"Yes, if it were not for our trade, corks would be twice the price they are at present. We remake an enormous number in a year. Why, when I started in this business six years ago, I estimated that the value of the corks thrown away in England in a year amounted to £75,000."

"How do I get the old corks? Oh, that is an easy matter. When I started in business, I used to go round to the public houses and hotels and gather them myself. In those days potboys and waiters were not up to the dodge, and I generally used to get the old corks for nothing. A little later on, when I found I had hit on a paying thing, I took this place and hired a couple of men to collect corks for me. Now I have six men always out gathering them, and each man has a list of hotels where he must call every week. We pay 4 to 6 pence a gross for corks. Sometimes my men will bring in one day four hundred weight of corks between them. This is no small amount, as there are from 150 to 160 corks in a pound."

"Another branch of my business is the collection of 'dust.' You see that bin?" pointing to a box holding two or three cartloads of something like coarse sawdust. "That is what we call 'dust'—grape packing it is in reality. Most cheap grapes are packed in cork dust. Well, two of my men do nothing but collect this dust. They visit Covent Garden market and the larger fruit shops every day and buy the dust for next to nothing. It is brought here and sifted into two degrees of fineness. The coarser quality I sell to linoleum manufacturers, and the finer I send to big makers of patent medicines, who use it for packing and pay a good price for it.—London Answers.

Bees Faster Than Pigeons.

It is not generally known that bees are swifter in flight than pigeons—that is, for short distances. Some years ago a pigeon fancier of Hamme, Westphalia, laid a wager that a dozen bees liberated three miles from their hive would reach home in less time than a dozen pigeons. The competitors were given wing at Rybern, a village nearly a league from Hamme, and the first bee reached the hive a quarter of a minute in advance of the first pigeon. Three other bees reached the goal before the second pigeon. The bees were also slightly handicapped, having been rolled in flour before starting for purpose of identification.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Potatoes.

This is a world of disappointments. A French medical journal states that the Belgians are the largest consumers of potatoes in the world, and the Irish come next. "Twas ever thus from childhood's hour."—Los Angeles Times.

THE UNFORGETTING TIDE.

The unforgetting tide that ebbs and flows Surges and swells with far-re echoed roar, Nor haste nor halt nor hesitation knows, Its horse volced couriers, pawing at the shore, Charge, pause and flee again by fixed decree. The wind, that laughs at check or rein, may vex Only the surface of the strong willed sea, Strewing its borders with the bones of wrecks. But cannot change its purpose for an hour. And still unmoved it ebbs, and still it flows, Shaming the fickle wind with steadfast power. Timed by the heavenly lords whose sway it knows. It is the wayward wind that fumes and frets, The steadfast tide neglects not nor forgets. —J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

"Befo' the Wa'."

Southerners who lived in more luxury before the war than they have been able to do since have a very natural way of dating everything by comparing every event of the present time to those palmy days "befo' the wa'." It is quite unnecessary to add that all things suffer by the comparison. It was the custom of the guests at the sanitarium to assemble on the porch just before sundown to watch the retiring process of old Sol as he slipped away to bed behind Mount Pisgah, one of the loftiest peaks of the Blue range. Some of the guests were asserting they could see the gray hairs on the back of the Rat, another elevation, so called from its resemblance to that animal. A little patch of fleecy clouds had evidently caught fast on the pines in passing a cliff, and some one said Beaneater peak was flirting with Beaumont, while the Balsam range, others said, had already put on a nightcap of mist, with now and then a blue black peak projecting above the clouds. Otherwise not a cloud was to be seen, save a few mackerel scales just above the western horizon.

Just as but half of the sun's orb was left in view, and shadows were rapidly deepening, and the last departing shafts of sunlight were gilding the domes of the most lofty hills, and every one was all but speechless with admiration at the splendor of the sunset, one woman, a northerner and a newcomer, was able to keep her tongue going.

"Oh, I do think," she was saying to a southern lady, "that is the most exquisite sunset I ever saw! Tell me, is it a custom down here for the sun to set like that?"

"Oh, that's nothing!" was the reply. "You should have seen it 'befo' the wa'."—Country Gentleman.

Barry Pain on Humor.

A certain Mr. Barry Pain has been delivering an address to the Pioneer club, a woman's organization of London, upon humor. He kindly explains to the ladies whom he honors by his remarks now it is that humor is one among a great many other things in which they are lacking. It seems hardly apropos to explain to one's hostesses that there are limitations to their charms, but it is possible that explanations might be given. It seems to be a general practice the world over to discuss women's failures as well as their virtues. Undoubtedly such talks are improving. Possibly Mr. Barry Pain was asked to speak upon the subject. A pun might even be made upon the gentleman's last name and his tendency to make people uncomfortable. But, puns outside the covers of Shakespeare are not in good taste. There is a little consolation given at the end of the address. "But," said Mr. Barry, "a study of the lives of the greatest humorists by no means shows that they were the happiest of men, and very frequently shows the reverse."—New York Times.

Lightning Killed the Fish.

A peculiar result of a stroke of lightning was noted near Dijon, France, in the summer of 1893. A flash of lightning was seen to strike a fish pond, and an investigation made immediately after the storm had subsided proved that every fish in the little lake had been killed. This is one of the very few recorded instances of lightning striking fresh water.

A few drops of tincture of myrrh in a glass of tepid water, used as a gargle, will help to sweeten the breath. Scrupulous care of the teeth and of the digestion will generally correct impure breath at once.

To keep dirt in place where it may become loosened and fall away, it has been suggested, by one who has tackled them, to use the Japanese honeysuckle or Virginia creeper.

Some one has ascertained that the silver dollar is 1½ inches, the half dollar 1 inch and the quarter dollar three-fourths of an inch in diameter.

If an upper pie crust is brushed over with a little milk or egg before placing it in the oven, it will brown quickly and have a better color.

"A last course at dinner without cheese," says Savarin, "is like a pretty woman with only one eye."

Mustard used to be eaten whole and dry instead of in paste made from mustard flour.

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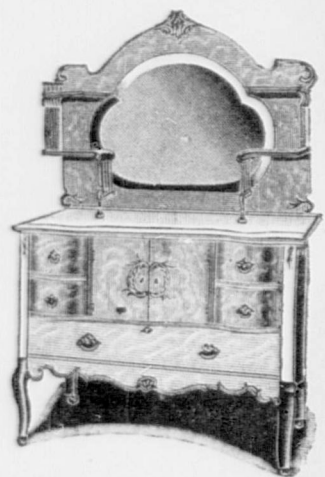
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ST. THOMAS a BECKET.

The Murder of the Scholarly Archbishop of Canterbury.

Henry II of England Nominated Becket to the Archbishopship of Canterbury, but Subsequently Harasses Him With Unjust Laws—Becket's Bold Stand Angers the Kings and Provokes the Cowardly Assault—The Archbishop Meets His Assassins Without Resistance—Canonized by Alexander III.

BY REV. F. A. CUNNINGHAM.

The year 1170 was in darkest and one of the most glorious in the annals of England. It was dark for the perpetration of a crime scarcely paralleled in its heinousness by the barbarisms of darkest Africa; its glory is in the fact that it bestowed upon humanity an example of nobility and generosity of soul possible only under the standard of the Cross of Christ. It is no exaggeration to say that the career of England's greatest saint was a life long martyrdom. Against such a term the record of magnificence in carriage and apparel, of haughty demeanor in dealing with evil doers will avail nothing, as the sense of duty performed in the face of almost insuperable obstacles and for God's honor and glory can sanctify the purple robe and make the work of the executioner meritorious.

The trials of St. Thomas properly began at the time when, in the year 1162, he was promoted from the chancellorship of the English Kingdom to the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury. He had preferred not to accept so lofty a preferment from the hands of the king, giving as his excuse that it would be impossible for him to perform the duties of the situation and at the same time retain the favor of his benefactor. He, however, yielded finally to many entreaties, and after his ordination as priest was consecrated as archbishop of the primate's see of England. Thenceforth his life already unblemished was further adorned by the most prominent virtues pertaining to his newly adopted manner of life.

To a mind constituted as was that of Henry II, a prey to every breath of suspicion, dominated by deep and lasting hatreds, obstinate to the last degree, and under the influence of the most flattery, it was no difficult task to present a virtuous friend in the light of an implacable enemy. The singularly holy life of the new archbishop became a reproach to the unprincipled courtiers who surrounded the king's throne. His utter disregard of popular or even royal approbation in the face of evident duty caused him to be hated with bitterness by those whose greed for preferment made all things lawful provided they contributed to the desired end. They devised a scheme of persecution which could not fail of its object if only carried out persistently. Among the many projects to the accomplishment of which St. Thomas had set his mind was that of defending the immunities and sacred rights of the church in England, which had been grievously outraged for many years previous. Among these rights was one of special significance. It had been established by the laws of the church as well as by those of the kingdom, and sanctioned by King Stephen, 1136, that ecclesiastics should enjoy an immunity for the judgment of civil courts and be accountable only to judges of an ecclesiastical order. Contrary to this ruling an abuse had crept into the proceedings of English courts of law whose wide spread diffusion soon gave it the value of a custom. Ecclesiastics began to be summoned before lay judges whose sentences were often accepted as final. Against this new custom St. Thomas took a decisive stand; his courage in opposing it cost him six long years of exile and the final loss of his life. The new custom thus introduced was dear to the heart of the king who saw in it a promise of greater extension of power; yet so great was his confidence in the ability of his primate that he might have allowed its opposition to go unchallenged but for the pernicious influence of his jealous advisers. By these his attention was quickly directed to the aims of St. Thomas, his suspi-

cions were aroused, his hatred excited, and the primate was marked for speedy vengeance.

Henry II determined to solidify the new custom by giving to it the force of law. For this purpose he proposed that its sanction should come from the church itself. It should be written down in a document to which every bishop in the realm should affix his seal. This once accomplished, the power of Thomas a Becket would be made entirely subservient to every wish of the crown. The proposal of the king was more easily made than executed. The bishops refused to sanction its wholesale enactments, and the king to bring about his object was obliged to seek other means. Since he could not gain the consent of the church openly he had recourse to a species of fraud, in which although the intention could easily be perceived, yet the formal proposition had all the appearance of fairness. He, therefore, summoned the bishops of the kingdom to swear upon oath that they would observe the customs of the realm.

The holy prelate perceived the purpose of the subterfuge and although he once weakened in the belief that acquiescence might secure the later defeat of the order, yet he finally resisted with all the vehemence of his nature. This was the beginning of a bitter persecution which increased from day to day until at length, finding himself insecure in England he was constrained for his own safety to take refuge in France.

There he was warmly welcomed by King Louis VIII, whose protection he enjoyed until, by the good offices of the Pope, he was again reconciled with Henry II. He would gladly have resigned his office and spend the remainder of his days in retirement. The Pope, however, designed differently and urged him to resume his former station. He commanded the sovereign to restore the prelate to his see, to permit him to rule his flock, as he had hitherto done, in defence of the immunities and sacred rights of the church. St. Thomas returned, as he was bidden; but he was not long to enjoy the fruits of peace. Scarcely three months had elapsed when the king, annoyed and harassed by the archbishop's constancy, one day repeated in a moment of anger: "Who will rid me of this troublesome priest?"

Four of the king's knights who were standing by at the time, heard the impatient exclamation, and mistaking the expression for a command, swore among themselves that they would carry off or murder the prelate. Proceeding to the archbishop's house on the 29th of Dec., 1170, they met the saint engaged at dinner. They made to him certain demands and upon the refusal of St. Thomas declared that he should quit England forever, as neither he nor his could again have peace in the king's dominions. The knights departed after many threats of vengeance. What followed is well told in Lingard's history.

"It was the hour of the evening service, and at the sound of the psalmody in the choir, a voice exclaimed: 'To the church, it will afford protection.' But Beckett refused to move from the place. Word was now brought that the knights had forced their way through the garden and made an entrance by the windows. A few moments later they were heard at no great distance, breaking down with axes a strong partition of oak which impeded their progress. In a paroxysm of terror the archbishop's attendants closed around him, and notwithstanding his resistance, bore him with pious violence through the cloister into the church. The door was immediately closed, and barred against the assassins, who were already in sight.

Becket walked lieurely along the transept, and was ascending the steps which led to his favorite altar, when he heard the cries of the knights demanding admission at the door. With-out hesitation, he ordered it to be thrown open, saying, that the house of God should not be made a military fortress. Immediately his attendant monks and clergy dispersed to conceal themselves, some behind the columns, others under the altars. Had he followed their example, he might have saved his life; for it was growing dark, and both the crypts, and a staircase

before him, which led to the roof offered places of concealment. But he turned to meet his enemies, and stationing himself with his back against a column, between the altars of St. Mary and St. Bennet, waited their approach.

"The four knights and their twelve companions rushed into the church with drawn swords, and loud cries. 'To me, ye king's men,' shouted their leader. 'Where is the traitor?' exclaimed Hugh of Horsey, a military subdeacon, known by the surname of Manclerk. No answer was returned; but to the question, 'where is the archbishop,' Becket replied, 'Here I am, the archbishop, but no traitor. What is your will?' They turned to him, and insisted that he should immediately absolve all whom he had placed under ecclesiastical censures; to which he replied, that, until they had promised satisfaction, he could not. 'Then die,' exclaimed a voice. 'I am ready,' returned the prelate, 'to die for the cause of God and his church. But I forbid you, in the name of the Almighty God, to touch any one of my household, clerk or layman.'

"There seems to have been some hesitation on the part of the murderers. They would rather have shed his blood without the church than within its walls. An attempt was made to drag him away; but he resisted it with success, through the aid of a clergyman who threw his arms around the archbishop's waist. 'Reginald,' said the archbishop to Fitzurse, 'how dare you do this? Remember that you have been my man.' 'I am now the king's man,' replied the assassin, aiming a blow at the primate's head. The attendant clergyman, Grim, interposed his arm which was broken and severed in two; still the sword passed through Becket's cap, and wounded him on the crown. As he felt the blood trickling down his cheek, he wiped it away with his sleeve, and having joined his hands and bent his head in the attitude of prayer, said: 'Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.' In this posture, with his face to his murderers, and without shrinking or speaking, he awaited a second stroke, which threw him on his knees and elbows. The third stroke was given by Richard Brito, with such violence that he cut off the upper part of the archbishop's head and broke his own sword on the pavement. The murderers were retiring when Hugh of Horsey turning back, set his foot on the neck of the corpse, and drawing the brain out of the skull with the point of his sword, scattered it around. 'Fear not,' he said, 'the man will never rise again.' They returned to the palace, which they rifled, taking away with them spoil, as it was estimated, to the value of two thousand marks."

The sequel to this murder was what might be expected when the parties implicated realized the enormity of the crime. To free himself from the excommunication launched against him by the Pope, Henry II was obliged to swear that he had no intentional part in the action, and to prove the sincerity of his declaration he consented to undergo the most rigorous penances. The murderers themselves were exiled to Palestine. The death of Thomas a Becket was universally acknowledged as a martyrdom and he was canonized as a saint by Pope Alexander III.

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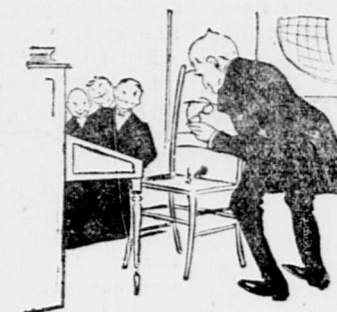
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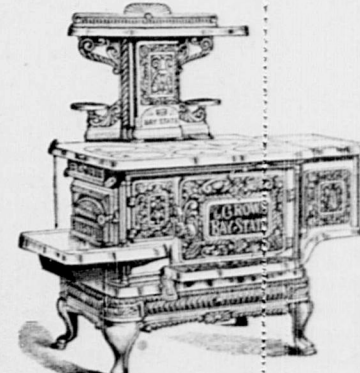
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FEUDS OF SENATORS.

JOHN SHERMAN AS QUARRELLOUS AS CONKLING WAS.

But the Ohio Statesman Has Not Conkling's Weaknesses—Hampton Wanted Sherman to Fight—Blaine and Conkling. A Story About McKinley.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—The appointment of Senator Sherman to the cabinet brings to mind some interesting facts about his public career and his relations with public men. To go back no more than a year it is entertaining to recall his flat statement that General Alger had bought negro votes which belonged to him in national conventions. Of course Senator Sherman did not accuse General Alger of negotiating personally for these votes, but he said that he held General Alger responsible for what his agents had done. General Alger testifies that that quarrel is ended, and Senator Sherman told me recently that he would say nothing more about it.

Go a few months back of that and you find Senator Sherman quoted as calling Mr. Platt of New York the Judas Iscariot of politics. I never have heard that he withdrew the epithet, and he certainly accused Mr. Platt in his reminiscences of selling out the nomination of 1888 to Harrison. Now Mr. Platt is going to be a senator all through Mr. Sherman's term in the state department, and as his colleague is a Democrat the interests of New York before the department will be largely in his hands. A great many persons will watch with an amused interest for the first encounter of Mr. Platt and Mr. Sherman after the 4th of March.

Their Strained Relations. For a cause of the strained relations between Mr. Sherman and Mr. Platt you can go back if you like into still more ancient history, and very interesting history it is.

When Mr. Hayes was president, John Sherman was secretary of the treasury. Chester A. Arthur was collector of the port of New York under Grant. Hayes asked Arthur to resign. He refused.



WILL THEY MEET LIKE THIS?

Hayes removed him, and the survivor and naval officer as well, and appointed Roosevelt, Merritt and Prince to succeed them. The senate rejected the three nominations. Hayes nominated the men again, and Roosevelt and Prince again were rejected. When congress adjourned, the president appointed Merritt collector and Silas W. Burt naval officer. These two would have been rejected by the senate when it met in December, but Secretary Sherman stepped in and, through appeals to Alton and Morrill, persuaded the senate to confirm them. General Adam Badeau said that Sherman first offered Arthur the place of consul general at London, which Badeau held as a legacy from Grant. Hayes had promised Grant that he would leave Badeau in London, and he told Badeau later that he would not have made good Sherman's promise to Arthur. In his book Sherman says the place he suggested for Arthur was that of consul general at Paris. When Arthur declined the offer, Sherman went among his old friends in the senate and told them that if Merritt and Burt were not confirmed he would resign; that the constitution gave the president the right to make appointments, and all the senate had a right to do was to consider whether the appointments were good, without reference to the removals which had preceded them. The senate was persuaded, and the nominations were confirmed.

Three years later Arthur, because of his martyrdom, was put on the ticket with Garfield and elected vice president. At the same time Thomas C. Platt became a senator from the state of New York.

Following Garfield's inauguration came the memorable fight between Garfield and Senator Conkling over the New York patronage. That fight caused Platt and Conkling to resign their seats in the senate and go to the New York legislature for a vindication. They did not get the vindication. They were retired, and Platt suffered 16 years of privacy before he ventured into the public arena the other day as the senator elect from New York. After Conkling and Platt's resignation from the senate Guiteau's bullet killed Garfield and made Arthur president.

All these events you can trace back to the time when John Sherman, secretary of the treasury, went among his friends in the United States senate and persuaded them to confirm Arthur's successor in the New York collectorship. It ruined Conkling's career, nearly spoiled Platt's, and by a curious turn of the wheel of fortune made Arthur, the cause of all the trouble, president of the United States.

A Wonderful Record.

What a wonderful record is Sherman's! He is a man who has played in the great events of the last half century, and how many enemies he has made! He has had as many quarrels on hand in the senate as any other man who has served there in the last 25 years excepting Conkling. The two men were quarrelsome in different ways. Conkling was imperious. He

must rule men or fight them. The man who was not his subordinate was his enemy, and he was keenly sensitive to ridicule.

Sherman's character is of a diametrically opposite type. He has very positive opinions about public questions, but if the senate adopts another view or them he doesn't take his doll rags and go home. Mr. Sherman has, however, a plain, direct way of "speaking his mind." I think his frankness has been the cause of most of his quarrels. If he is as direct in the business of the state department as he has been on the floor of the senate, we may look for a new era in diplomacy.

Mr. Sherman said to me in conversation once that he was "not afraid of any man." He had the moral courage to refuse to fight a duel with Wade Hampton in 1880. Sherman in a campaign speech spoke of the solid south "headed by Wade Hampton and the Kuklux Klan." When Hampton wrote to ask if he was correctly quoted, he sent a long explanation, but no apology, and Hampton replied, giving him the lie and saying, "My address will be Columbia, S. C."

Mr. Sherman did not send a challenge. He made public the correspondence and only challenged General Hampton to prove the incorrectness of what he had said. There the whole matter rests to this day. But when Sherman returned to the senate Hampton refused to speak to him. Mr. Sherman has always regretted this, for he is not slow to make up after a quarrel. His readiness to accept the olive branch in the case of General Alger is the best evidence of that. It is not every one who would forgive the man who has cut him out of the presidency. No doubt Mr. Sherman and Mr. Platt will arrange their differences when Mr. Platt comes to Washington next month.

Conkling was not so ready to forgive a real or fancied injury. He was a hard hater. A gentleman who is still in active public life tells me of an attempt which was made to settle the feud between Blaine and Conkling. This gentleman was traveling from New York to Washington on the Congressional limited, and he learned that Mr. Conkling was to be on the train. In the station he met Mr. Blaine, who was going to Washington. He knew both Mr. Blaine and Mr. Conkling well, and it occurred to him that there was a splendid opportunity to reconcile them. He asked Mr. Blaine if he would meet Mr. Conkling half way, and getting his consent, arranged with the conductor to reserve the two seats just beyond Conkling's.

In the first of these Mr. Blaine sat in the second, the mediator. When Mr. Conkling came in, he greeted this gentleman warmly. A minute later he turned to speak to him and discovered that Mr. Blaine was sitting between them. He swung around and looked out of the window for a minute. Then he picked up his bag and coat and left the car.

Conkling's Pride. Ex-Senator Kellogg of Louisiana was a great friend of Conkling, and he believed at one time that the Blaine-Conkling feud was to be broken up. It was at the time of Hayes' successful attempt to remove Arthur. Conkling was in a fever over the vote in the senate. He had staked his future on keeping Arthur in office. He knew the vote would be close. "Pitt," he said to Governor Kellogg, pointing his thumb in the direction of Mr. Blaine, "how is that man going to vote?" Mr. Kellogg said he thought Blaine would vote against Arthur's removal. Conkling evidently could not believe it. Just before the vote was taken Blaine made a 15 minute speech against Arthur's removal. Then he voted with Conkling. It was evident while Blaine was speaking that Conkling was much moved. But his indomitable pride would not yield.

Quarreling is not profitable in politics, and feuds are an obstacle to success. Look at William McKinley. He has no feud with any one. His hand is the gladdest, his smile the most seductive, in the whole political world. He couldn't charm the knob off a door, but he once did something almost as difficult. When his seat in the house was contested some years ago, he persuaded Frank Hurd of Ohio and Roger Q. Mills of Texas to vote to give him the seat in the face of a report from a Democratic committee saying he had not been elected. Think of it—the champion of protection luring two most eminent free traders to vote against their party so as to keep him in the house!

And by that incident hangs a tale. It was in the next congress, I think, that Frank Hurd contested a seat, and he made an appeal to the house which was almost tragic in its intensity. Some one who remembered that Hurd had voted for McKinley asked McKinley if he would vote for Hurd. "Oh, no," said McKinley quickly. "But Hurd voted for you," said his questioner. "I know," answered McKinley, "but I had a good case."

Where Might Is Right. It is not unusual for parties to split in voting on an election contest in the house. The lines are drawn much more firmly in the senate, but even there, you may remember, the late Senator Payne of Ohio was confirmed in his seat by Republican votes. Party lines are closely followed in the house only when there is a party necessity. If a member's seat is needed to strengthen the majority, there is no question of right. Might is right, and the representative of the minority is turned out on the slightest pretext. When there is an uncertainty about the result of an election, men usually vote with their party. In the case of Mr. McKinley, no one could tell whether he was elected or not. The testimony was confusing. But the Democrats were in the majority, and they turned him out without much ceremony. They thought they were better off without him, just as the Republicans concluded some years ago that Colonel W. R. Morrison of Illinois was a good man to get rid of.

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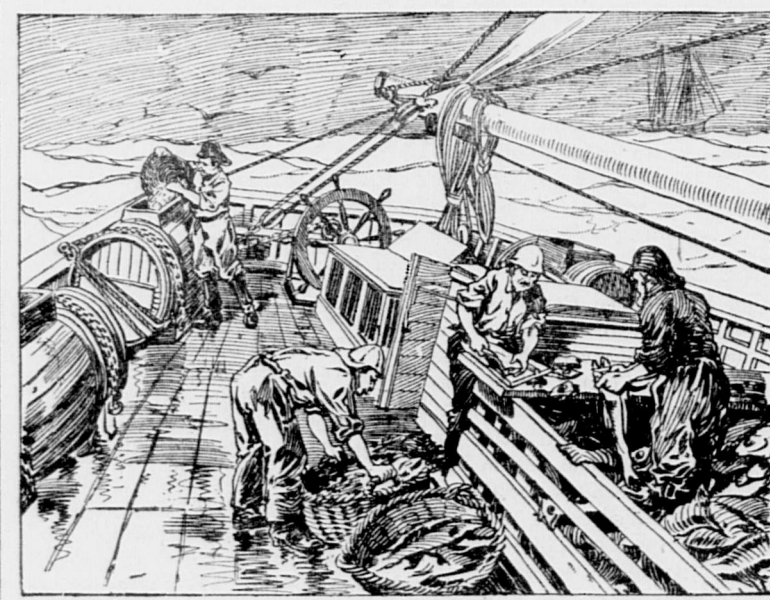
Perils and Hardships of the Cod Fisher's Life.

ON THE GRAND BANKS IN WINTER.

Anchored in the Fog in the Path of the Ocean Liners—Hard Work and Lots of It—Peculiar Qualities of the Gloucester Skipper.

Passengers on an ocean steamship are sometimes startled at the great floating phalanx which carries them westward shoots her black prow into a clump of little schooners anchored, it seems, nearly in the middle of the ocean. Then they realize that they are crossing the fishing banks, which are located south of Newfoundland and hundreds of miles from the New England shore.

Life on the banks is hard enough in summer. There are hardships and danger then in plenty, but along about this season of the year, when the banks are swept by cold storms, the dangers as well as the hardships are just about



DRESSING DOWN THE DAY'S CATCH.

doubled. Still, the fishermen stick to the banks, for that is where they find the cod, and to many of them the cod is the only talisman that will transform toil into dollars. So, no matter whether the wind blows high or low, whether the fog wraps them in its hazardous folds or the sun shines, whether it rains or snows, the "bankers" go out in their dories to set their trawls and never think of laying their course for Gloucester town until their provisions run out.

Although most "bankers" are called Gloucester men, as a matter of fact a great many of them regard that place merely as a foreign port in which they find themselves once or twice a year. They are used to Gloucester boats, all Yankees of the peculiar species known to Cape Ann. But that was when there was more money in fishing than there is today. Now the Gloucester boats carry crews to which all nations have contributed, with perhaps a few exceptions. Portuguese, Scandinavians, French, Nova Scotians and Spanish ship in the Yankee boats and take their pay in good American dollars. But the boats themselves are of Gloucester build, and their captains are Gloucester born and bred.

When a fishing boat sails for the

banks, she carries provisions for six months or more, and in her hold are great bins of salt sufficient to keep all the cod which can be piled into her. She is not a commodious craft at best, but the greater part of the space below decks must be reserved for the catch, and so the crew's quarters are always cramped. The dozen or 15 men are crowded into a little cabin in which there is just room enough for a row of narrow bunks on each side of a table in the center. In the forward end is the cook's galley, where that dignitary exercises a wonderful economy of space in disposing of his pots and pans.

Even on deck there is little room, for what space is not occupied by the water butts and other casks taken up by the dories, which fit into each other like so many spoons. But fishermen have neither time nor inclination for promenade.

Once the banks are reached, the captain picks out his berth, furls his sails, drops his anchor and sets a little triangular piece of canvas known as a riding sail. Just how he knows where to find the fish he will not explain. Perhaps he couldn't if he tried, but know he does, or else he would never be captain of a Gloucester fisherman. The average navi-

are sent out to set the trawls. They are slight, frail looking little boats, sharp at each end, with straight sides and flat bottoms, but they will ride like ducks over seas that make big steamships stagger. Even the French fishing brigs send to Gloucester after their dories. Two men are sent out in a boat. One man rows while the other pays out the trawl, a long rope, buoyed at each end, to which the lines and hooks are attached. Each boat carries several of these trawls, and as soon as the last one is set and anchored it is time to row back to the first one.

Beginning at one end, the fisherman pulls in the trawl. On his hands he wears heavy mittens, re-enforced by cloth and sometimes by leather. In spite of this protection, however, his hands are generally cut and swollen, for a small cod line with a fish on the end of it weighing from 10 to 75 pounds is not an easy thing to handle. The second man stands in the stern, and as the trawl is pulled in he takes off the fish, kills it with a blow of his club and coils the trawl in a tub at his feet.

Perhaps you can imagine what an unpleasant job this is in the summer, but unless you have had a similar experience you cannot conceive the hardship of it in winter. There is peril too. No one but a "banker" could stand in a pitching, tossing dory and do any sort of work. Besides this, you must remember that he is out there on the ocean, perhaps two or three miles away from his schooner, with nothing to guide him back but his instinct. When the fog shuts down suddenly, he is in great danger of missing the little craft altogether, even though the fog bell is rung steadily on such occasions.

Then, when he has six or eight trawls out and sees a storm coming up, he must get them in again if possible before he seeks safety. When he does return, with a dory loaded to the gunwales with fish, he is given only a brief space of time to swallow his supper before he has to go on deck and help "dress down" the day's catch. In this work each man has a particular part which he performs. The fish first go to a man who cuts off the heads with one swing of the cleaver and jerks out the entrails with another movement. The next man splits the cod lengthwise and takes out the backbone. Then the fish are washed and passed down into the hold, where the packers and salters are at work by lantern light. An expert salter is almost as much demanded as a good skipper. The fish are piled in layers as compactly as possible and are sprinkled with salt so that they will keep until they can be unloaded on the Gloucester wharf, whence they go to the pickling vats and then to the drying yards.

There is no waste to the cod. Of the liver two grades of oil are made, the finer of which goes to the druggist and the poorer to the curriers, who use it in leather dressing. But this is landsmen's work. On the schooner the various parts are thrown into separate casks on deck, and this is one reason a codboat does not smell like a rose garden.

The "dressing down" is an exciting part of the work, for every one is doing his best. The knives flash with almost reckless swiftness, and the big silver bellied beauties of the deep are passed from hand to hand at high pressure. When it is all through, the men are so tired that the hard plank berths in the ill smelling, stuffy cabin seem the most inviting places in the world to them, and they roll in to drop at once into a sound sleep, which is to be all too short. The unfortunates are those whose turn it is to clean up and take the first watch on deck.

By daylight the fishermen have breakfasted and are out in their dories again

with freshly baited trawls. Sometimes they go never to return, for, make the trip as many times as they may, they must realize that there is danger out there on the silent waste of water. Some men are lost every winter, and occasionally they are rescued after almost inconceivable suffering. Only the other day a Gloucester schooner was lost on the Georges banks. Every winter one or two ocean steamers come into American ports with fishermen who have been picked up adrift in their dories. Often they are half starved and frozen. You will find plenty of such men in Gloucester—ex-fishermen who have been disabled for life by such experiences. Yet the cod must be caught, and, if he prefers the Newfoundland banks to Gloucester harbor, why, to the banks the Gloucester men must go.

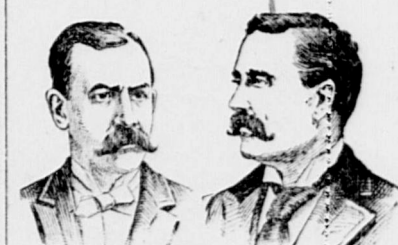
CYRUS SYLVESTER.

NEW WESTERN SENATORS.

George F. Turner of Washington and Joseph L. Rawlins of Utah.

George F. Turner of Washington and Joseph L. Rawlins of Utah, the men who have recently been elected to represent the two states in the United States senate, are both advocates of free silver, but the former is a Populist, while the latter is a Democrat. Both are lawyers and of the same age.

Senator Elect Turner was born in Edina, Knox county, Mo., in 1850. He was appointed by President Grant as United States marshal in Alabama, and later President Arthur made him associate justice for Washington territory. Ever since the admission of Washington as a state he has been active in the local politics of the great northwestern commonwealth and on two former occasions has been a candidate for senator. He was a Republican leader until last spring, when he went over to the Populists on account of his financial views.



JOSEPH L. RAWLINS. GEORGE F. TURNER.

A comfortable fortune which he had made as a lawyer was swept away during the financial depression of 1893, but he has recently made another and a bigger one through a fortunate investment in gold mining stock.

Mr. Rawlins was born in Salt Lake county, Utah, in 1850. He was reared in the Mormon faith, but left the church many years ago and identified himself with the gentiles. He was educated at the University of Indiana and for two years was a professor in the University of Deseret, Salt Lake City. In 1875 he was admitted to the bar and since that time has continued to practice his profession. In 1892 he was elected territorial delegate from Utah, defeating Frank J. Cannon, the present senator.

The election of Mr. Rawlins settled a most interesting contest, in which the Mormon church took an active part. The church authorities were anxious to defeat Moses Thatcher, an excommunicated Saint, who had been one of the twelve apostles, but who incurred the displeasure of his ecclesiastical associates by becoming a candidate for senator. The church failed to elect its candidate, Mr. Henderson, but had influence enough in the Utah legislature to defeat Thatcher by compromising on Mr. Rawlins.

THE QUEST.

There must be a somewhere just beyond
Our feet with its weary miles
Where there's no parting for hearts grown
faded.
And the blue sky always smiles,
But the unseen shore is still before,
Though we strive till our courage fails,
And never a man since the world began
Has sought its peaceful vale.

There must be a sometime, better far
Than our now, with its gray old sorrow,
And though never we've won where its out-
posts are,
We'll try again tomorrow,
For sometime land has a silver strand
And pleasant groves to shade us,
So we cannot rest in our lifelong quest
For joys that still evade us.

Why should we strain our weary eyes
For a land that we may not see,
Or dream of brighter and kinder skies
In a time that may never be?
Ah, better is hope than to crawl and grope
Through a life without its zest,
Up, wanderers all! Sound the bugle call!
And we'll follow the old, old quest!
—J. L. Huston in "The Quilting Bee."

The Gentleman Farmer of the South.

While the material development of the south in the past 30 years has been almost startling, it would nevertheless be rash to assume that the economic character of her people has been entirely transformed. Slavery no longer exists, and labor is no longer considered disgraceful, but the negro, though politically free, is still socially and economically servile and still affects his white employer disastrously in many ways. With the growth of towns, an artisan and a middle class have been developed, and the former aristocracy of birth and wealth has given way to one of wealth only, but in the country the well to do middle class farmer is the exception; the gentleman planter and "poor white" squatters cumber and choke the ground.

Want of thrift and intelligent foresight and an inherited instinct of laissez faire are to be observed in every rural community—normally in tide water and remote mountain regions, less commonly in such favored spots as the valley of Virginia. In cotton growing localities the factor or commission merchant plays a part fully as important as he did before the war and practically holds both planter and plantation in his grasp. With the factor on one hand and the lazy negroes with whom he works on shares on the other, it is no wonder that the lot of the gentleman farmer is continually growing worse or that his sons seek urban employment wherever they can.—W. P. Trent in Atlantic.

The Oldest Toy.

The most primitive toy is the doll. It dates back to prehistoric times and is found in every part of the world. This one would naturally expect to find. A child, seeing its mother nursing other younger children, would imitate the example with an improvised doll. Toy weapons, again, are older than history. Many of the other toys at present in use date from the earliest times of which we have any record. In the tombs of the ancient Egyptians, along with painted dolls having movable limbs, have been found marbles, leather covered balls, classic balls and marionettes moved by strings. Ancient Greek tombs furnish clay dolls, toy horses and wooden carts and ships. In the Louvre there are some Greco-Roman dolls of terra cotta, with movable joints fastened by wires. Greek babies had rattles (plattae). Greek boys played with whirling tops. So did the boys in ancient Rome (Vergil Aen.; bk. 7). Horace speaks of children trundling hoops, playing odd and even with nuts, etc.

Waiting For Expert Information.

One of the stories told at the expense of Boston's extreme respect for the opinion of its critics is amusing.

A lady who had been at a great concert one evening was asked the next day:

"Did you enjoy the music last evening?"

"I really don't know. I got up too late this morning to see The Advertiser, and The Transcript hasn't come out yet."—Youth's Companion.

Sir William Hamilton mentions a tailor, whose name he does not give, who was blind from birth, and yet, by the sense of touch alone, could distinguish the patterns of Scotch plaids used in the kilts of the highland costumes, matching the cloth with all the exactness that might be expected of one having perfect vision.

Umbrellas are now almost exclusively machine made, the various parts—ribs, stocks, handles and tips—being separately manufactured and put together by hand.

It is the turn which a man takes about the age of 45 that parts him off among the sheep on the right hand or the poor goats on the left.—John Morley.

Cortes, at Tabasco, found stockades so strongly built that he was forced to employ artillery against them in order to effect a breach.

Lima, Peru, is 3,515 miles southwest of Washington.

The Quincy Monitor.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
By the St. John's C. L. and A. A.

Yearly Subscription.....50 Cents
Single Copies.....5 Cents

Advertisements are requested to forward changes of advertisements on or before the first of each month, and all business communications should be addressed to the Editor.

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Quincy, Mass.
Lock Box, 161.

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All articles and correspondence intended for the Editor of the Quincy Monitor, Quincy, Mass., should be addressed to the Editor of the Quincy Monitor, Quincy, Mass.

All in possession of news of interest to the Editor, secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies, and promptly send copy of resolutions.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

Mr. Faxon is against a sewerage system because the poor people in tenements will abuse it. And yet it is only a few years ago that the Board of Health were after Mr. Faxon for almost covering his fields with filthy deposits, and that too, in mid-summer. Our opinion is that Mr. Faxon evades rules and regulations as much as others.

Councilman Little's order, appropriating \$17,000 for the paving of Copeland street has been referred to the Committee on Streets. Whatever may be the criticism of this project, it cannot be denied that something should be done to make substantial repairs on this much-used street. Its condition at present is pitiable, and Ward Four people have a right to insist that some permanent work be done at once.

The hardships of the unfortunate boys who, within a few weeks, sought to escape from Rainford island by means of an open boat, brings to mind the thought that as yet the methods in vogue of dealing with youthful offenders, especially, are most crude and not likely to attain the ends for which reformatory institutions are maintained. The weather conditions on the night in which the boys put to sea in that frail craft gives some color to their statements of ill-usage, and makes timely the suggestion that some change be made in the manner of dealing with youthful miscreants. Boys at the age of 16, convicted of crime, are susceptible to corrective influences; that this correction is not brought about is for the most part due to the harsh treatment received.

A petition was lately introduced in the Massachusetts House, asking that all railroads now issuing 100-ride commutation tickets be compelled to issue 25-ride tickets at the same proportionate cost. This is one of the most satisfactory petitions entered this year, and it is to be hoped that it will result in law. There is no good reason why the N. Y., N. H. and H. R. R. company should not issue a 25-ride ticket as reasonably as they issue the 100-ride ticket. The smaller ticket would accommodate a large number of people, working people especially, who now find it a hardship to pay \$9.00 for the 100-ride ticket. The Quincy Board of Trade recently considered the cost of passenger transportation on the Consolidated road, and it was shown that the mileage was higher than on most roads entering Boston. The matter has not been considered in hearing yet, and when it is should enlist the support of all persons believing in reasonable and equitable railroad fares.

AN INEXPLICABLE CASE.

The petition of the Street Railway company for a double track on Hancock street was without doubt endorsed by the large number of people who use the company's cars, and that the measure should be defeated by the crafty tactics of one or two members places the Council in a most humiliating position. The opinion rendered by the City Solicitor, who without doubt got his information from competent sources, that the railway company could not be compelled to pave more than eighteen inches outside the tracks, should have been sufficient to warrant the Council of '97 in accepting the amendment. The demand for a double track, is we repeat an imperative one, and the good sense of the Council should have asserted itself over the dilly-dallying ways of the old fossils that are in the Council. We are not among those that believe that the street railway is a spotless corporation, but we would be ashamed to be numbered among those that are continually thwarting the attempt to build up the city. The pending legislation in reference to street railway companies is sure in the near future to become law, and then Quincy, as well as other places granting franchises, can collect a just proportion of taxes from the companies.

The need of the present is better services and the Council should not undertake the imposition of restrictions which can have no standing in law and which we believe were only insisted

upon in this particular case that the petition of the company might be killed. Again it is urged the city would be the gainer if the location had been granted, as a large part of the money needed to construct the new line would be spent here, and this in itself is a consideration not to be overlooked.

ANOTHER PHASE.

THE MONITOR is in full sympathy with the resolution offered by Councilman Cain at a recent session of the Council, but would inform all persons interested in such resolutions that they are quite beautiful in theory, but quite the reverse in their application here. The intent of this specific resolution was that the merchants of Quincy be patronized by the municipal boards, as far as feasible, and that the new constructive work about to be undertaken be done by citizens of Quincy. We believe that the resolution was not needed to insure either of these results. Quincy merchants are at the present time patronized by the city boards, and we have it from a member of the Sewerage Commission that it is their intent to employ citizens if the work should be directly undertaken by the Commission. We do not for a moment wish to be thought of as speaking disparagingly of Mr. Cain's resolution, but wish to call to mind a phase of the industrial question quite as much in need of discussion and quite as essential to the prosperity of Quincy as any phase that may be offered. The important, and we think more pertinent question is, to what extent do the people of Quincy support our merchants. We do not mean the grocery man, because we are all pleased to enter into a long-standing account with him, but with the other shopmen who offer their goods under the same conditions that obtain in Boston.

It is claimed, and investigation will prove the claim, that too much of the money earned here is spent in Boston. If only a just proportion of this money was spent in the stores here, it is our firm belief that the benefits accruing would be so substantial and extraordinary that all would be agreeably affected. The practice of trading in Boston is at best a "penny wise and pound foolish" policy, and has wrought more harm than can be estimated.

We desire to see more of the reciprocal disposition on all sides, but more particularly on the part of those who have heretofore asked for consideration by resolutions and otherwise.

THE GOLDEN EPISODE.

We must confess that we were much surprised to see Councilman Sprague of Ward Five, take up the cudgel in behalf of Mr. Timothy J. Golden of Atlantic. Mr. Sprague has on one or more occasions given one the impression that he was likely to be partial and narrow in his bearings, but his latest role gives us evidence that he is anxious to be on the side of right, and, incidentally, also on the side of civil service. We believe that Mr. Sprague is quite right in his deductions, but what he complains of has long been well-known to THE MONITOR. The cause of civil service never had much of a foothold here, but we believe that Mayor Adams is the first one to defy the law openly. Mr. Sprague rightly claims that Mr. Golden is now under a stigma, and in all fairness should be given an opportunity to clear himself. His predicament is intensified from the fact that he must stand the brunt of criticism, without a chance of redress, since that can only come by the Mayor pressing his charges, if he has any. On the other hand it is openly stated that the police officials do not like an open contest with Golden, as he is supposed to be too familiar with the inner workings of the department, and might, if pressed too hard say some very damaging things. We give Mr. Sprague credit for stating the case most cogently, and also for his very caustic thrust at the hangers-on at our police "headquarters."

NOTE.—The latest development in the Golden case was the dropping of the officer's name from the eligible list by the Civil Service Commissioners on Tuesday, the 16th inst. This act appears at the present to be contrary to the intent and practice of the law, as a man under accusation cannot suffer this penalty, until he shall have an opportunity to meet his accusers before the commissioners and the charges substantiated. Mr. Golden, some weeks since was given an *ex parte* hearing before the Board, but the information at hand related to misconduct of such remote date that the Board refused to consider it. Later Mayor Adams, the chief of police and two patrolmen were summoned before the Commissioners, and again the testimony was so vague and pointless that His Honor was finally called upon to state just what he desired. The Mayor seemed indisposed to prosecute the so-called charges against Golden, as he plainly told the Board that he had gained his end and had appointed the man whom he desired for the vacant place. The hearing in consequence was closed, and now comes the information that Golden is dropped from the list. That Mr. Golden did not have a fair chance to meet his

DRAFTS on IRELAND.

Passage Tickets
to and from the
OLD COUNTRY
for sale by
JOHN O. HOLDEN,
154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

accusers is evident, and it seems peculiar that the Civil Service Board should have meted out such drastic treatment, after hearing only one side of the case and on the weight of uncontradicted testimony. We aver we have no interest in this case, but the glaring fact of the open defiance of the civil service law cannot pass without challenge. The successful applicant certainly had influential endorsement, but this is not a sufficient reason why the law should be overridden.

"CAPT. JACK."

This play, given by the society on the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, January 26, 27 and 29, was from a historic point of view, an excellent production. The piece is not ponderous, nor yet so light as to leave but faint impress upon the auditor. It is a happy compromise between the weighty product and the plotless effort, and as such has much to commend in it, and not a little to admire. The young men and women in the piece entered into the rehearsals with a vim and earnestness that were gratifying, and which ultimately gave our people such a pleasant production. It would be a ticklish work to undertake a description of the individual parts, and we believe that it will be sufficient to state that each and every one in the cast acquitted themselves most commendably. The cast was as follows:

Capt. Edward Gordon.....Thomas F. Shea
Squire Shannon.....Thomas F. Hogan
John Driscoll.....Timothy J. Carey
Barney Donovan.....R. J. Gray
Teddy Burke.....G. A. Cahill
Tim Burns.....John McGane
Lieut. Rogers.....Edward H. McGinty
Aline Driscoll.....Miss Jennie Walsh
Nellie Shannon.....Mrs. G. H. Ferguson
Kate Kelly.....Miss Mollie M. McNally
Mary.....Miss Catherine Ballestrine
Soldiers, David Meany and John McGuane.

ST. JOHN'S OFFICERS.

We apologize for our negligence in not publishing the list of officers elected at the annual meeting of the society on Thursday evening, January 7. They are as follows:

President—Thomas F. Shea.
Vice President—Richard J. Gray.
Recording Secretary—Dennis J. Ford.
Corresponding Secretary—William F. Donovan.
Treasurer—P. Duffy.
Librarian—William Kingstree.
Assistant Librarian—Christopher Ross.

Chairman of the Dramatic Board—John Phelan.
Superintendent—John J. Keenan.
At a subsequent meeting of the society the following were elected as members of the Dramatic Board.
Financial Secretary—Thomas J. McGrath.
Corresponding Secretary—M. J. Carey.
Stage Manager—William Callahan.
Assistant Stage Manager—John McGuane.

The financial secretary of the society is not an elective officer, but is appointed by the Director. Edward H. McGinty is the present efficient incumbent. Members will please take notice.

Among the notable Catholics who have gone to their reward since our last issue, we must record that of the Rev. Edward J. Cleton of St. Augustine's church, South Boston. Fr. Cleton was born in Dorchester in 1863. His life throughout was in full keeping with the exalted vocation to which he was called. At St. Augustine's he leaves behind him a memory full of piety, kindness and usefulness. We sympathize with Fr. Cleton's bereaved family.

For Debility

A complete strengthening tonic such as

Vitamalt

is necessary. One small glass of it will give you more real strength than can be had by eating a loaf or two of bread.

Prepared by

BARTHOLOMEW BREWERY CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

New England Branch,

295-305 A STREET, - BOSTON.

Book on Dreams and Superstition mailed FREE on receipt of name and address.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

Several young ladies of Quincy have organized a charitable association whose labors will be devoted to the poor of Quincy exclusively.

Archbishop John Hennessy of Dubuque, Iowa, has been left an estate worth \$1,000,000 by the will of his brother, the late David J. Hennessy of Dubuque.

Cardinal Gibbons has been for the past week or more in New Orleans, the guest of his brother, whom he visits once a year. He was accompanied by Bishop Foley of Detroit.

The Catholic Citizen nominates the Pope for the position of international arbitrator or umpire, and says that he is far better fitted for that place than some potentate who may become prejudiced by marriage alliances in favor of one of the parties whose cases are submitted to arbitration.

The second session of the Catholic winter school of America will extend from Feb. 28 to March 21, inclusive. The exercises will be opened by a solemn pontifical mass in St. Louis' Cathedral, New Orleans, at which Archbishop Martinielli, the papal delegate, will pontificate.

The Quincy Court of Catholic Foresters have begun their annual invitation to membership. The organization, though not as large as others, is noted as one of the most solid in the State. On the whole extreme cheapness in its rates is one of the best arguments that induce practical young men to enter its lists.

The Rev. Walter H. Hill, S. J., emeritus professor of philosophy in St. Louis University, last week reached the fiftieth anniversary of his admission to the Jesuit order. The day was observed by a celebration of solemn high mass, followed by a banquet, in which many of the former pupils of the aged priest took part.

The press is the great vehicle of public sentiment in our day. Its influence for good or for evil cannot be overestimated. It penetrates every walk of life. A free and independent press, guided and controlled by principles of truth and justice, is the greatest of boons to a popular government like ours.—Cardinal Gibbons.

Leo XIII celebrated, on Tuesday, January 26, the fifty-first anniversary of his appointment to the see of the Perugia, being transferred thither from the titular see of Damietta. Of Leo's life is the former place Viscount de Vogue says that "forgotten in the shadow of the episcopal palace at Perugia, this austere priest studied there with avidity the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas."

The American Missionary Association has expended \$11,000,000 in trying to convert the negroes of the South. And yet we believe that Father Slattery through his college, and Mother Catherine (Miss Drexel) by her self-sacrifice, have done more towards Christianizing the Southern negro than the American Missionary Association with all its millions. If money could make Protestants, the whole world should be Protestant, for in the words of Swift, "Protestantism has the dust."—Union and Times.

Under the patronage of the bishop of Nottingham, England, there has been founded a society of religious men called the Missionary Brotherhood of Franciscan Tertiaries. Its object is the assisting of missionary priests in visiting the sick and poor, giving catechetical instructions both in the parish and in outlying places, and assisting in the services of the church, thus facilitating the liturgy and ritual and enhancing the solemnity of divine worship. It also intends to open an establishment which will afford a temporary home for converts who may need it. The members make a solemn promise of obedience annually and wear the habit of St. Francis.

Some time ago objection was made by several of the secret societies of New Orleans against the appropriation by the city authorities of \$500 a year to the Charity Hospital, an institution that takes care of about 800 inmates daily. The amount was voted to the hospital notwithstanding the protest, but when the Sisters learned that there was not an unanimous public opinion back of the appropriation they declined to receive it. The excellent work of the hospital was so well known, however, that a general feeling of disgust for the display of bigotry on the part of a few soon manifested itself, and 100 Jewish women, residents of New Orleans, subscribed \$5 a piece to replace the appropriation and pledged themselves to continue this gift every year for 10 years. In Boston, says the Pilot, prominent Jewish ladies have on more than one occasion publicly and generously assisted Carney Hospital of the Sisters of Charity, and the Working Boys' Home, of which the Rev. John F. Ford is superintendent.

PERSONAL—IMPERSONAL.

Patch has a new advertisement on page 3. Something worth reading.

Miss Nellie Fegan, one of the Willard's well known teachers, is at home sick with the grip.

The fire loss in Quincy during the year 1896 was \$21,000, according to Chief Engineer Williams.

On the third page of this issue appears a very interesting article on the bold and hardy fishermen of old Cape Cod.

Mr. John T. Cavanagh was elected a member of the Executive Committee of Quincy Yacht club at the annual meeting.

Miss Josephine, daughter of Judge Fallon of South Boston, has, following the example of many worthy daughters, decided to devote her life to charity, and in early February entered the order of St. Vincent de Paul, becoming a postulant at the novitiate of Mount Hope, Maryland. After a three-months' stay at Mount Hope, Miss Josephine will go to Emmitsburg where she will receive the preparatory instructions before taking the final vows.

The Boston Traveler, though not claiming the monster circulation of some of our dailies, is doing more real good for honest government than all the stiff-backed press of Boston. Recently it has waged a very lively war against the filth depots of the Hub, and is now engaged in an expose of Chairman Martin of the police board. The Traveler proves conclusively that everything is not as it should be in Modern Athens, and proposes, if honest efforts count for anything, to better the moral condition of the city.

The annual ball of the Fireman's Relief association will be held in the Coliseum on Friday evening February 26. This occasion always calls out a large number of our people, and this year promises a larger number than heretofore. The committee have labored assiduously, and as a result, all details have been well and carefully arranged. The presence of most of the city officials is assured, and undoubtedly many out-of-town firemen will be present. The object of this yearly ball appeals strongly to Quincy folks, who are quite well aware of the hazardous work performed by the members of the fire department. Delano's orchestra of Boston will furnish the music and Nash will cater.

Grand Sale!

New Prints Worth 8c. For 6 1-4c.

NEW GOODS,
STYLISH DESIGNS,
POPULAR PRICES.

The Newest and Latest Styles of

VEILINGS

Just Received from New York.

D. E. WADSWORTH & CO.,

Hancock Street, - Quincy.

Largest Dry Goods Store between Boston and Brockton. Branch at East Milton.

L. M. Pratt & Co.

Economical Buyers

HAVE BECOME

Our Customers.

We know this because economical buyers pay cash, and our per cent. of cash to credit sales for the past year are nearly double the previous one.

Buying for cash and selling for cash enables us to make the extremely

LOW PRICES

that should be taken advantage of by those who wish to live economically.

Roast Beef, 8 to 16c lb.
Fresh Pork, 9c lb.
Shoulders, 8c lb.
Sirloin Steak, 20c lb.

25 School St. L. M. PRATT & CO. 99 Water St. QUINCY.

Tight As a Jug

Tougher than leather. You needn't be afraid to go to bed with one of these

Leak Proof Hot Water Bottles.

They are strong and safe, warranted for three years. The price is easy, 2 quart, 88 cents. Half gallon kind, 88 cents as are usually sold, 47 cents each, warranted perfect when sold.

We have all the different kinds and prices, so that customers may see for themselves before buying. We will not be undersold by department stores on Rubber Goods.

Bulb Syringes, 3 Rubber Pipes, 22 cents.

Fountain Syringes, 3 Rubber Pipes, 29 cents.

We have got the goods on exhibition in our show windows.

Porous Plasters, 5 Cents Each.

Fresh goods and are all right. We can save you money and give you what you want on anything in the Drug Line.

A. G. DURGIN DRUGGIST.

PERSONAL—IMPERSONAL.

The St. John's society now meets on Thursday evening.

The scenery and costumes of the play were pronounced by all as excellent.

Mr. Percy A. Manning is now the assistant of Mr. Pastor at the Phoenix pharmacy.

Master Joseph Dell Connelly of Chestnut street entertained his fellow two-year-olds on February 8, at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Connelly.

Rev. F. A. Friguglietti, Rev. John P. Cuffin, Rev. Julian E. Johnstone and the director of St. John's, Rev. F. A. Cunningham, witnessed the presentation of "Capt. Jack" on the last evening.

The heavy snow fall in the latter part of January was a blessing to many unemployed men, in this and other places. Fully 400 men received employment here, from the city and the street railway.

The thirteenth anniversary of the St. John's society was celebrated more quietly this year than formerly. A card party, with a concert, collation and dance gave a fair assemblage a good opportunity to enjoy itself.

The concert given by the Young Ladies' Charitable society in St. John's hall on Monday evening, February 1, was very pleasing, and was heard by an audience that completely filled the hall. The young ladies, under the leadership of Mrs. T. H. O'Brien, worked with a will and in consequence a large sum was realized.

The members of the St. John's society are very thankful to those who patronized the recent play, and more especially so as the last night was such an unfavorable one for travel. The society feels quite resentful, also, toward those who have so persistently refused to help the society, but who are always anxious to partake of its pleasures.

The award of \$2,355.15 against the Quincy and Boston street railway company and in favor of the city of Quincy closes a most interesting case. The original suit was brought by Mr. Stephen Nagle against the city and was decided in his favor at Dedham. The suit of the city against the railway company was brought to recover the amount of the Nagle award, the accident being caused by the company's negligence.

Some of our young men are interesting themselves in the formation of a debating society within the St. John's society. We believe that no institution has such an educative value as a properly conducted debating society, and for this reason would be pleased to see the project successful. The ability to address an assemblage in a precise and fluent manner is of immeasurable benefit to all, and when there is such need as there is at present for this ability it should be the duty of societies to encourage and foster the art of public speaking.

A young lady writes to THE MONITOR in deprecatory terms of the activity of the school teachers in furthering the candidacy of one of their number in the Globe contest. The young lady contends that this activity would be more commendable, and especially so at this time, if employed in the good work of charity. In this we must agree with our correspondent, and further, claim that it is a crying shame that so much money is spent in a "fake" popularity contest. The business end of the Globe must be well satisfied of the fact that many persons are still anxious to be humbugged.

The appointment recently of a large number of Quincy girls to positions as teachers in the public schools is a matter affording much gratification. Our memory does not have to go back but a very few years to the time when Quincy was the stamping ground of a good portion of the rural femininity of New Hampshire, Maine and Vermont.

We remember at the opening of each term that we were greeted by a robust "gal" from up country, who was also marked times angular and muscular. Her first movements, or plan of campaign, in nearly all cases terrorized those under her charge, and her forte was more in imparting home-made discipline than in following the curriculum. We have vivid recollection of the "schoolmarm" of days since passed, and can give much testimony of the hardships of school life at that time. Now happily all is changed, and we have in place of this bumptious person the clever, polished and winsome teacher of today. The old tyranny has been abolished, and in its place has been established the present happy conditions. We welcome the change, and must congratulate the youngster of today that he is not under the teacher—or "reacher" rather, since she spent considerable time in reaching for our coat collars—we once knew.

Master Harry W.

a Boston lawyer's office

Miss Mary A. R.

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Postmaster J.

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All members

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The heavy snow fall in the latter part of January was a blessing to many unemployed men, in this and other places. Fully 400 men received employment here, from the city and the street railway.

The thirteenth anniversary of the St. John's society was celebrated more quietly this year than formerly. A card party, with a concert, collation and dance gave a fair assemblage a good opportunity to enjoy itself.

The concert given by the Young Ladies' Charitable society in St. John's hall on Monday evening, February 1, was very pleasing, and was heard by an audience that completely filled the hall. The young ladies, under the leadership of Mrs. T. H. O'Brien, worked with a will and in consequence a large sum was realized.

The members of the St. John's society are very thankful to those who patronized the recent play, and more especially so as the last night was such an unfavorable one for travel. The society feels quite resentful, also, toward those who have so persistently refused to help the society, but who are always anxious to partake of its pleasures.

The award of \$2,365.15 against the Quincy and Boston street railway company and in favor of the city of Quincy closes a most interesting case. The original suit was brought by Mr. Stephen Nagle against the city and was decided in his favor at Dedham. The suit of the city against the railway company was brought to recover the amount of the Nagle award, the accident being caused by the company's negligence.

Some of our young men are interesting themselves in the formation of a debating society within the St. John's society. We believe that no institution has such an educative value as a properly conducted debating society, and for this reason would be pleased to see the project successful. The ability to address an assemblage in a precise and fluent manner is of immeasurable benefit to all, and when there is such need as there is at present for this ability it should be the duty of societies to encourage and foster the art of public speaking.

A young lady writes to THE MONITOR in deprecatory terms of the activity of the school teachers in furthering the candidacy of one of their number in the Globe contest. The young lady contends that this activity would be more commendable, and especially so at this time, if employed in the good work of charity. In this we must agree with our correspondent, and further, claim that it is a crying shame that so much money is spent in a "fake" popularity contest. The business end of the Globe must be well satisfied of the fact that many persons are still anxious to be humbugged.

The appointment recently of a large number of Quincy girls to positions as teachers in the public schools is a matter affording much gratification. Our memory does not have to go back but a very few years to the time when Quincy was the stamping ground of a good portion of the rural femininity of New Hampshire, Maine and Vermont. We remember at the opening of each term that we were greeted by a robust "gal" from up country, who was also many times angular and muscular. Her first movements,—or plan of campaign,—in nearly all cases terrorized those under her charge, and her forte was more in imparting home-made discipline than in following the curriculum. We have vivid recollection of the "schoolmarm" of days since passed, and can give much testimony of the hardships of school life at that time. Now happily all is changed, and we have in place of this bumptious person the clever, polished and winsome teacher of today. The old tyranny has been abolished, and in its place has been established the present happy conditions. We welcome the change, and must congratulate the youngsters of today that he is not under the teacher—or "teacher" rather, since she spent considerable time in reaching for our coat collars—we once knew.

Master Harry W. McCabe is in a Boston lawyer's office.

Miss Mary A. Rooney of Bates avenue, is, we are pleased to say, quite recovered from her attack of brain fever.

Postmaster James F. Burke was elected on the Board of Auditors at the annual meeting of the Hospital corporation.

All members owing for tickets will please make payment as soon as possible to the financial secretary of the Dramatic Board.

Mr. Thomas F. Ferguson and Mr. John Phelan took part in the "Octobron," given under the auspices of St. Paul's church, in Loring hall, Hingham, on January 21. Many Quincyites were present.

The following are the officers of the Merry Mount Granite company for 1897: Clerk, John Sullivan; treasurer, John C. Kapples; agent, P. W. Driscoll; directors, John Sullivan J. C. Kapples, P. W. Driscoll, Enos S. Costa, Michael B. Geary, James H. Sullivan and L. J. Myers.

Councilman Thomas F. Cain has been elected Chairman of the Ward Four Democratic committee. Philip D. Cook, another St. John's member, is secretary of the Ward One committee.

The officers-elect of St. Francis Court No. 25, M. C. O. F., were installed on Tuesday evening, January 26, by Deputy High Chief Ranger Michael J. Daly, assisted by Deputies James Fennessey and Adam Vogel. A collation was served by Nash.

Mr. Michael Coyle of Brackett street, one of our oldest residents, is, we are pleased to say, entirely recovered from his recent attack of scarlet fever. The old gentleman was quite sick at one time, but his strong constitution withstood the attack. Mr. Coyle is 87 years of age.

The society and the public owe a deal of thanks to the young men and women who gave so much time that might be amused. The work of preparing a play like "Capt. Jack" is no small matter; on the contrary it is a hard and exacting job, requiring much resolution to stand the two months or more of preparation. To the ladies in the cast,—Mrs. G. H. Ferguson, Miss Jennie Walsh, Miss Mollie M. McNally and Miss Catherine Ballentyne—the society has given a vote of thanks for their very faithful attendance at rehearsals and capable exposition of their respective parts.

Mr. James E. Cotter, the senior counsel for the Bram defence, is not unknown or forgotten in this city. He was, it will be remembered, associated with Mr. John W. McAnaney in the notable Woodward will case, appearing against the trustees of Dartmouth college, a claimant for the benefits of the will. Messrs. Cotter and McAnaney were successful and the magnificent sum left by Dr. Woodward remained in Quincy. Mr. Cotter was not so successful afterwards, as the city, with poor grace, refused to pay him for his services. Mr. Cotter resides in Hyde Park, has been president of the Irish Charitable society, and is also affiliated with a number of leading Catholic societies.

Many Quincy people have watched with interest the case of Capt. George A. Devlin, formerly of this city, but now located in Marlboro, where he is captain of the local company. The controversy between the captain and his commander was well-known to be quite personal and many supposed that the Board of Appeal would sustain the captain. But evidently the influence of his superior was strong enough to bring about an endorsement of his own act in suspending Mr. Devlin, and later his discharge from the service of the state. Capt. Devlin was known as a most excellent officer, and it will occasion much surprise when it is known that he is no longer a member of the Massachusetts militia.

If you desire to discontinue your subscription to THE MONITOR, state the fact on a postal card and send it to us. This is a better and more courteous way than refusing the paper and compelling the postoffice folks to act for you. A better way still would be to pay up your subscription and then politely ask us to discontinue the paper. This would be more honorable and would remove the only cause for lamentation that we have when we happen to think of you. We imagine that THE MONITOR is burdensome in some few households, perhaps most papers would be, and this may likewise account for the shabby treatment accorded us. We speak of these things because some six or seven worthies have refused to take the paper from the Quincy office, and in each and every case the persons owe subscription money. The subscription agent will be at the St. John's hall the third Saturday evening of each month, beginning with March, to receive subscription money, and it is hoped that all will do their best to make payment.

EDWARD J. PARKER,
LAWYER,
WILSON BUILDING.
QUINCY.

South Quincy people find Pierce's drug store quite handy when in quest of the daily papers.

Minstrelsy is about to arrive in the society and it may be set down that a good show will be given in the spring.

At a dinner given by Ambassador Thomas F. Bayard to the Prince of Wales, Cardinal Vaughan, the English primate, was one of the distinguished company.

Grand Knight Sullivan and Deputy Grand Knight Richard J. Larkin attended the State convention of the Knights of Columbus on Tuesday, February 2.

Mrs. Michael Downey of Brackett street, an old and valued subscriber to THE MONITOR, is at present quite sick. This will be sad news to many, as Mrs. Downey is exceedingly well-liked.

It was a pleasure to all to see the large number of Hingham people at the play on Tuesday evening, January 26. Forty of the parishioners of St. Paul's, with Fr. Roche at their head, were evidently much pleased with the piece, judging by the applause and kind words.

Those who were fortunate enough to attend the installation ceremonies of Quincy Council, No. 96, Knights of Columbus, on Tuesday evening, January 19, were made to feel that the Knights are a gallant lot and intend to treat their friends in royal style. Prior to the installation Dr. Joseph M. Sheahan gave a very interesting talk. Hugh J. Malloy of Randolph, a district deputy, acted as installing officer, in the absence of District Deputy McNary. A fine collation was served by Nash, and then the assemblage danced till the hour past midnight, to the accompaniment of Hanson's orchestra.

Rumor again reports that Archbishop Corrigan is to be created a cardinal. The church in the United States would rejoice to see the rumor prove true. His grace is worthy of the rank, says the Catholic Review. In piety, learning, administrative ability, zeal and devotion to the Holy See, he is conspicuous. This metropolitan diocese deserves the honor. North America could well have more than two voices in the sacred college. Let the appointment be made, and a cry of delight from myriad hearts all over the country would acclaim it.

Cardinal Gibbons lately expressed approval of the arbitration treaty and pointed out that with Cardinal Vaughn of England and Cardinal Logue of Ireland he had united in an appeal on Easter Sunday last year to all who hear our voice to co-operate in the formation of a public opinion which shall demand the establishment of a permanent tribunal of arbitration as a national substitute among the English-speaking races for a resort to the bloody arbitration of war.



There is
Joy in
Every Home

where there is nutri-
tious, light, healthy,
as can be obtained
by using

King Arthur Flour

It is the acme of the modern miller's art, because the best wheat and most modern methods only are used in its manufacture. A single trial will convince you of its superiority.

Sold in Quincy

BY

JOHN F. MERRILL.

McKinley is elected,
And Bryan had to lose;
But don't forget our store.
When you need a pair of shoes.

Our prices cannot be equalled in Quincy.

All kinds of Footwear for Men, Women and Children at

Tierell's Block. JAMES O'DONOVAN, 94 Hancock St. 94

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

Vicar-General Power of the Springfield diocese has left for an extended trip to the Bahamas in search of health. He was accompanied by the Rev. J. J. Lannan.

Friday, Feb. 12, was the 22d anniversary of the conferring of the pallium on Archbishop Williams. A solemn high mass was celebrated at the Cathedral in honor of the event.

Dr. Joseph M. Sheahan delivered an interesting lecture on "Emergencies" at the last public meeting of the Quincy Knights of Columbus. The socials of this go-ahead organization are becoming more and more popular.

Cardinal Martel, former minister of commerce in the government of Pope Pius IX, is dangerously ill. He is the oldest member of the sacred college, and the only surviving member who is a cardinal, but who never attained to the priesthood.

Mount St. Mary's has been called the Mother of Bishops, because it has furnished so many bishops and archbishops to the Catholic church. Bishop-elect Allen will be the fourth of the presidents of Mount St. Mary's to be raised to the hierarchy. Rev. John Dubois, who founded the institution in 1808, was in 1825 made bishop of New York.

If the Holy Father, in effecting a change of rectorship at the Catholic University, had desired merely to apply a practical test to the spirit of modern progress, he could not have hit upon a happier method. When he has read the reports of the extraordinary demonstration at Worcester, on the occasion of the formal leaving-taking of Dr. Conaty from flock and friends, he must feel indeed that in this country, so often misrepresented, progress is no mere empty word. Practically the term friends, in Dr. Conaty's case, embraces the whole city of Worcester. In that old place, representative of all the ancient narrowness as well as all the potential greatness of the New England character, great and little, gentle and simple, Protestant and Catholic, all vied with each other in testifying to their unbounded admiration of Dr. Conaty as priest, as scholar, as friend and benefactor. Especially did the Protestant and professional element place itself in evidence. It may fairly be doubted whether a higher tribute of praise has ever been tendered to any man, under such circumstances, than the words of valediction addressed by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University. And it was not merely as the individual the learned professor spoke, but as the mouthpiece of enlightened Americanism, expressing his admiration for that church and its teaching, its educational system, and its mission of civilization, which Dr. Conaty represented; and not less warm and affectionate were Dr. Hall's references to Dr. Conaty's beloved predecessor.

It is well to remember that this evocation was the spontaneous expression of New England devotion to a Catholic priest, and that this Catholic priest won his way to the New England heart because he entered the arena of public life and took a bold stand for Temperance and good citizenship. ed by a short crop the next year. One instance of his sagacity was shown the year he raised so much popcorn that he was laughed at all over Iowa. There had been a glut of popcorn the year before, and every farmer had resolved to let it alone the next year. Mr. Wheeler thought it would be a good year for him to raise it. He went to New York and looked at the market. One day he telegraphed to his manager, "Plant 240 acres of popcorn." He made a profit that year of \$7,000 on popcorn alone, and then it was his turn to laugh. A dozen years ago Iowa people smilingly told the story of "the man in Sac county who runs his farm by telephone." This was Mr. Wheeler. Each section of his big farm was connected by telephone with the manager's office. Perhaps the people thought the manager ought to spend his time trotting around over a farm that was three miles square. Mr. Wheeler had no idea of wasting the time he paid for in any such way. He had many other labor saving devices. He bought the latest reapers, the most improved feed cutters and other patented implements. He spent a small fortune in machinery, but his crops were gathered with a swiftness that astonished his neighbors, and his books showed that the machines paid for themselves. He introduced a system of promotions which secured for him the best farmhands in the country. He paid good wages, too, and there are several farmers in that section of the state today who bought their homes with the savings from their salaries after a season or two as foremen for Mr. Wheeler. After he had been raising immense crops of corn, wheat and other grains he went into stock raising. Finding that there was a steady demand for heavy draft horses, he sent agents to Europe and had them bring over a lot of Shire and Percheron horses. At one time he was the largest breeder and importer of Percherons in the country, and his agents have brought over as many as 50 in a lot. About four years ago he foresaw that there was to be a decline in horse values, so he began to dispose of his stock. Next he turned his attention to dairying, but he had not got fairly launched in this branch before he decided to change his scene of operations. He sold his entire farm a short time ago, but is to retain possession until spring. In the meantime he has been buying land in Jefferson county, Tex., and he now owns about 10,000 acres about 20 miles northeast of Galveston along the line of a proposed railroad. This big tract he is going to turn into a dairy farm, and he will keep 1,000 cows for the purpose of supplying the Galveston district with milk and butter. His son, a young man of about 24, will have charge of the farm, while Mr. Wheeler himself will retain his residence in Iowa. S. C. SCHENCK.

IOWA FARMING KING.

HOW HIRAM C. WHEELER APPLIED
BRAINS TO HUSBANDRY.

The Result Was the Most Profitable Farm
In the Hawkeye State—Some of Mr.
Wheeler's Methods—His New Venture
In Texas.

Although Hiram C. Wheeler, the farmer king of Iowa, has sold his 6,000 acre farm and will go out of the farming business in the spring to invest his money in a big dairy farm in Texas, he is not yet ready to quit the state where he has made such a big fortune. It is probable that the political bee is still buzzing about his head. In spite of the fact that he has been twice defeated as a candidate for governor he may be laying wires to try it again.

But if Mr. Wheeler has been unfortunate in politics he has certainly made a remarkable success of farming. Early in the seventies Mr. Wheeler owned a 500 acre farm in Lake county, Ills. He had made money there, but he wanted more elbow room. He was progressive. He believed that farming done on a large scale and done right would pay as well as any other business. So after much looking around he went to Sac county, Ia., then a wilderness, and bought 600 acres of fertile alluvial soil from a railroad company at \$4.50 an acre.

Then he went to work to organize his ideal farm. Dividing his farm into three ranches, he hired a small army of laborers and put each division in charge of a competent superintendent. He had no intention of doing any manual labor himself. He did not see why he should handle a plow any more than a city merchant would be expected to drive his own drays. He undertook the head work, and as he was a deeply interested party he performed his task well. He watched the produce market as closely as a broker watches the stock ticker. He read the agricultural reports. He established a corps of confidential agents in various agricultural centers who could be depended on to give him accurate information about crops. He went on the theory that a glutted market was almost certain to be follow-



ed by a short crop the next year. One instance of his sagacity was shown the year he raised so much popcorn that he was laughed at all over Iowa. There had been a glut of popcorn the year before, and every farmer had resolved to let it alone the next year. Mr. Wheeler thought it would be a good year for him to raise it. He went to New York and looked at the market. One day he telegraphed to his manager, "Plant 240 acres of popcorn." He made a profit that year of \$7,000 on popcorn alone, and then it was his turn to laugh. A dozen years ago Iowa people smilingly told the story of "the man in Sac county who runs his farm by telephone." This was Mr. Wheeler. Each section of his big farm was connected by telephone with the manager's office. Perhaps the people thought the manager ought to spend his time trotting around over a farm that was three miles square. Mr. Wheeler had no idea of wasting the time he paid for in any such way. He had many other labor saving devices. He bought the latest reapers, the most improved feed cutters and other patented implements. He spent a small fortune in machinery, but his crops were gathered with a swiftness that astonished his neighbors, and his books showed that the machines paid for themselves. He introduced a system of promotions which secured for him the best farmhands in the country. He paid good wages, too, and there are several farmers in that section of the state today who bought their homes with the savings from their salaries after a season or two as foremen for Mr. Wheeler. After he had been raising immense crops of corn, wheat and other grains he went into stock raising. Finding that there was a steady demand for heavy draft horses, he sent agents to Europe and had them bring over a lot of Shire and Percheron horses. At one time he was the largest breeder and importer of Percherons in the country, and his agents have brought over as many as 50 in a lot. About four years ago he foresaw that there was to be a decline in horse values, so he began to dispose of his stock. Next he turned his attention to dairying, but he had not got fairly launched in this branch before he decided to change his scene of operations. He sold his entire farm a short time ago, but is to retain possession until spring. In the meantime he has been buying land in Jefferson county, Tex., and he now owns about 10,000 acres about 20 miles northeast of Galveston along the line of a proposed railroad. This big tract he is going to turn into a dairy farm, and he will keep 1,000 cows for the purpose of supplying the Galveston district with milk and butter. His son, a young man of about 24, will have charge of the farm, while Mr. Wheeler himself will retain his residence in Iowa. S. C. SCHENCK.

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HORSE TALK.

Willie Sims will finish the winter on the Pacific coast.

There will be no meeting at Mechanicsburg, O., this year.

Steinway, 2:25 $\frac{1}{4}$, is limited to six outside mares this year.

Dr. Smeal will have a stable in training at Toronto this season.

Lora Caffrey, 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Charles Caffrey, will be shipped to Europe.

Rachel B, a sister to Raven, 2:19, by Alcantara, proved barren in 1896.

Ilma Cossack, 2:20, who is to be sold in the Berry sale, is a very fast snow mare.

Vipsania (3), 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$, has trotted a half in 1:03 $\frac{1}{4}$ and a quarter in 30 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.

The West Virginia exposition and state fair will be held at Wheeling, Sept. 6 to 10.

The got of Sphinx, 2:20 $\frac{1}{4}$, made a great impression in the showing at the recent Fasig sale.

Dates for the annual horse show at Toronto have been changed to April 29 and 30 and May 1.

During her first year on the turf last season Sabilla, 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Simmons, contested 70 heats.

Nominee, 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Stranger, is showing as fast in Russia as Bravado, 2:10 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Kentucky Wilkes.

A 3-year-old colt by John R. Gentry, 2:00 $\frac{1}{4}$, will be campaigned this year by Edward Parker, St. Joseph, Mo.

There is a total of 92 entries in the four stakes of the Kentucky association, to be run at Lexington this spring.

Kate Moore, a 2-year-old filly by Sidmoor, out of Kitty Irvington, was sold at public auction in Petaluma, Cal., for \$27.50.

Unless new tracks are built in Maryland the outlaws will have poor prospects after next June, as the present tracks will have run out their limited number of days.

LITERARY INDUSTRY.

Samuel Butler required 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ years to finish his "Hudibras."

Sontheby is said to have written "Thalaba, the Destroyer" in six months.

Hallam consumed 13 years in collecting the materials for his "Literature of Europe."

Hawthorne spent from six months to a year in the composition of each of his romances.

Richardson, the novelist, generally devoted two or three years to the composition of a novel.

Montgomery, the famous hymn writer, required but a single afternoon to prepare one of his magnificent paraphrases of the Psalms.

Hannah More is said to have written one of her "Essays on Female Education" in two weeks. She did not spend much time in revision.

Coleridge required a week to produce each one of his remarkable lectures on Shakespeare. Like many other authors, he consumed more time in revision than in actual composition.

Shelley spent between one and two years on "Queen Mab." He wrote very slowly and was particular in the choice of words, his manuscript showing frequent erasures and substitutions.

Hood wrote "The Bridge of Sighs" in, it is said, a single afternoon. Another account declares it to have been written in a day and that much time subsequently was spent in revising it.

Thomas Moore often wrote a short poem almost impromptu. He consumed over two years in reading and preparing material for "Lallah Rookh" and two years more in writing that inimitable poem.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

NOVELTIES.

The up to date bicycle kit includes oil can, wrench and pump in silver.

Numbered with costly novelties are jeweled cigarette cases for women.

Among modern table requisites are silver sardine trays and sardine forks.

Amber, dark green and dark blue are favorite colors for handbags of leather. The newest have square tops, and the lining varies from pigskin to watered silk.—Jewelers' Circular.

The Queen of Portugal perseveres in her medical vocation. She goes regularly to the dispensary for children that she founded. On arriving she dons a nurse's uniform and proceeds to work. The managers are the Daughters of St. Catherine of Siena.

Rev. Michael Oates, C. S. S. R., a prominent Redemptorist father, passed away also since our last issue. Fr. Oates was well-known as an organizer of flourishing parishes. It was he who founded the mission houses of his order at Quebec and St. John, N. B. He was an ardent Irishman, sometimes in the enthusiasm of his patriotism making his pulpit ring with sermons in the old Gaelic tongue.

It is said of the late Judge Parker that he sent more men to the gallows than any ten judges in the United States. And it might be added that he sent more Indians and negroes to heaven than all the Protestant missionaries in twenty-five years. As fast as the Judge would condemn them Father Smith of Fort Smith would gather them into the church. And he gathered the Judge himself in finally. After sending scores and scores into eternity through the portals of the Catholic church he went the same way himself.—Western Watchman.

Tight
As a Jug

Tougher than leather. You
needn't be afraid to go to
bed with one of these

Leak
Proof
Hot Water
Bottles.

They are strong and safe,
warranted for three years.
The price is easy, 2 quart,
80 cents. Half gallon kind,
such as are usually sold, 45
cents each, warranted per-
fect when sold.

We have all the different
kinds and prices, so that
customers may see for
themselves before buying.

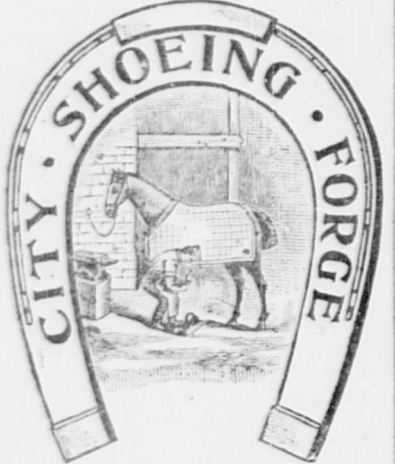
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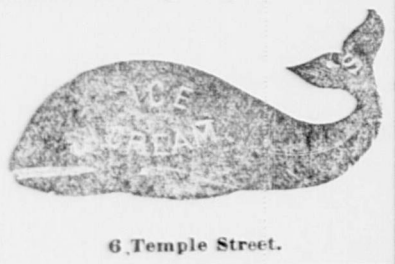
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A RUSSIAN DIPLOMAT

COUNT MURAVIEFF, THE NEW MIN-
ISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

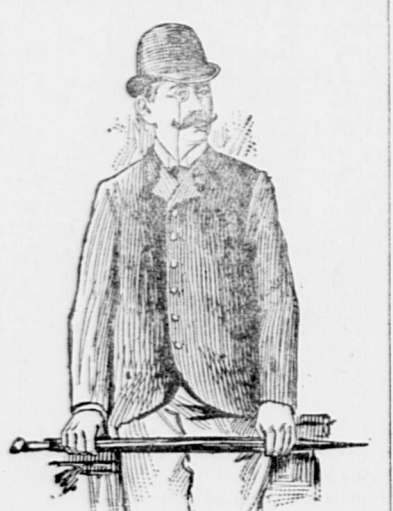
Well Grounded in the Diplomacy of His
Country, Lohannoff's Successor Has the
Traditional Russian Dislike For England
and Germany and Affection For France.

In picking out his new minister of
foreign affairs the young czar of Russia
has chosen a man who is probably the
best equipped to carry out the policy
which the late Alexander III handed
down to his son and which Nicholas II
is dutifully pursuing. Count Muravieff,
who has been recalled from his post at
Berlin to take charge of the foreign re-
lations, is a born diplomat. Besides
abundant experience in the diplomatic
service of the czar, he has one quality
which Nicholas appreciates most of all
in those who serve him. That is reticence.
The new minister of foreign af-
fairs knows when to say nothing. Of
course such knowledge is useful in all
walks of life, but to the diplomat it is
almost indispensable.

Count Muravieff is 52 years
old and therefore fully matured men-
tally as well as physically. He is tall,
dresses with exquisite neatness and
taste and is as much addicted to the
wearing of a monocle as is Joseph
Chamberlain. It is a singular coinci-
dence that the heads of the foreign of-
fices of two such great European powers
as England and Russia should each af-
fect the single eyeglass.

Nothing will be more agreeable to
Count Muravieff than to penetrate to the
embassies sent by the German kaiser to
St. Petersburg that Russia regards
Germany with a constantly suspicious
eye, for the count does not love the
kaiser. There are several reasons for
this, one of them being that when Al-
exander III decided to cut loose from
Germany he sent the news by Count
Muravieff, who, as the bearer of bad
tidings, was not received with much
cordiality. Moreover, he had served at
Paris under Prince Orloff, and the Ber-
lin court seemed extremely dull to him
after his stay at the brilliant French
capital.

Count Muravieff belongs to one of
the most aristocratic and influential
families in Russia, and he brings to the
office a social prestige equal to that of
his immediate predecessor, the late
Count Lohannoff. This is not an old title.



however, but is of comparatively recent
origin. His grandfather, General Nich-
olas Muravieff, first won distinction for
the family by winning, through the
conquest of the Amur province, nearly
the entire Siberian territory for the em-
pire. He was created a count for this
service, but afterward his record was
somewhat clouded by the cruelty which
he exercised in suppressing the Polish
insurrection.

His father, who was governor of the
Baltic provinces, was a most liberal
and moderate man, however. Another
member of the family has distinguished
himself too. This is a cousin of the
count who acted as state prosecutor in
the trial of the nihilist charged with
the assassination of Alexander II and
who did his work with so much justice
and skill that he was warmly commended
by the government.

As a diplomat Count Muravieff is
known to have almost as little liking
for England as he has for Germany.
He is an enthusiastic admirer of the
French, and the task of preserving the
entente cordiale between the two coun-
tries will be a most congenial one. In
Vienna, where he also served as a mem-
ber of the Russian legation, he is well
liked. Both at Vienna and Paris he has
a reputation as an ideal host, who gave
most excellent dinners. Although a
good judge of wine, he has never been
known to lose his head, a failing which
has caused the recall of many a minis-
ter in disgrace. His manners are always
gracious, but he made a confidant of no
one. The transference of such a Rus-
sian diplomat has to carry around at
times were always safe with him.

His appointment has been credited to
the influence of the dowager empress,
but this is probably a mistake, for the
czar himself has known Count Muravieff
intimately for a number of years and
had doubtless decided upon him for the
important post long before the ap-
pointment was made. It is probable
that the czar delayed choosing for the
position of minister of foreign affairs a
man whose propensities had such a de-
cided leaning toward France and against
Germany that he might personally visit
France and see if matters were as
they had been represented to him. Hav-
ing satisfied himself that France was
ready for an alliance, he hesitated no
longer.

While Russia's foreign policy will be
to treat the kaiser as a stranger, this
will not apply to the allied princes of
the German confederation. The latter
will be treated with marked courtesy
and will be encouraged to resent any
interference by the kaiser with their
sovereign rights. At this kind of a
game Count Muravieff will be perfectly
at home.

C. J. BOWDEN.



PERSONALITIES.

Senator Pritchard was a printer's
"devil" 25 years ago in the office of the
Jonesboro (Tenn.) Tribune.

William Lyman, who died at Middle-
field, Conn., the other day, was the in-
ventor of the Lyman gaslight.

James A. Gray of Baltimore has been
chosen president of the Enoch Pratt li-
brary in place of the late Mr. Pratt.

Ex-Senator James Ware Bradbury of
Augusta, Me., is now 95 years old.
Maine people call him their grand old
man.

Cecil Rhodes is a hearty supporter of
the Salvation Army, and he has made
General Booth an offer of land in Rhod-
esia for the Army's use.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has in-
vented Sir Henry Irving with the iden-
tical ring worn by David Garrick when
he played the part of Richard III.

Marshal Yamagata of Japan will
probably visit England in June to rep-
resent the mikado at the celebrations
in honor of the queen's long reign.

The first Gladstone who engaged in
mercantile life was a malster, and the
family owned large slave estates in the
West Indies. William E. began his po-
litical life as an extreme Tory.

Queen Victoria, for all her 77 years,
is yet overtopped in point of age by four
other monarchs of Europe—the pope,
the Grand Duke of Luxembourg, the king
of Denmark and the Grand Duke of Saxe-
Weimar.

A "prominent member of the Play-
ers' club of New York" informs a Phila-
delphia reporter that Mark Twain re-
ceived in London recently a letter ad-
dressed to him in New York and addressed
only "Mark Twain, God Knows Where."

Sardon was an adept in spiritualism in
his younger days and much interested
in all the mysteries of the occult. In
later years he put away such pursuits
for more material things, but now he is
said to be about to utilize some of his
old studies in a drama.

President James B. Angell of the
University of Michigan, the most re-
nowned of western college presidents,
is within two years of 70. He is a
Brown graduate and was the executive
head of the University of Vermont
when he was called to Ann Arbor.

Professor Rudolph Falb, the celebra-
ted meteorologist of Vienna, is lying
bedridden in that city. He has a wife
and five children, and the entire family
are in a state of extreme destitution. A
number of Berlin scientists and savants
have started a fund for their relief.

Count Joseph Zichy of Vienna and
Budapest, member of a prominent Hun-
garian noble family, died recently at
the age of 83 years. He and his wife,
who was a daughter of the famous Aus-
trian chancellor, Prince Metternich, ac-
companied the unfortunate Emperor
Maximilian to Mexico, where they were
the chief officials of the court.

WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

The fad for making hunting waist-
coats in canvas is superseded by another
for crocheting them in wool and silk.

Muffs of velvet and fur combined are
finished at the opening with a ruche of
finely plaited glass silk or lace which
has been stiffened a little in the plait-
ing.

White satin stock collars are worn by
Frenchwomen with silk and velvet shirt
waists in place of the linen ones so com-
mon here, and satin of any color may
be substituted for the white.

The white silk and satin bodice is a
pretty feature of the new cloth gowns,
which are made of cloth, for calling and
theater wear. It is either full or plain
with a short velvet bolero over it.

Black handkerchiefs are announced
as the latest craze in Paris. A pleasing
modification of this fancy is a white
handkerchief with a black border em-
broided with a wreath of tiny flowers.

High necked bodices are quite the
correct thing for evening wear, a most ac-
ceptable fashion in cold weather. They
must be well made and very elaborate,
of course, but that is the rule in all
gowns just at the moment.

Collar bands, with high standing
ruffs and battlement shaped pieces wired
to stand out well from the neck, have
become a settled fashion, but a novelty
is the use of violets to cover the tabs
and other small artificial flowers arrang-
ed in a wreath around the edge.—New
York Sun.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Thimbles made of lava are extensively
used in Naples.

There are always 20,000 strangers
sightseeing in London.

The handsome bronze drinking foun-
tain presented to the city of Savannah
by Mayor Myers will soon be placed in
position in Forsyth park.

A movement has been started to effect
the consolidation of Boston's suburbs
with the Hub. If the outlying munic-
ipalities were annexed, greater Boston
would have a population of about 1,000,-
000.

Fair haired people are becoming less
numerous than formerly. The ancient
Jews were a fair haired race. Now they
are, with few exceptions, dark. So it is
in a lesser degree with the Irish, among
whom 150 years ago a dark haired person
was almost unknown.

An English paper recently found it
profitable to discuss the question,
"Ought a lawyer to talk business?" (mean-
ing his clients' business) with his wife
or daughter?" It is only just to the
English public to add that no answer in
the affirmative was printed.

A WESTERN BANKER.

THE BUSINESS AND SOCIAL EVOLU-
TION OF LYMAN J. GAGE.

The Next Secretary of the Treasury Is a
Many Sided Man—Mrs. Gage Likes So-
ciety, Rides the Bicycle and Is Fond of
Whist.

Lyman J. Gage, who is announced as
the next secretary of the treasury, is a
man who has fought his way up from
the lowest rung of the ladder. He be-
gan as an office boy, and he is today
considered the leading banker and finan-
cier outside of New York.

He was born about 60 years ago in De-
rby, N. Y. His father was a farm-
er, who later moved to Rome and be-



came a merchant in a small way. There
Lyman went to school until he was 14,
when, as there was a large family, he
started out to make his own living. He
was first employed as a clerk in a coun-
try postoffice. Seeing little hope of ad-
vancement, however, he left the employ
of Uncle Sam and entered the Onondaga
Central bank at Rome. He began his
career as a banker in a very humble
way. His position was that of office
boy and junior clerk. His salary for the
first year was \$100. He waited another
half year for a raise, but when it was
refused, he resigned. He had the west-
ern fever, and he started for Chicago.

With very little money, no friends
and one or two useless letters of intro-
duction in his pocket he tramped for
many weary days about the streets of
the young metropolis of the west. But
young Gage did not go to Chicago to
starve. Failing to get a situation in a
bank, he took a job in a lumber yard,
and for more than a year worked as a
lumber "shover." Then he was pro-
moted. He was made night watchman.

Next he was taken into the office and
made bookkeeper. A change in the firm
displaced him, however, and he once
more went to handling lumber.

All this time he kept haunting the
banks and asking for a position. Final-
ly one bright day in 1858 he happened
into the Merchants' Savings, Loan and
Trust company just when a bookkeeper
was needed, and he was engaged at a
salary of \$500 a year. In six months he
was made paying teller and later as-
sistant cashier. He remained with this
bank for ten years and then went to the
First National bank to fill a similar po-
sition. Since then his progress upward
has been steady. In 1882 he was made
vice president of the First National,
and he was promoted to the presidency
in 1891.

During the more than 40 years of Mr.
Gage's residence in Chicago he has
come to be recognized as a public spir-
ited citizen in the full sense of that
much abused term. Generally he has
appeared in the role of a harmonizer.
On more than one occasion his calm,
conservative judgment has been a need-
ed leaven in the midst of a crowd of
impetuous, hot headed enthusiasts. Of
this nature were his services in connec-
tion with the World's fair, and he is
credited with having saved that great
enterprise from being wrecked in a
storm of angry conflict between the na-
tional commissioners and the local di-
rectors, of whose board he served as
president. The list of his other public
services is too long to enumerate.

Personally Mr. Gage is a tall man,
whose commanding figure would be im-
posing were it not for the kindly light
which glows from his eyes and his mild



MRS. LYMAN J. GAGE.
but congenial manner of address. He is
a lover of good living and occupies a
big, comfortable mansion on North
State street. He has recently learned to
ride a bicycle, and he is fond of a game
of whist and a night at the theater.

His wife was Miss Cornelia Lansing,
and she was born in Albany. She is tall
and of distinguished appearance. Mrs.
Gage likes society, and the dinners
which she gives in her crimson hung
dining room are among the most enjoy-
able events to which Chicago society
people are treated. She also rides a bi-
cycle and is almost as good a whist
player as her husband.

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virtue in IRON BEDSTEADS, and to say that they are
popular today scarcely expresses it.
Combined with popularity may be found health, com-
fort, cleanliness, durability and economy.
They used to be called cheap and not so long ago, when
you paid from \$6.00 to \$7.00 for them. We have many
delightful patterns to select from—beautiful brass
trimmed beds with extension foot rails and all the latest
notions as low as \$2.98.
You'll live longer and be happier if you sleep in one
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Iron Crib, and all brass beds in variety.

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FUN AS A MEDICINE.

Light Hearted Mockery Often Better Than
Severe Reproof.

One of the proverbs in the book
of Proverbs says that "a merry
heart doth good like a medicine,"
and it might safely be said that it
very often does a great deal more.
We appear to be coming back to the
same opinion by way of reaction
from the grave and sententious
moralities of our great-grandmoth-
ers. A very clever little book of
rhymes and pictures professes to be
"The Bad Child's Book of Beasts,"
and comes nearer to Lear's wonder-
ful nonsense pictures and verses
than anything we have seen since,
though it is not quite so gleefully
extravagant and the humor is of a
rather different kind.

But the idea of the book is evi-
dently that a "so called" bad child
needs nothing but a little fun to
make him "unnaturally good"—
which means, we take it, that the
bad child and the good child are de-
viations from the happy mean to
much the same extent, and that the
happy mean is as much as the good
child needs laughing out of that se-
vere and priggish moderation which
used to be held up to the earlier
generations of this century as a
model for their initiation in such
books as "Sandford and Merton."

When the writer of the book of
Proverbs or the writer of the spe-
cial problem which he placed in his
selection spoke of a merry heart
doing good like a medicine, he prob-
ably thought of the emancipation
which such a heart gains from the
misery of being self occupied—the
power it gains of looking out on the
world with a lightness of spirit all
its own. And that is, indeed, the
sense in which fun may be said to
be the best of all medicines. To
learn to laugh at the foibles of oth-
ers is harmless and even useful
enough if you do not laugh at them
ill naturedly, but to learn to laugh
at your own is a close approximation
to wisdom, if you laugh at them
with true insight into the ridiculous
side of those foibles. Of course fun
is no medicine for the graver sins
and moral distortions of human
life, for these are not subjects for
laughter, but rather for tears. But
there are many imperfections for
which light hearted mockery is a
far more effective medicine than
any kind of moral scold or reproof.

You cannot learn how foolish it is
to play with edged tools half as well
from being worried to think it
wrong as you can from being shown
that it is in the lightest degree ridi-
culous.

And you cannot learn that it is
absurd and pedantic to believe in
your own wisdom in any way half
so effective as you can from catch-
ing yourself out as it were in that
affectionate of superior discretion
which only gives you the air of
blinking and solemn emptiness that
the owl embodies in the rolling of
his darkness loving eyes. Books of
nonsense are the best cures in the
world for that laughter of fools
which is like the crackling of thorns
under a pot and for that childish
assumption of virtue and sagacity
which so completely fails in conceal-
ing the vanity from which it pro-
ceeds.

To endow the heart with a
good reserve of innocent fun is one
of the surest of preservatives against
real evil.

The child, - indeed the man, who
can laugh heartily and without
bitterness—bitter laughter is not the
laughter of the heart—is very soon
aware of the approach of any condi-
tion of mind which involves feel-
ings inconsistent with that hearty
laughter and is put on his guard
by the sense of self reproach with
which those lighter moods affect
him and make him feel that he
has no right to them. That, we sus-
pect, is the deeper sense in which "a
merry heart doeth good like a medi-
cine." But, besides this, good fun
certainly purges the spirit of all
those foibles which are very often
the cloaks of insincerity. The child
who imagines himself spirited be-
cause he delights in provoking the
creatures beneath him and in play-
ing practical jokes on the compan-
ions around him is better cured of
his delusion by being shown how
silly he looks to those who see
through him than by any other
method.

And the child who is full of the self
importance of knowing rather more
and learning rather more rapidly
than his schoolfellows is far more
easily laughed out of his conceit
than he could ever be argued out of
it. Good fun is a remedy for foibles
and at least a danger signal against
deeper evil. The child or man who
feels that good fun has a reproach
and a sting for him is well aware
that he has wandered from the
straight way.—London Spectator.

Doesn't Want to Save It.
"There's one thing about this
soap, madam," said the grocer. "It
saves backache."
"Saves it? Mercy!" said the prac-
tical woman. "Who wants to save
backache? I'd rather squander
mine."—Harper's Bazar.

BOOKSELLING, OL

A Change That Is V
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1816.

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Lamel
Beds.**

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Beds, and to say that they are
cheaply expresses it.
With popularity may be found health, com-
fort, durability and economy.
To be called cheap and not so long ago, when
they cost \$6.00 to \$7.00 for them. We have many
forms to select from—beautiful brass
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FUN AS A MEDICINE.

Light Hearted Mockery Often Better Than
Severe Reproof.

One of the proverbs says that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine," and it might safely be said that it very often does a great deal more. We appear to be coming back to the same opinion by way of reaction from the grave and sententious moralities of our great-grandmothers. A very clever little book of rhymes and pictures professes to be "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," and comes nearer to Lear's wonderful nonsense pictures and verses than anything we have seen since, though it is not quite so gleefully extravagant and the humor is of a rather different kind.

But the idea of the book is evidently that a "so called" bad child needs nothing but a little fur to make him "unnaturally good"—which means, we take it, that the bad child and the good child are deviations from the happy mean to much the same extent, and that the bad child needs laughing into the happy mean as much as the good child needs laughing out of that severe and priggish moderation which used to be held up to the earlier generations of this century as a model for their initiation in such books as "Sandford and Merton."

When the writer of the book of Proverbs or the writer of the special problem which he placed in his selection spoke of a merry heart doing good like a medicine, he probably thought of the emancipation which such a heart gains from the misery of being self-occupied—the power it gains of looking out on the world with a lightness of spirit all its own. And that is, indeed, the sense in which fun may be said to be the best of all medicines. To learn to laugh at the foibles of others is harmless and even useful enough if you do not laugh at them; but if you laugh at them, at your own is a close approximation to wisdom, if you laugh at them with true insight into the ridiculous side of those foibles. Of course fun is no medicine for the graver sins and moral distortions of human life, for these are not subjects for laughter, but rather for tears. But there are many imperfections for which light hearted mockery is a far more effectual medicine than any kind of moral scorn or reproof.

You cannot learn how foolish it is to play with edged tools half as well from being worried to think it wrong as you can from being shown that it is in the lightest degree ridiculous.

And you cannot learn that it is absurd and pedantic to believe in your own wisdom in any way half so effectively as you can from catching yourself out as it were in that affectation of superior discretion which only gives you the air of blinking and solemn emptiness that the owl embodies in the rolling of his darkness loving eyes. Books of nonsense are the best cures in the world for that laughter of fools which is like the cracking of thorns under a pot and for that childish assumption of virtue and sagacity which so completely fails in concealing the vanity from which it proceeds. To endow the heart with a good reserve of innocent fun is one of the surest of preservatives against real evil.

The child, or indeed the man, who can laugh heartily and without bitterness—latter laughter is not the laughter of the heart—is very soon aware of the approach of any condition of mind which involves feelings inconsistent with that hearty laughter and is put on his guard by the sense of self reproach with which those lighter moods affect him and make him feel that he has no right to them. That, we suspect, is the deeper sense in which "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine." But, besides this, good fun certainly purges the spirit of all those foibles which are very often the cloaks of insincerity. The child who imagines himself spirited because he delights in provoking the creatures beneath him and in playing practical jokes on the companions around him is better cured of his delusion by being shown how silly he looks to those who see through him than by any other method.

And the child who is full of the self importance of knowing rather more and learning rather more rapidly than his schoolfellows is far more easily laughed out of his conceit than he could ever be argued out of it. Good fun is a remedy for foibles and at least a danger signal against deeper evil. The child or man who feels that good fun has a reproach and a sting for him is well aware that he has wandered from the straight way.—London Spectator.

Doesn't Want to Save It.
"There's one thing about this soap, madam," said the grocer. "It saves backache."
"Saves it? Mercy!" said the practical woman. "Who wants to save backache? I'd rather squander mine."—Harper's Bazar.

BOOKSELLING, OLD AND NEW

A Change That Is Marked and Likely to
Be Permanent.

The lamentations of old time English booksellers have been uttered with frequency and not without pathos in recent years. The change that has come over his trade is as marked as it seems likely to be permanent. Beginning among what may be called the more modest grades of the trade—the smaller dealers in secondhand books—it has extended upward to the finer shops, but in degree has had effect probably less as the scale rises. In the smaller towns the change has been even more marked than in London. Not only has the subject risen to the dignity of treatment in one of the great monthly magazines of London, but The Academy has printed reports about it from provincial centers. The story scarcely varies in its general tone, wherever it comes from. Everywhere has the secondhand trade been bad—in Sheffield, in Dundee, in Leeds, in Dublin.

In our own land much the same conditions prevail, and from similar causes. A tour of Nassau street will not now disclose the same shops that once were so numerous. Bookshops are there. But if they are not less numerous, the character of their trade has changed. The chances of finding a rare volume on the sidewalk stall have become extremely few in that neighborhood.

This has naturally resulted from the increase in collecting and in knowledge of books. More and more have the up town shops and the auction rooms become the places where collectors go to find rare and first editions. Before it had become a large pursuit to hunt for these books they were rarely to be found up town, save at the small secondhand dealers—in those dark basements of theirs and those Canal street and avenue shops that were once so frequent. Now they may be had in the best stores, where are found thriving departments devoted to these books and whence are issued special catalogues of them.

And with this change has come another in the selling of books that is new. No more remarkable influence has entered the trade than the influence of the dry goods stores, where departments devoted to the sale of the day's popular books have grown to large proportions. But it does not follow that the regular bookstores in their totals of trade have really suffered. What they may have lost in one direction they have probably made up in others—for one thing in what are known as collectors' books, for another in fine editions, in well bound books, and again in limited editions. Moreover, it is necessary to remember that the number of persons who buy books has enormously increased. The total of books published and the total of sales for each successful book present striking contrasts to the corresponding totals for 10 and 20 years ago. The sales which Du Maurier and Maclaren, Hall Caine and Kipling, Stevenson and Mrs. Ward have had would have astonished the trade and set all the world to writing novels—as has now, unfortunately, been done.

The larger view of this change will scarcely awaken regrets. Even houses which have suffered from it have probably seen a way to other profits and other methods which have brought their compensations. Meanwhile the public has bought more books than ever before, has read more, and the general level of knowledge and culture has correspondingly been raised. And this increase will continue. Men more and more are acquiring the laudable habit of buying a book as willingly as they buy a handful of cigars, and women one as willingly as they buy a pair of gloves.—New York Times.

A Lesson of Patriotism.

Familiar lessons should be incorporated into our textbooks, inculcating reverence for our political institutions and embodying an elementary knowledge of our system of government, together with the respective functions of its legislative, judicial and executive departments, the conditions required for American citizenship and the duties and rights of the citizen. These lessons should of course give a conspicuous place to the memorable events of which our country has been the theater and which serve as landmarks on her onward progress. They should include a brief sketch of the nation's heroes, statesmen and patriots, whose martial deeds and civil virtues the rising generation will be taught to emulate.—Cardinal Gibbons' "Embassador of Christ."

Aristotle.

Zoologists regard Aristotle as the founder of their science, although the scientific classification of the animal world was not made until the time of Linnaeus, who in 1741 divided the animal kingdom into six groups. The classification of animals into four divisions was made by Cuvier in his great work, "The Animal Kingdom," published in 1816.

THE TABLES TURNED.

How Captain Palmer Was Finally
Revenge on General Butler.

Captain John Palmer tells the following good story of the late General Benjamin F. Butler:

"I served in the Louisiana campaign. Ben Butler's headquarters were in New Orleans. One day I was told that I had been detailed to go to New Orleans, some 90 miles away, and present a report to Butler. I was a very young man then, and to be thus detailed I considered a tremendous honor. After long deliberation I concluded that I would be expected to make a speech in delivering the report. I worked over that speech until it was a masterpiece.

"Of course I had an idea that if I could make an impression upon the general it would be a good thing for me. Finally the day of my departure came, and I started for the city. On the way I rehearsed my speech. I had it letter perfect and felt satisfied that nothing but stage fright could knock it out of my head. When I reached New Orleans, I lost no time in finding headquarters and getting into the presence of General Butler.

"After I had saluted him I stepped back, threw out my chest and started in on the speech. Before I had spoken a dozen words Butler looked up from his desk. I saw that I was making an impression. A dozen words more, and the general began to move uneasily in his chair. There could be no doubt of the fact that I had caught his fancy. Visions of promotion began to float before me as I warmed up with the speech. Suddenly old Ben thumped the desk savagely with his fist and roared:

"Young man, if you have anything more to say to me, say it quick."

"If he had hit me in the head with an ax, he could not have knocked me out more completely. The thought that instead of creating a favorable impression I had incurred the displeasure of the general made my head reel. All of my hard work had been in vain. I dropped the report on the desk, saluted and walked away. My home in Albany was farther away that night than it had ever been since I marched with my regiment into Louisiana.

"Many years after the close of the war I was elected commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. I was in Washington arranging the details of the great parade of Union veterans. I had a room in the Ebbitt House. All day long I had been receiving delegations. Evening was at hand, when the door opened, and in walked General Butler. Striding to the middle of the floor, he struck an attitude and began a vehement speech in which he intended to prove to me the right of the Massachusetts veterans to the right of line. I listened to him for probably two minutes, and then, smashing the desk as hard as I could with my fist, I yelled:

"General, if you have anything more to say to me, say it quick."

"The old warrior fairly gasped his astonishment. His ponderous jaw fell. Seizing the back of a chair to steady himself, he asked in a voice which showed how keenly I had hurt him:

"Captain Palmer, do you mean that?"

"General Butler, did you mean it when you said the same thing to me at New Orleans?" I asked.

"What do you mean?"

"I told him. Butler walked up and down the room while I was telling the story. When I had finished, he came over and put his hand on my shoulder.

"Palmer, I had forgotten all about it. So you are the young fellow who wanted to fire a speech at me? Well, you have had your revenge."

"And then he sat down, and, hugging his right knee in his clasped hands, he fought over with me the whole Louisiana campaign. The Massachusetts veterans had the right of line in the parade."—New York Mail and Express.

Abusing a Duke.

The Duke of Norfolk is exceedingly fond of relating the following tale: He entertained an excursion party from London, some 1,200 strong, at Arundel and presided over the dinner. Before dinner an amusing incident occurred. Warnings to keep off the grass were much in evidence and were much obeyed. One person, in a soft felt hat and a refer jacket, was observed crossing the sward.

"Come off the grass!" said a woman sharply. "Tis the likes of you that gets poor people a bad name. Can you see it's forbidden?"

The person went on, smiling. But the woman's surprise was laughable to see when she found at the dinner she had been abusing the duke himself.—Pearson's Weekly.

Cautious.

"Want to marry my daughter, eh? Which one, sir?"
"Well, now, which is your favorite, sir?"—London Tit-Bits.

THE COLLEGE "RUSH."

Where the Words Stick, Pill and Freak
Originated.

There are in our college vocabulary certain words which, although ambiguous and derogatory in meaning, prevail to an astonishing extent, writes one of the students in The Smith College Magazine. It is probable that no expressions in our somewhat crude vernacular are more frequently heard, more ruthlessly employed or more disastrous in their effects. They are the terms freak, stick and pill, and they are used with inexcusable carelessness and lack of discrimination generally in reference to girls who are not in the "rush."

Concerning the precise nature of the "rush" it is difficult to speak—its superlatives are too vague to be easily defined. Its social advantages too doubtful to be catalogued. It is a general hallucination in which many of us are pleased to partake, since it affords opportunity to pamper personal vanity and to gratify that taste for exclusiveness and distinction which seems to be so common. It seems not an immoderate statement to say, after prolonged and careful consideration of this esoteric order called the "rush," that since its educational advantages can hardly be compared to the more serious opportunities of the library, and since its social functions are not usually distinguished by any high degree of dignity, grace or fair breeding, its privileges are not worth consideration.

To one who is by nature a skeptic there are periods of extreme doubt as to the exact social status of our collegiate Four Hundred. There are moments when it has even occurred to us that the "rush" is more conspicuously deficient in good breeding than those less obtrusive individuals who are out of it.

The "rush" has a capacity for self assertion which is at times astonishing. For occult reasons known to itself alone, it considers itself peculiarly privileged. Yet it is susceptible to those same temptations to which all flesh is heir.

It occasionally conceals under its mackintosh a volume in demand and steals unobtrusively from the library, leaving upon the shelves a yawning gap as the only solace to its bereaved classmates. It is rude to people that it does not like and pleads excuse that "she is a pill." It does not disdain to be prompted in its recitations, and it has occasionally been known to cheat. In what then lies the superiority of the almighty "rush," and why should those individuals who are out of it be described as either sticks, pill or freaks?

It is distinctly unfair to label a girl with one of these obnoxious and strangely influential epithets. They are usually applied after one of those incomprehensible and superficial surveys which are peculiar to girlishness, and having been once applied sometimes influence unfortunately an entire career.

Apparently we are too inexperienced to appreciate the shy and suffering reticence of many of those to whom these terms are applied; too thoughtless to remember that lack of social aplomb is a misfortune, not a crime; too immature to be tolerant toward those who, because laboring under peculiar disadvantages, cannot display that gayety and abandon which march a girl into popularity.

If these people are not as we characterize them, our attitude is distinctly unjust. If they are, as many of us choose to suppose, we should at least remember the instructions of the nursery and consider the feelings of the unfortunate. In either case it is a pity if we have not here at college enough good fellowship, enough hearty generosity, to extend a helping hand to all who need it, and to remember that not any one who has come honestly in search of the learning and culture to which she has a right can be characterized a stick, a freak or a pill.

Good Enough to Pawn.

The Eleventh Hussars had arrived in Dublin one day, and their notoriety made them a great attraction. After a levee at the castle one of their officers was walking down Sackville street one beautiful sunny afternoon in the month of July, in his full dress, and he was met by two Irishmen fresh from the interior of the country.

Quite staggered by the glittering and gorgeous apparition clanking toward them, they riveted their eyes on the blazing gold and blue figure, and, with a wondering gaze, the one exclaimed to the other, with a sharp nudge in the ribs and a look of exquisite fun:

"Begorra, shouldn't I like to pawn him?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Water Surface.

The surface of the sea is estimated at 150,000,000 square miles, taking the whole surface of the globe at 197,000,000, and its greatest depth is about seven miles. The Pacific ocean covers 78,000,000 square miles, the Atlantic 25,000,000 and the Mediterranean 1,000,000.

The President's Little Joke.

When the bank directors were through with their daily work of being told that everything was all right, the president of the institution set up the cigars and then spun this yarn:

"I began as an errand boy and learned the banking business from stem to gudgeon. I had neither money nor influence on my side, but I knuckled down tight and won my way. I've seen runs on the bank and saw a Denver cashier lay out two robbers that tried to draw money with their guns, but the worst scare was after I had risen to the dignity of paying teller. Our president had a very perverted sense of humor, and behind his solemn face he was often chuckling in some of the hidden recesses of his anatomy. One afternoon he called me into his private office, locked the door, had me take a seat and kept me on the rack for five minutes by not saying a word.

"At length he wanted to know, in a stage whisper, whether I knew that a large sum of money had been taken from the bank. I was thunderstruck and must have looked guilty, but managed to enter a disclaimer. 'Strange,' he said; 'very strange! It's your business to know.' Then he asked me if I drank, gambled, gave theater parties or paid attention to more than one girl at a time. I was getting pretty wary, when I heard a smothered rumble that became louder and louder. It was the old man's laugh working its way to the surface. Then he took me by the hand, patted me on the head as he did when I was a messenger and told me that I was to be the cashier at a handsome increase of salary. Judders, who then held the position, was going to retire at his own request. That 'big money' had been taken by a heavy depositor to pay for a silver mine."—Detroit Free Press.

"A Runner" With the Fire Laddies.

In "A Boy I Knew," Laurence Hutton's reminiscences of his boyhood in St. Nicholas, there is the following picture: The boy was never a regular member of any fire company, but almost as long as the old volunteer fire department existed he was what was known as a "runner." He was attached in a sort of brevet way, to Pearl Hose, No. 28, and later to No. 11 Hook and Ladder. He knew all the fire districts into which the city was then divided. His ear was always alert, even in the St. John's park days, for the alarm bell, and he ran to every fire, at any hour of the day or night, up to 10 o'clock p. m. He did not do much when he got to the fire but stand round and "holer." But once—a proud moment—he helped steer the hook and ladder truck to a false alarm in Macdougall street, and once—a very proud moment indeed—he went into a tenement house, near Dr. Thompson's church, in Grand street, and carried two negro babies down stairs in his arms. There was no earthly reason why the babies should not have been left in their beds, and the colored family did not like it because the babies caught cold. But the boy, for once in his life, tasted the delights of self conscious heroism.

A prayer which was none the less the sincere expression of fervent gratitude from the fact of its amusing and very definite and needless allusions to infinite power was made by a New Hampshire delegate at a missionary convention, some years ago.

After offering thanks for the Lord's provision of his servants to labor with strength and earnestness of purpose in foreign lands, giving up the ties of home and all other interests in their devotion to the cause, he concluded his prayer thus: "And we thank thee, O Lord, for thy wonderful power over this world in which we live, for, although thou hast made the earth and caused it to revolve in a strange manner and with great velocity, and although our missionaries are scattered all over the globe, still so marvelously hast thou balanced the centripetal and centrifugal forces that as yet not a single brother has been thrown from the surface into unending space."—Youth's Companion.

A Boarding House Saint.

Bloomsbury Landlady—Poor Mr. Lightweight died last week, and if any one ever deserved to go to heaven he did.

Mr. Heavyweight (who is slightly in arrears)—Why?

Bloomsbury Landlady (weeping)—He always paid his board in advance, never complained if his bed wasn't made up, and, oh, such a delicate appetite as that poor saint had!—Strand Magazine.

Willing to Listen.

Old Quiverful—And so you want to take our daughter from us? You want to take her from us suddenly, without a word of warning?

Young Goslow—Not at all, sir. If there is anything about her you want to warn me against, I'm willing to listen.—London Tit-Bits.

"ONE HORN" CANNON.

A Story of the Revolutionary War In New Jersey.

Time, which has woven a mantle of forgetfulness about so many relics of the American Revolution, hiding the associations that give to tattered flags and rusty gun barrels a value beyond price, has dealt kindly with the old cannon known as "One Horn." This weapon stands on an eminence in Fairview cemetery at Westfield, N. J. Beside it is the soldiers' monument, and above, on a lofty flagpole, perches an American eagle, symbolical of the liberty the cannon was so active in achieving.

Compared with the ponderous artillery of our time, "One Horn" cannon is but a plaything. It is less than 4 feet in length, and weighs with its carriage barely 1,0 pounds. But in its day the gun was regarded as a formidable weapon, and its capture by the Americans from the British in 1780 occasioned great rejoicing in the patriots' camp.

Prior to June 23 of that year, the cannon was used by General Knyphausen in a campaign intended to destroy the patriots and the cause for which they were struggling. On that eventful morning the British commander divided his force of 5,000 men into two columns, and advanced westward from Elizabeth town. One division marched to Springfield and the other took the road through what is now Cranford to Westfield.

The citizens of Westfield awaited with intense anxiety the arrival of the enemy. Their forebodings were not quieted by the news from Springfield that the village had been pillaged and burned by the invading soldiers. One detachment of artillerymen visited the old Baker homestead on the outskirts of Westfield and promised to protect the family from harm provided provisions were set before them. Mrs. Baker accepted the terms joyfully, and prepared for the unwelcome guests a generous meal, which included a keg of very hard cider. One of the soldiers drank so freely that he forgot his manners and began amusing himself by chasing the farmer's family about the room at the point of the bayonet.

But a minuteman named Captain Little, who had been watching the proceedings from behind a bush, interfered at this point by sending a well aimed bullet through the brute's thigh. The report of Little's gun brought other minutemen to the scene, and a skirmish ensued. The British were compelled to beat a hasty retreat, leaving their gun behind in the possession of the Americans. During the encounter the cannon had been upset, and one of the horus or arms which held it fast to its carriage struck a stone and broke off. This accident suggested the name "One Horn" and so it has been known ever since.

During the same hour the division of the army that had marched for Westfield reached the town. The first thing done was the removal and confiscation of the Presbyterian church bell. This bell, in addition to its office of summoning the people to devotional services, was used as a fire alarm and to give warning of danger from the hostile Indians who infested the surrounding country. The soldiers, after helping themselves to the citizens' goods and taking prisoner a few of the rebels, marched away. The bell they sent to New York. To supply its place, "One Horn" cannon was brought into the town. Whenever danger threatened, its voice thundered out a warning to the people and many times hands of British marauders were driven away by its use.

The cannon has figured prominently in many occasions subsequent to the war for independence. It has been fired in scores of patriotic celebrations, and the descendants of Revolutionary patriots have prized it so highly that many rival claims to its ownership have been made. Within a few years Westfield has succeeded in proving its title and the gun has been stationed in Fairview cemetery, where it teaches an impressive object lesson in patriotism.—New York Post.

Pay When Asked.

After a cable car conductor had passed me several times without asking for my fare I touched his arm and gave him a nickel. A few minutes later, as I left the car, I found him on the rear platform alone. "Don't ever do that again," he said. "If a conductor misses you, don't hunt him up. He doesn't want you to do it. If I miss a passenger, the chances are about even that no one will notice it except the fellow himself. But when he rushes up to pay a fare I have missed everybody notices the fact that I have been negligent, and if there is a spotter aboard I lose my job."—New York Tribune.

Better Than Astrology.

"It's all folly to regulate your life by the signs of the zodiac."
"What is your plan?"
"I always go by the way my wife and daughter look at me."—Chicago Record.

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STORY OF THE TRAM

HOW HOBOES BEAT THEIR WAY ON
THE RAILROADS.

One Who Has Traveled Thousands of Miles
Without Money, Ticket or Pass—Some
thing About That New Product of the
Century Civilization.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, Feb. 15.—I have traveled about 3,000 miles by rail without money, ticket or pass, and I have found out that, after muscle and nerve, what is wanted is cheek and perseverance. When a hobo, or tramp, as the respectable world calls him, is put off a train the first thing he does is to get on again. If you are on the front of a train as he is pulling out and get caught, still



ON THE BUMPERS.

down and catch her again in the rear as she goes by. That's the only way to make time, and the hobo likes fast traveling and to make his dates as well as any other true American.

I could have come from San Francisco to New York on something mighty close to schedule time could I have stood the strain, but you do too much traveling with every muscle on the rack to keep it up indefinitely, and besides you don't have the use of a dining car. Still, you like to get sections done if time you can hang about. Doing something to brag about is quite a feature of hobo traveling. It's a game, and playing to win helps keep up your courage. The best time I ever made was from Salt Lake to Denver, 840 miles, and I made it in 52 hours, but I did not have a bite or sup during that time, and though I was ensconced all alone in the empty ice chest of a fruit car.

On the gunwales, on the bumpers, or the blind, on top of cars and inside them—these are the choices and chances of position that are open to the hobo. The gunwales are underneath freight cars, running lengthwise, about 22 inches apart, with 1½ feet of space between them and the bottom of the car. It's a good place, because you can't easily be seen and because you can get in there after the train is in motion. You lie down on the gunwales, and you have to hold on tight and brace yourself with your feet, and that is all very fine till you get tired out or go to sleep. There is nothing against it except that it is exhaustive and dangerous. More hoboies get killed falling off the gunwales than in any other way. I have seen three or four dead men myself who had ended that way. If you have to ride by day on a line that watches hard for hoboies, the gunwales is your best chance. Usually hoboies travel at night and sleep by day, but sometimes business is pressing, and they have to get out of a town or do work. The men get very quiet about swinging in under a car. They do it by catching hold of the rod that the door runs on, drawing themselves up and thrusting their legs in on the gunwales. I met a one armed hobo in Ogden who could do it to perfection. He showed me how expert he was he did it time and again, getting on and off trains going faster than an ordinary cab.

One place that is theoretically available, but is very little used, is under the cowcatcher. You can sit there, face forward, in a very cramped position, bent far over, but you are no more cramped than in many another place and no colder and no dirtier, but the trouble is your nerves simply can't stand it. No body's can. The roar, and the jar, and the awful way the ground rises up in front of you all the time, and the terrible swiftness of the motion are too much for flesh and blood.

You must remember that the nearer you get to the ground the faster you seem to be going. Nobody rides there except as an experiment and to be able to say he did it and how far. Twelve miles was enough and to spare for me. I thought I'd never live to get to the next station when I tried it. But for a man running for his life it might be a fine chance, for railroad men don't often take the trouble to look there.

The tops of freight cars are used, but largely as a road to other places. If a train is being thoroughly searched before it pulls out, it is still possible to swing on and climb on top after it is in motion and then climb down again and maybe into an empty car, if you are in luck, or on to the bumpers.

There are dodges that beat all these for comfort and with much less danger to life and limb, too, and yet they are not resorted to except under pressure, because they bring more risk of being arrested. No one is likely to arrest a man for riding on bumpers and gunwales and such. It's counted that the crime brings its own punishment.

The Panhandle road, running out of Chicago and off down to Texas, is known for the hardest road to beat in the country. Then the Southern Pacific as it crosses the desert is looked after closely.

The trainmen watch the trains like hawks, and when they put you off they stand over you and see that you stay off. That is hard luck when there is

nothing but coyotes and sagebrush and blinding sand within 40 miles. The simple hobo is driven to take guileful measures to save his very life. Often he just has to break the seal of a loaded car and then trust to a brother hobo to fix up this seal—a tin affair—as well as he can.

I've traveled in an empty box car where eight or ten hoboies had stowed themselves, and I had another man with some sense have taken turns staying awake and going around with a stick to wake everybody whenever we were slowing up at a station.

There is only one road, or rather section of a road, in the United States that has practically suppressed the free use of its rolling stock. One road running into Austin has carried on its last 50 miles only two tramps in about ten years. The trainmen on that division offer a standing prize of \$100 and a suit of clothes to any one who will beat them out of a ride into Austin. Twice they have been called on to pay up, and they did it like little men. Both times the tramps had ridden in the same place—that is, in the water tank back of the engine and up to their necks in water. Now the trainmen search there to.

BILLY PATTERSON.

ARRESTED IN COLOGNE.

An American Tourist and Amateur Photographer Gets Into Trouble.

[Special Correspondence.]

COLOGNE, Prussia, Feb. 2.—The other day I went with my camera to photograph Cologne. In Newmarket ring a regiment of soldiers were drilling. Evidently the maneuvers were new and difficult, for again and again they were executed. Anyway I aimed the camera and shot. Moreover, I made the circuit of the ring, like a sharpshooter picking off choice enemies. Then I strolled away, though not without first observing a soldier following me. But I minded my own business, if he did not.

Down a narrow street I espied the Rhine and a part of the new fortifications. Cologne being their chief stronghold on the Rhine, the Germans, since 1881, have doubled the area of the city by building advanced fortifications. From foreign eyes, as I have since learned, these new defenses are jealously and zealously guarded. Especially are they guarded against photographers. At the foot of the street I leveled the kodak at the fortress and snapped, advanced and snapped again. Not satisfied, I engaged a boat boy to row me into midstream in order to take the fort from the river side. Click! Taken! Hello! My soldier bearing down upon me! Evidently I was taken for a French spy. I had heard that Frenchmen had been arrested once or twice for making drawings. Excellent sport!

"Row, boy!" I cried. But the little Prussian rested on his oars, his eyes like saucers. I pointed to the advancing boat, crying, "Nenn!" then to the opposite bank, exclaiming, "Yah!" Then the boy began pulling as if for life.

But a big man roared my soldier, and he pulled a mighty stroke. Rapidly the enemy gained upon me. Now he was alongside. With quiet dignity the soldier spoke to me in guttural German. I replied excitedly with a string of French words—all I knew. As I was doubtless supposed to be a French spy, I resolved to continue the farce, not dreaming what the result would be. From the camera to the fort glanced



OLD FORTIFICATION IN COLOGNE.

the soldier, shaking his head. Then, after a word with his boatman, the enemy seized our painter, and thus were we towed in while I reiterated at intervals my meager list of French words as if protesting.

On shore, however, the situation looked serious. With an iron hand the soldier gripped my arm and led me through that narrow street to Newmarket ring through files of soldiers to a handsome gold faced officer. Saluting, military fashion, and bowing, the officer addressed me in his own language, paused for my answer, then, giving an order, motioned toward the barracks.

"But I am an American citizen," I said, hoping the officer might understand English, for I began to feel uncomfortable. But the soldier led me away a stage captive. Through the barracks we passed and out to the court, where, opening an iron grating door in the wall, my captor politely but firmly pushed me in.

Forth and back before the door paced a sentinel. "Speak English?" I asked, through the grating, but he gave no sign. Then hurriedly I scribbled a note to Jack.

"Here, Danke schoen," I called to the sentinel, thrusting the note through the bars and exhausting my German vocabulary with that single phrase. But my guard looked only to the front, as became a soldier.

Thus passed four weary, anxious hours. Then a man's face appeared at the bars, the door swung open, and Jack came in, looking troubled.

With him a distinguished looking man, who proved to be the American consul, looked on with twinkling eyes. "This gentleman has been very kind," said Jack. "He made the officer return my camera—our hotel address was on it, you know—and the soldiers came to find out about you. I could not find your passport, so I hurried to the consul's office, and here I am."

"You will receive an official apology from the German government," were the consul's words at parting and after my release.

GILSON WILKES.

HUMOR

NOT A PROFESSIONAL.

Professor Hogan Meets Professor Blank and Feels Slightly Imposed Upon.

When the Chicago train reached Evanston, an old, white haired man came aboard, and several girls who had accompanied him to the depot called after him as we pulled out. "Goodby, professor!" The old man settled himself comfortably in his seat, took out a book and began to read. Across the aisle a fellow with a silk hat much the worse for wear, a dazzling paste headlight and an overcoat with a fur collar had been watching the newcomer, and at last, after a whispered consultation with his partner, came over and accosted the Evanston man.

"Excuse me, pardner," he said, "but are you a member of the profess?"

"Eh? How's that?" queried the startled old man.

"Are you a professional?"

"Ah—er—um—yes, I suppose so," assented the reader. "I am Professor Blank."

"Glad to meet you, professor," said the man with the headlight, lurching down into the unoccupied end of the seat and grasping his hand. "I'm Professor Hogan—you know—Hogan. Used to be Kinsella and Hogan, sketch team. You'll remember we did a black face turn last season. We've split now, and I'm alone. Kinsella got to boozing—carried him as long as I could and dropped him cold."

"Ah—er—um, yes—delighted, I'm sure," stammered the old man.

"Been juggling snakes a couple of weeks for a Chicago dime string show," volunteered Professor Hogan, "and now I'm going to hit Milwaukee. What's your line—hypnotism?"

The old man stared blankly.

"Horse taming?"

He faintly shook his head.

"Are you doing the legitimate?"

"I—I am afraid not," said the Evanston man. "I am only a teacher of Greek."

Professor Hogan slid back across the aisle and rejoined his companion.

"Well, what do you think?" he said with an intonation of ineffable disgust. "Am I getting matty? He ain't a professional at all. He's some sort of a college guy."

—Chicago Times-Herald.

He Wanted a Cheap Pair.

He walked into the ordinary's office and asked as he hung himself on one corner of the office table and pulled off his hat:

"What's a pair of marryin' licenses worth?"

"Oh, I guess we can make them to you for \$1.50!" replied the ordinary good naturedly.

"For just one pair?"

"Yes."

"Can't you beat that a little?"

"That's the best we can do."

"Great Scott, they use to cost that when times wuz good! I needed a pair mighty ez that. I guess they ain't been no overproduction in licenses to fetch them down like cotton, hev they?"

"Not that we have heard of."

"Now, say, pardner, hain't you got an old secondhanded pair of licenses what somebody elst hev dun used wunst you can sell me fur about 65 cents?"—Atlanta Constitution.

On Easy Street.

"Aren't you afraid," suggested a confidential adviser, "that you will provoke the powers of Europe a little too far?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the sultan with a yawn, "that it makes much difference to me whether they fight one another or not!"—Washington Star.

Dashed Hopes.

"They want me to work," said Perry Patettic as he returned, "and you told me it was a house where de lathstring was always out fer a poor wanderer."

"I forgot to finish," explained Way-worn Watson. "It was de lathstring of de woodshed."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Resignation.

Waiter—What was your order, sir? I am sorry to say I have forgotten it.

Customer—I don't remember, I gave it so long ago, but I'll change it, for it would be out of season now anyway.—Town Topics.

Out of Sight.

First Spanish Officer—Did General Weyler distinguish himself in the battle?

Second Spanish Officer—Oh, he was out of sight!—Brooklyn Life.

A Poser.

Freddie—Ma, what is the baby's name?

Ma—The baby hasn't any name.

Freddie—Then how did he know he belonged here?—Truth.

Anxious to Please.



"Have you ever been baptized, little girl?"

"No, sir. I've been vaccinated, though."—New York Sunday Journal.



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L. H. Bliss, of Bloomington, Ill., is said to be the largest bicyclist in the world. He is popularly known as "Baby" Bliss and weighs 502 pounds when in strict training. He weighed only 476 pounds when he began riding. His wheel weighs 36 pounds.



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It is the acme of the modern
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IRISH IN AMERICA.

SENATOR HOAR'S SPLENDID TRIBUTE TO THE CELT.

Some Striking Figures in the Military History of the Country—St. Patrick Entered Boston With General Washington—Kind Words For Catholics.

Irishmen have rarely ever received a finer tribute than that which fell from the lips of Hon. George F. Hoar, the venerable United States senator from Massachusetts.

Speaking at the banquet to Dr. Conaty in Worcester, Mass., Senator Hoar delivered himself of the following noble sentiments:

"The single event most important to Massachusetts after the Revolution ended until the rebellion broke out was the Irish immigration which began about 1840. We had good reason to bid them welcome. The relation of Ireland to Massachusetts and to American liberty has been quite close from the beginning. In 1676, when Massachusetts was suffering from the terrible effects of King Philip's war, the generous people of Ireland sent over a contribution for our relief.

"They played no unimportant part in the Revolutionary service. One of the most striking and noble figures in that military history is the brave Irishman Montgomery. The greatest military event in our war of independence until the surrender at Yorktown was the expulsion of the British army from Boston. The foot of a foreign invader has not touched the soil of Massachusetts from that day to this.

"When Washington's army entered Boston, after his relieving Putnam on the 17th of March, 1776, with drums beating and colors flying, and Sir William Howe with his army and his troops went out, an event which Burke said 'was more like the departure of a people than the retreat of an army,' the watchword of the day was St. Patrick. The good St. Patrick came into Boston with General Washington, and he came to abide.

"The catalogue of the brave soldiers that the Irish race has furnished to America is too long for repetition here. Besides Montgomery, there are Andrew Jackson, the great hero of the war of 1812, and Phil Sheridan, the hero of the war of the rebellion, of whom General Grant once said to me with his own lips: 'General Sheridan is surpassed by some persons to be capable only of a single brilliant and dashing exploit. There never was a greater mistake; he is able to conduct a campaign over an extent of territory as large as any nation in the world can cover with its troops.'

"Now, it was natural, it was inevitable, that these men should cling to the faith of their fathers. Whatever else may be said for the Catholic church by friend or foe, it must be confessed that she has stood for the equality of all souls in the sight of their Maker. Her great poet, Dante, puts the noble and the tyrant into the lowest places in his 'Inferno.' The Catholic church in England, the country from which our ancestors came, was always on the side of the people against the king or noble. She encountered Tudor and Plantagenet with as stern a 'thus saith the Lord' as ever was uttered by Hebrew or Puritan lips.

"There are many of your clergymen among the dead and among the living who have a tender place in the hearts of the people of Massachusetts. She still cherishes the memory of Bishop Cheverus, the first Catholic bishop of Boston, missionary to the Indians, encounterer of savage and of pestilence, the American Fenelo, afterward archbishop of Bordeaux and cardinal. She does not forget Bishop Fenwick, my father's friend, whose honored dust sleeps upon yonder hill, under the shade of the college which he founded.

"I deem it an honor that you have assigned me a part on this occasion. I am, as you know, a Puritan among Puritans, a dissenter among dissenters, a heretic among heretics. After the way that we call heresy so worship I the God of my fathers. But I am glad to bring my tribute of honor and respect to Father Conaty."—Donahoe's Magazine.

Picture of the Virgin Unharmed.

Through the careless handling of dynamite recently in Greenwich, Conn., an explosion resulted which almost demolished the house of Antonio Catalo. The room where the explosion took place was wrecked, the only thing in it which was not damaged being a picture of the Blessed Virgin.

The picture of the Virgin hung on the wall, and, although the plastering was torn off and the contents of the room thrown about, the picture remained undisturbed, not even the large glass covering it being broken.

Faith's Transfiguration.

When he takes your work away and bids you no longer to do good and obedient things, but only to be good and obedient, surely that is not the death of faith. That may be faith's transfiguration.—Selected.

THE BICYCLE GUARANTEE.

How It Is Abused and Why It May Soon Be Dropped.

The surprising feature of the limiting of the bicycle guarantee by the national cycle board of trade to six months is the almost universal satisfaction this action has given to retail dealers in general, and should the guarantee be removed entirely in another season it is altogether probable that such a move would meet with the same approval by all reputable dealers and agents as has been granted the cutting in half of the former one year guarantee. Taking into consideration the enormous expense to which makers have been subjected in replacing so called "defective" parts, broken or damaged in the great majority of instances through the ignorance or wanton carelessness of the rider and the many well known abuses of the guarantee system, the makers themselves will no doubt be ready and willing to remove this relic of early days and sell their goods upon the reputations which they have established for honest dealing and conscientious endeavors to give value received for their goods. It is therefore no venturesome prediction to state that the limitation of a guarantee to six months in 1897 is but a preliminary step toward the abolishment of the guarantee system next year.

The guarantee is, after all, a misnomer, for it is only valuable to the extent of the liberality and ability of the maker to carry out. To the prospective buyer all guarantees are alike, but he finds, to his sorrow, when too late, that the guarantee is but a poor remedy for the evils of a poor mount, and when he makes his second investment he cares little for the guarantee, but much for the reputation of the wheel and the maker. It is a noticeable fact that in the great majority of sales of wheels, the quality of which has become recognized as high grade in fact as well as in name, the guarantee is never asked for. With the guarantee removed entirely no maker who is earnestly striving for a reputation and is zealous of the name of his goods would hesitate for a moment to freely replace defective materials or make good defective work, even though such defect be undiscovered for two years.

The maker is not the only sufferer from the guarantee system, as the retail dealer will testify. He is kept in hot water through the entire busy season adjusting differences between the rider and the factory and is put to unreasonable expense in the way of express charges to and from the factory upon parts which he knows are not defective, but upon which the insistent customer wishes to obtain free repairs if he can impose upon the liberality of the dealer to that extent.—Bearings.

A Wheel That Jumps.

A jumping bicycle is said to have been invented by a resident of Buenos Ayres. The jumping action is obtained by means of a powerful coil spring so arranged that it may be wound up by the pedaling action of the rider. At the moment the leap is to be taken a knob is touched, and two strong, light steel rods are released on either side of the front wheel, which, striking the ground just below the pedals, causes the machine to rise in the air and clear the fence or other obstruction. The arrangement is not, however, thought to be of much utility.—New York Journal.

A Doctor's Good Record.

An English doctor reports that he rode 6,324 miles last year, of which distance 4,524 miles was made on professional visits. There are not many medical men in this vicinity who have done so much, but a good many use their wheels very much oftener than their horses, and they say they get around faster. The expense is, of course, less, and to those that like the exercise the comfort is greater.—New York Post.

It Gives

Consumptives and sufferers from wasting diseases greater strength and healthy flesh and supplies the needed nourishment to nursing mothers.

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Book on Dreams and Superstition mailed FREE on receipt of name and address.

THE DEAD SLANDERED

BASE ATTEMPT TO BLACKEN A MARTYR'S MEMORY.

Violation of the Sanctity of the Confessional Charged—The History of the Church Proves How Groundless Is the Shocking Calumny.

Recently we have had served up anew in the New York Journal the story of the confessional and the Philippine islands' insurrection which has appeared in The Tribune and been denounced not only by ourselves, but also by our vigilant contemporary, the Boston Pilot, as "an infamous falsehood." It is dish up most elaborately for this occasion and at the same time with some skill. First, the general charge is made that the governor of the Philippines got the priests of Cavite monastery to tell him the secrets of the insurgents, procured in confession from the wife of the leader, a man named Venencia. Later on, the report then goes on to say, the priest (here the charge changes from the plural to the singular number) of Cavite who wormed the secret from the woman was captured by the insurgents and put to death after being unmercifully tortured.

Here we get into clear ground to shape itself into the one horrid fact that the priests of Cavite monastery were attacked in their retreat by these savage insurgents and one of their number cruelly martyred. The priest is in his grave, and there is no one to deny the shocking story put forth to blacken his memory after his life had been pitilessly taken. Base and inhuman were the savages who perpetrated the deed, but they are savages, or little removed in any way from the savage state. Baser a thousand degrees is the educated white man who reiterates this horrible slander on such grounds as we find here set forth.

Again and again has it been demonstrated before the whole world that there is nothing so sacred in the Catholic church as the seal of the confessional. Over and over again priests have suffered outrage, imprisonment and even martyrdom rather than reveal what they are bound by such solemn obligations to guard to the death.

In the church's martyrology there is one name especially high, that of St. John Nepomucene, the Bohemian priest who, as a confessor to the queen, was drowned in the Moldau by the king's minions because he would not render up the sacred trust confided to him by his royal penitent. Only a short time ago in France an aged pastor was liberated from prison, where he was confined for several years on a false charge of murder and from which he could have freed himself if he would but disclose what had been revealed to him in confession, the real murderer being an old domestic of his own.

Instances of this kind could easily be multiplied, nor are they to be sought for only in the countries of the old world. In Canada only a few months ago we had a case in point, wherein a priest was sent to jail for refusing to give up the secrets of the confessional. Even in the case of the many unfrocked and excommunicated priests that have turned their weapons of defamation against the church none of them has been ever found base enough to violate his solemn vows in this regard.

Next to the treasure of the Divine Presence within her which the church holds, there is nothing, we reiterate, held in such sanctity as the inviolability of the confessional. For no reason whatsoever under heaven is a priest suffered to disclose whatever of sorrow or anxiety or sin is laid before him in order that the saving grace of penance and absolution be laid upon the restless brow of unquiet conscience.—Catholic Standard and Times.

CHRIST'S BRIDE.

Who Fights Against the Catholic Church Fights Against God.

The Catholic church is the ancient mother of us all, and when Christian men and editors don't know nor understand nor like the ways of Catholicity then it is their province and duty to "be still" until they are providentially enlightened, and they should never try to gain mercenary advantage for their own individual sect and paper by unfavorable criticism and disparagement of our old mother church.

The Roman Catholic church, whether we like her or not, has nevertheless "come to stay," for she is eternally founded upon the Rock, Christ Jesus. And it is also written in his infallible and inspired word that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her (Matthew xvi, 18). Whoever fights against her, Christ's bride, must consequently and necessarily be found fighting against God. And no one but a fool, an infidel or a lost soul will be guilty of such indecisibly fearful and eternal soul suicide. It is too unutterably awful to contemplate.—Rev. Silliman Blagden, Boston.

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For this month Parsons & Co. are offering a reduction in Trousers; \$6.00 Trousers have been marked down to \$5.00, making as cheap Trousers as can be bought in any ready-made store. These Trousers are all-wool worsted and are warranted in every respect. We make a specialty of cleansing and repairing, using the best methods of cleansing known in the trade.

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THE PHENIX PHARMACY

L. J. PASTOR, Ph. G., Prop.
CORNER SCHOOL AND FRANKLIN STS.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

St. Patrick, whose work as a wonder
Is the theme of oration and song,
Was a diligent, true son of thunder
In an age of oppression and wrong.
While the doctrine of loving each other
Lay dormant and dead from its birth,
And no man called his fellow his brother
On the path of God's beautiful earth:
While envy and terror and battle
Drove men to the brink of despair,
Reduced them to dumb driven cattle
Or the place of the beast in the lair,
This shepherd and son of the mountain,
In prayer, beneath the sunset of even,
Blended his thirst at Jehovah's own fountain,
Lift his lamp at the altar of heaven.
That bright little isle of the ocean,
Old Erin, the home of the brave,
Still remembers St. Patrick's devotion
And treasures the gift that he gave,
And her sons in the deepest recesses
Of civilization and fame
Come forth on this day with their tresses
And weave a bright wreath for his name.
—Thomas Baird.

LADY MONTAGU'S SHAMROCK.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

[Copyright, 1897, by the Author.]

On St. Patrick's day, in the year of
1897, only a little crowd gathered
on Cork hill to watch the time honored
military pageant called the trooping of
the colors. Lady Montagu, as she
drove up to the castle gates in her mag-
nificent carriage and pair, appeared to
be quite disappointed. Turning to her
handsome escort, Major Lascelles, of the
Horse Guards Blues, she said, with a co-
quettish attempt at a frown: "And is
this the great mirth provoking spectacle
you have promised me—the crowd of
mad revellers and noisy wits? Why, Ma-
jor Lascelles, these poor creatures look
more like monkeys than merry-makers!"
"Your ladyship is unquestionably
right," replied the officer. "I must
plead guilty to a great mistake. I for-
got that there had been an abortive in-
surrection this year. The people are al-
most all in prison awaiting trial."
"Very naturally. If that is the ex-
planation, I respect them for it, my
dear major. You told me that they ad-



She did not wish to commit herself.
waved before the vice regal people and
made an exhibition of themselves when
the lord lieutenant and his party flung
saxepences in the gutter for them to pick
up."

"And I have seen some of them do it,
your ladyship, on other Patrick's days.
They used to dance and demonstrate in
the castle yard until we were tired
watching their fooling."

"You gave me a wrong idea of an
Irish crowd, I must say," replied the
disappointed beauty. "I've seen people
at Epsom races behave like fantastic
idiots, and they were London people
most."

Major Lascelles looked a little sheep-
ish. It was no light matter for him to
have the rich and beautiful Lady Mon-
tagu, the cynosure of the court circle,
find that she had been misled even in
so small a thing as this by his assur-
ances.

"Appearances are sometimes mislead-
ing, your ladyship," he began to stam-
mer, when his confusion was relieved
by the stoppage of the coach and the
sound of a high pitched male voice, rich
with the rancor of Liffey brogues, call-
ing:

"Green shamrocks, sweet lady! Will
you buy a shamrock to make you pur-
tier?"

He saw that Lady Montagu smiled,
while her eyes and her parted lips be-
trayed a sort of pleased curiosity. Men-
tally he blessed the winsome face and
the musical twang which had brought
so welcome a diversion.

The extended hand—a small yet not
overlain one—held up temptingly a
pretty bunch of Ireland's legendary
symbol. He looked inquiringly at the
fair face beside him.

"Yes," said Lady Montagu, "I will
take the shamrock, and, what's more,
I'll wear it today."

A look of astonishment for an instant
flashed from the major's eyes, but there
was something in the face of the im-
pudic beauty beside him that checked
the exclamation he was about to utter.
It was widely known that Lady Mon-
tagu was wilful and in her moods did
frank things that made the fashion-
able world lift its eyebrows in mild sur-
prise.

Opposite were the iron gates of the
castle. Two scarlet coated soldiers held
them open, ready to close them as soon
as the equipage had passed inside.

The driver whipped his horses on, and
the vendor of the shamrocks was nearly
swept under the wheels, so sudden was
the movement. She was agile, fortu-
nately, and quickly sprang to the curb-
stone, running after the vehicle till the
iron gates and the peregrinary "Halt!"
of the armed sentry stopped her.

"Please let the woman in," said Lady
Montagu, speaking to the guard from the
carriage window as they prepared to
close the gates. "I wish to have a
bunch of shamrocks."

The guards looked at each other, smil-
ing, but hesitating. They had strict or-
ders to admit none of the crowd.
"It is all right, men," said Major

Lascelles authoritatively. "Do as the
lady wishes."

His uniform, the rich one of field
officer of the Queen's household troops,
bespoke his rank. Major Lascelles, too,
was known to be a friend of the colonel
of the men's regiment. He knew what
his order meant—transference of re-
sponsibility from them to himself. In a
moment the woman was inside, and the
gates were again closed and bolted.

Lady Montagu looked around. It was
the first time she had been inside Dub-
lin castle. She saw a great quadrangu-
lar courtyard before her, with lines of
scarlet coated infantry forming three-
fourths of a hollow square. In the center
of this square stood a towering ser-
geant major, erect and motionless as a
pillar, holding in his hands the festooned
colors of the regiment on guard at the
castle. A drummer and a bugler—
mere lads both—stood in front of the
standard bearer.

A second quadrangle, away beyond
this, revealed itself through an archway
in the midst of a long line of imposing
buildings, and this space, Lady Montagu
saw, was also filled with troops. Casting
her glance backward, she noticed that
heavy armor plates were bolted to the
upright bars of the iron gates, and that
two field guns stood on the side paths,
their muzzles pointing to the street out-
side.

"Mercy on me," exclaimed the draw-
ing room goddess as she took in these
warlike portents in a comprehensive
glance. "The place looks as if it were in
a state of siege! Major Lascelles, do you
think there is any likelihood of real
fighting?"

"I am sorry to say I do not," he an-
swered, smiling at her alarm. "They are
only making a show of military
preparation to overawe the people. Now,
my lass, those shamrocks!" he called to
the girl after he had handed the
lady from the carriage.

He took the little wreath, and with a
graceful bow handed it to Lady Mon-
tagu. A goldpiece dropped into the
girl's hand, with a haughty wave at her
suggestion of change, elicited a litany
of fervent aspirations for the temporal
and spiritual welfare of the beautiful
lady and himself which made them both
laugh heartily.

They stood in a wide porch, above
which is a long balcony, on which the
first floor windows of the vice regal
mansion open out. The girl of the
shamrocks as she moved away turned
her eyes upward and exclaimed: "Well,
God bless the old times, when we could
all dance till we were tired in this big
place, and the fine ladies and gentlemen
'd look on from up there—aye, and
often get up a jig, too, themselves!"
They were the days when there were
hundreds of money, but they were too
good to last. I've seen many a fine lord
and lady up there, but never as lovely
as your ladyship and his honor there.
God forever bless you both and send you
luck and—"

Here she paused, for she evidently did
not wish to commit herself to any de-
cided opinion as to the relations in
which, in her mind, her benefactors stood
toward each other. Her hesitation and
her ingenuous look of doubt and fear of
offending against the proprieties again
caused them to laugh in unfeigned en-
joyment of the situation.

Leaving them to enjoy their mirth,
the girl turned away and crossed the
square behind the lines of armed men.
As she did so she glanced up in the di-
rection of the row of old fashioned
houses which front the castle on Cork
hill, and the topmost window of which
commanded a view of the courtyard. Those
houses were kept under close surveil-
lance lest they might be utilized for an
attack on the lord lieutenant, the Mar-
quis of Abercorn. A detective stood at
the door of each, and a corps of special
officers, posted in different disguises on
Cork hill, watched every window, every
man carrying a loaded revolver in his
pocket ready to open a fusillade at the
smallest symptom of danger.

In all those windows but one there
was no sign of life. The heads of two
little girls could be seen looking down
on the scene below, laughing and talk-
ing evidently in the careless, happy
way of childhood at each movement of
the people and the mounted police out-
side the castle gates.

A very redheaded little maiden one of
these children was. There was nothing
peculiar about her.

Behind the backs of the troops the
girl with the shamrocks picked her way
until she had gained the edge of the
archway opening on the upper castle
yard. Here she paused and looked up
toward the window where the children
were playing. Then she slowly raised



"TALBOT!" EXCLAIMED THE GIRL UNDER HER
BREATH.
her basket and placed it on her head
and passed under the arch.

The red head simultaneously disap-
peared from the window.
It is in the lower castle yard that the
famous Dublin police have their head-
quarters. A couple of hundred of these
gigantic representatives of the law are
lodged close to the cavalry barracks, and
across the roadway is the police com-
missioner's office. It was toward this



place that the shamrock lassie directed
her steps.

A couple of herculean fellows were
looming about the door, displaying
their proficiency in the difficult art of
doing nothing and yet seeming to be
deeply occupied mentally and physical-
ly. To these the girl seemed to be well
known, for they received her pleasant-
ly, and she had no difficulty in wheed-
ling them into buying some of her
verdant wares.

"Sure, it's against the rules," said
one of them, "to wear the blessed flow-
er, but you'd coax the birds off the
bushes, Nelly O'Dowd, with them
cherry lips and sky blue eyes of yours."
"No matter," replied the laughing
maiden roguishly. "Sure, you'll be
'drawing your shamrock' when you get
off duty, and how could you do that,
I'd like to know, unless you had the
shamrock to draw?"

The men laughed heartily at this
conundrum. Nelly O'Dowd was astute
enough to seize the advantage their good
humor afforded her.

"Can't I go in to see the chief," she
said in her most seductive tones, "just
for a moment only? Who knows but I
might get a half crown from him for one
of my bunches of shamrocks!"

"No, you can't—not this way," re-
plied one of the giants, "but whisper—"
and he stooped down and lowered his
voice—"the side door under the corner
is only on the latch. Slip in there, and
you'll catch him in his private office.
Nobody will get any blame for that, for
we can pretend we never saw you."

"Oh, you're a jewel, sorra a thing
less!" exclaimed the girl warmly as she
skipped away. "Won't I pray that you
may soon have the three V's? (Bands
of gold lace on the arm, denoting the
rank of sergeant.)"

She waved a kiss and smiled a witch
spell at the good natured giants as they
disappeared, and they laughed lazily
and looked after her longingly.

"Nelly is a brick," said one. "She's
gone in to try to coax the chief about
that boy of hers."

"And I wouldn't wonder if she suc-
ceeded," responded the other. "She's
the biggest delinquent I ever came
across. Old Nick himself couldn't re-
fuse her anything."

"I think she has the four leaved sham-
rock. But Talbot is with the chief now,
and that's one chance against her."

The girl meanwhile had entered the
hall leading to the office of the chief of
police. She knocked, but received no
answer, for just then all the regimental
bands were crashing out "God Save the
Queen," and the roar of the martial
music drowned all other sounds.

"They'll follow this up with 'Patrick's
Day,'" said Nelly to herself, "and
play other things besides, now that the
lord lieutenant is coming out. I'll make
bold and turn the handle."

Suiting the action to the word, she
pushed the door open and went in. The
music completely covered the movement.

A tall screen cut the room, a large
one in two. There was no one in the
portion in which the girl found herself,
but she heard voices on the other side.
An armchair and an office table littered
with papers were the sole furniture
and a couple of large maps the sole de-
corations. On a tray beside the inkstand
lay what appeared to be an ordinary
egg. It made the girl smile. Such an
object in the office of the chief of police
seemed to her very ridiculous. But the
smile soon became lost in the look of
eager interest which flashed into her
face with the first words she caught
from inside.

"It must be done, Talbot. We'll never
get juries to convict unless we can
show them these men are the desperate
villains we say."

"Talbot!" exclaimed the girl under her
breath. "That's the spy they say is
swearing in men himself to get the
blood money."

"Well, if you say it must, chief, must
it is, I suppose. But how do you propose
to do it?"

"You must get some fellow of nerve,
like yourself. You must not risk your
own life in the matter, for you're too
valuable just now. When the lord lieut-
enant is going to the theater, he must
be at hand with a bomb. College green
will be the best place, I think. 'Tis
widest there."

"A bomb! That wouldn't be easy to
handle, I'm afraid—too bulky, I mean."

"Leave that to me, I've a little thing
on the table inside, a new affair called
nitroglycerine, a harmless looking little
thing. You wouldn't know it from an
egg, but 'twould blow up this house, for
all that, if you threw it on the floor."

Nelly's eyes dilated, and her breath
seemed for a moment lost, but only for
a moment. Ere the look of horror had
faded from her face she had seized the

infernal object, exchanged it for one of
a couple of eggs in her basket, which
she had bought for her midday meal,
and covered it up with the other in
tufts of shamrock.

"But if any mishap occurs the lord
lieutenant might be hurt."
"No; we'll take care of that. He will
be informed before I starts that there
is a plot. You see, he's so soft hearted
he'll never believe these Fenian fellows
are so bad as we want him to believe."

"Yes, I know. But what then? When
he hears this, he won't go, and where's
the fun then?"
"You must take his place. You're
just his height and build, and all you
want is the long whiskers. Get a pair
made and pick out your man and then
you can arrange the job between you so
that the explosion can take place where
nobody of you will be hurt."

"But the escort may cut him down
with their sabers."

"You see to that. You can jump out
of the carriage and play the hero, re-
scue him from the soldiers and hand him
over to the police."

"Egad, it's a bright idea," cried the
spy, laughing heartily, "and it suits
my fancy. The job that has a dash of
danger in it is just the one that suits
me best. What money is there in it,
chief?"

"A hundred pounds apiece for you
and your partner. Only take care he's
not one to blab."

"Blab! If he did, he'd never live to
swear to it," laughed the truculent
spy. "Oh, no! Any one that does any
work for Talbot knows the sort of man
he is."

All right, then. Wait till I give you
the bomb."

Nelly stepped back a pace or two, be-
hind on the door handle, as though she
had just come in. There was no time to
think of any means of escape.

The chief, as he came in, looked at
her darkly and wonderingly. "Who are
you, and what the devil brought you
here?" he said gruffly.

"Not to sell shamrocks," she answered
firmly, "but to make a bargain. I've
something to tell you that you'd give
£1,000 to hear."

He looked at her keenly. He was a
man of discernment, and he knew that
the girl was serious.

"Wait here a moment," he said, tak-
ing the egg off the tray and disappear-
ing behind the screen.

Terrible as the situation was, the girl
could not repress a triumphant smile as
he went out. So beautifully laid a plot
and so ridiculously frustrated! This was
what she thought.

"Well, what have you got to say to
me?" queried the functionary when he
reappeared. "Be quick. I must be off to
look after the levee."

"'Tis about poor Jack Darcy, sir. His
mother is dying—dying of a broken heart—
all on his account. Sure the poor boy
did nothing."

"Can't" muttered the chief. "He was
one of those taken at Tallaght, and he
can give us valuable information, for
he's in the inside swim."

"But he won't!" she exclaimed re-
pentantly. "He'd rather die first, and
we'd rather see him dead too!"

"Well, what interest have you got in
him, pray?"

"We're engaged to be married, sir,"
she replied, blushing and dropping her
eyes. "But, poor as I am, I'd never
marry one who was so bad as to be an
informer."

"Ah, and so that's the kind of a girl
you are? Well, you'll have to postpone
your wedding—maybe for ten years."

He folded his arms and smiled grimly
as he said this.

"She uttered a great cry, for she
knew what these ominous words meant.
Then she fell on her knees on the floor
and sobbed piteously. Stolid as he was,
he eyed her half pityingly.

"You said you had something to tell
me," he said. "Give over and let me
hear it."

"Well, it's this," she replied, rising
defiantly—"that if you don't show
mercy to Jack Darcy his mad brother
Will is sworn to have blood, and that'll
be today. He's sworn on the Bible to
kill the lord lieutenant—he's in a place
where he can do it—and when he hears
that there's no chance for Jack he'll
shoot him. He was never in his senses,
sir, and the sight of the cold mother dy-
ing has made him mad out and out."

The officer started. He stepped back
a pace and looked at the girl sternly.
Her gaze met his unflinchingly. There
was truth in her tear dimmed eyes.
"You are fooling me," he said stern-
ly. "Do you think I'm a child to be
frightened at this old woman's story?"

"As God is looking at me," she cried
passionately, "'tis the gospel truth!"

Now, I've warned you, and you know
what to do."

"I cannot do it," he replied after a
pause. "My duty is to keep my prison-
er. Now, go away."

She turned a despairing glance upon
his face. She saw he meant what he
said. All the dogged policeman's spirit
was written on his face.

"Well, I've one card left yet," she
said. "I'll force my way somehow into
the lord lieutenant's presence and tell
him of his danger. He'll surely grant
me Jack Darcy's liberty for saving his
own life. And while I'm at it I'll just
let him know what you and that villain
Talbot have just concocted between you.
I overheard every word of it."

"You shan't stir a step out of this,
you jade!" he cried furiously. "You're
a prisoner!"

He made a stride toward the girl to
seize her.

"Hold off! Go back, on your life!"
she retorted. "Another step, and I'll
blow you sky high! See! Your infernal
machine!"

She had plucked the bomb from her
basket and held it ready to drop on the
heartstone.

His face blanched instantly. Impul-
sively he retreated tottering toward
the screen.

"Don't, for God's sake!" he jerked
out. "I give in. Jack Darcy will be let
out in an hour if you swear not to tell what
you know."

"I do swear it, so help me God, if
you keep your word," she replied. "But
I'll keep the bomb to prevent mischief."

In a moment she was gone. The chief
sank helplessly into a chair, great cold
beads of perspiration standing on his
brow.

While this brief drama was being en-
acted the lord lieutenant and his lady
had been receiving their visitors.
Lady Montagu and her escort were
of the party. She had been presented at
court, and therefore needed no formal
introduction now. Major Lascelles was
there by right as one of the viceroys's
aides. Her ladyship knew many of the
party and was soon the center of a bril-
liant circle.

Her beauty made her conspicuous
even in a company of women many of
whom were famous for their graces.
The lord lieutenant himself paid her
marked attention, much to the chagrin
of Major Lascelles.

The clock struck 12. It was time for
the vice regal party to appear on the bal-
cony, according to immemorial usage.

"Oh, I have lost my shamrock!" cried
Lady Montagu as the party moved for-
ward. "What shall I do for the dear
little flower?"

"If you will accept mine, you will
honor me by wearing it," said the vice-



regent, "FOR GOD'S SAKE!" HE JERKED OUT,
roy, bowing gallantly and presenting
her with a bunch fastened with a dia-
mond aigret.

She accepted the gift with a profound
courtesy, whose grace was as fuel to the
fire in Major Lascelles' heart. He looked
so serious when her eyes met his an
instant later that she could not help
smiling. "Why did you not give me
your shamrock, major?" she said ban-
teringly.

"I would give you my life," he said
sotto voce. "But, alas, I was fool
enough to think there was nothing in
the shamrock when I might have won the
fairest rose in all the garden with one."

As the vice regal party stepped upon
the balcony the hands again thundered
out the British national anthem. In the
window where the two children's heads
had been noticed the ruddy curls of the
one which had disappeared were again
visible.

"They're coming out now," whisp-
ered a man who was crouching beneath
the window sill, his hands fiercely
clutching a rifle. "Look out, Kitty, for
the man who wears a shamrock among
'em!"

The fire of lunacy was in his eyes.
The children felt a vague terror, though
they did not divine his purpose.

"I see no man with a shamrock
there," said the little girl, "but I see
ladies wearing them."

"Ah, I see a servant bringing a big
bunch and handing it to a gentleman,"
replied the watcher.

The man rose and told the children
to go down stairs. His face, white, wild
and hard set, appeared above the win-
dow sill.

At that moment the castle gates were
flung open and a woman darted out.
She cast one glance up at the window
and saw the face and saw a rifle barrel.
No one else in the crowd saw these.

She stood in the center of the road-
way and waved her arm wildly at the
window. "Don't, Will!" she shrieked.
"I've saved him! Jack is free!"

The face and weapon disappeared
from the window, and the woman fell
in a heap on the stone pavement. The
people thought her a crazed thing or
maybe drunk, but they little dreamed
that the shamrock she had sold to Lady
Montagu had saved the viceroys's life.

But that was exactly what happened on
St. Patrick's day in 1867.

HIS SWEETEST SONG.

THE AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN MA-
VOURNEEN" A MUSICAL PRODIGY.

His Early Life in England—His Evolution
of the Melody That Is Known All Over
the World—Sketch of Nicholas Cronch,
the Remarkable Composer.

Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is break-
ing:
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
The lark from her light wing the bright dawn
is shaking.

Kathleen Mavourneen! What! Slumbering
still?
Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we may
sever?
Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we were
part?
It may be for years, and it may be for ever.
Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my
heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slum-
bers!
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden
light:
Ah, where is the spell that once hung on my
numbers?

Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night:
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are
falling:
To think that from Erin and thee I have
part!

It may be for years, and it may be for ever.
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my
heart?

"He died with a song upon his lips."
Such is the brief obituary line of the



NICHOLAS CRONCH.

composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen"
and 2,000 other ballads. His life was
an eventful romance from the first chap-
ter to the last.

A famous writer has said: "There is
no eloquence that thrills like Irish elocution:
there is no poetry that touches
like Irish poetry; there is no wit so keen
as Irish wit; there is no melody as
sweet and plaintive as Irish melodies."

Professor F. Nicholls Cronch, F. R. S.
(such was his habitual appellation), was
born in Warren street, Fitzroy
square, Marylebone, parish of St. Pan-
cras, London, on July 31, 1808.

At 21 he was violinist before Bar-
sini, and a little later he was at Drury
Lane, in London, famous and accom-
plished. There he wrote his first song,
"Zephyrs of Love" for Miss Annie Tri-
and "The Swiss Song of Meeting" for
the celebrated Mme. Malibran. Then
too, he formed an acquaintance with
John Howard Payne, and when the
equally unfortunate genius produced his
opera, "Clari, the Maid of Milan," the
orchestra was directed by Cronch. In
this opera "Home, Sweet Home," was
sung for the first time on any stage.

It was Mrs. Crawford's pen—for the
words are hers—that gave to the mu-
sical the inspiration of his best song:
Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slum-
bers!

The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden
light:
Ah, where is the spell that once hung on my
numbers?

HIS SWEETEST SONG.

THE AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN" A MUSICAL PRODIGY.

His Early Life In England—His Evolution of the Melody That Is Known All Over the World—Sketch of Nichols' Career, the Remarkable Composer.

Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is here. The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill. The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking.

Kathleen Mavourneen! What! Stumbling still? Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we may meet?

Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part? It may be for years, and it may be forever.

Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart? Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumber!

The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light. Ah, where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?

Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night! Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling.

To think that from Erin and thee I must part. It may be for years, and it may be forever.

Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart? "He died with a song upon his lips." Such is the brief obituary line of the

composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen" and 2,000 other ballads. His life was an eventful romance from the first chapter to the last.

A famous writer has said: "There is no eloquence that thrills like Irish eloquence; there is no poetry that touches like Irish poetry; there is no wit so keen as Irish wit; there is no melody as sweet and plaintive as Irish melodies."

Professor P. Nichols Crouch, F. R. S. (such was his habitual autograph), was born in Warren street, Fitzroy square, Marylebone, parish of St. Pancras, London, on July 31, 1808.

At 21 he was violinist before at Drury Lane, in London, famous and accomplished. There he wrote his first song, "Zephyrs of Love" for Miss Annie Tree, and "The Swiss Song of Meeting" for the celebrated Miss Malibran. There, too, he formed an acquaintance with John Howard Payne, and when the equally unfortunate genius produced his opera, "Clari, the Maid of Milan," the orchestra was directed by Crouch. In this opera "Home, Sweet Home," he was sung for the first time on any stage.

It was Mrs. Crawford's pen—for the words are hers—that gave to the musician the inspiration of his best song: Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumber!

The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light. Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!

He had seen the little poem in a British magazine, or the authoress sent it to him (Crouch himself was doubtful), and he was impressed with the rhythmic beauty of the lines and the tender pathos of the theme. They kept jingling in his brain, and one day, while riding along the grounds of the Duke of Bedford's castle at Aylesbury, near the banks of the beautiful stream Tamar, in Devonshire, he evolved the melody that was destined to be sung by countless generations and in almost every tongue.

When he returned to his lodgings, he completed the song. This was in 1835. It was first sung by himself at a little concert in Plymouth, and later he presented the score and copyright to Mrs. Peter Roen, the wife of a music dealer in that English town, of whom he was very fond. The house of Roen failed, and their effects passed into the possession of D'Almeida & Co. of London, who issued numerous editions of the melody. With this were connected "Dear Mother," "The Marriage," "Death of Dermot," the quartet forming a history of Irish love and romance.

An unfortunate marriage drove him to the United States. In Portland, Me., which he frequently revisited, being there last on his eighty-seventh birthday, he taught music from 1849 to 1856.

Personally he was stalwart and broad shouldered, about 5 feet 7 inches in height, with wondrous black eyes that age never dimmed. The hair clung tenaciously to his scalp, and, with his long drooping moustache, was until a few years ago coal black in color and of silky texture. He did not look to be over 60 years of age and was an embodiment of physical vigor till near the end. In his youth and middle age he must have been a singularly handsome man. The memory of him is that of a musical prodigy for his compositions fill nine volumes.

ALBERT P. SOUTHWICK.

CROUCH'S BIRTHPLACE.

The cradle of Jesus.

The Lesson of Her Life Illustrates the Power of Divine Faith.

We see St. Agnes standing before a pagan judge. She is on trial for her life. Her crime is her faith. She believes in the divinity of him whom men reviled and finally crucified, and she refuses to worship the gods whom men created and adored. Of course she was found guilty. She confessed her faith and gloried in it and refused to renounce it. Her sentence is pronounced, and it amazes her. She thought she would be thrown to the beasts in the arena, that she would be burned at the stake or beheaded, but it was worse than all these. Surely justice is a mockery when it pronounces a sentence such as this.

She is surprised, but not afraid. She knows that he to whom she has given herself will not permit her to suffer in solitude. She is led from the palace of justice to the palace of impurity. But he who first attempts to offer her insult falls dead at her feet. Around his own the Lord of glory throws the mantle of his protection, and he that seeks to do them harm defies his power and incurs his awful wrath. She did not glory on the fall of her tempter, but remembered the example of him who said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." She prayed the Lord to pity him and have mercy. Her prayer was heard.

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What of my work without thee, Master, dear? No hour of toil can e'er be wholly dear If to thy servant thou remainest near.

What of my play without thee, Christ, my joy? Without thee 'tis the enemy's decoy. Without thy pleasure's sweetest coo doth e'er.

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What of my death without thee, Christ, my life? O Love, I'll cling to thee while grace is rife. Then wilt thou shield me from that mortal strife!—English Messenger.

THE CRADLE OF JESUS

RELICS OF THE NATIVITY PRESERVED IN ROME.

The Basilica of St. Mary Major Contains Many Treasures Associated With the Saviour—Rocks From the Grotto of Bethlehem and Clothes of the Infant Jesus.

In the basilica of St. Mary Major, at Rome, are preserved certain relics of the nativity of our Lord, concerning which a goodly number of Catholics have little or no knowledge, and of which we give a brief account.

First of all, the basilica possesses several rocks detached from the grotto of Bethlehem. The stable whither Mary and Joseph betook themselves on the eve of the nativity was in part a natural grotto and in part a constructed hut, according to a custom that still prevails in oriental countries and is found even in Italy and other portions of Europe. The wall against which the manger was supported was later on covered with a species of plaster and adorned with paintings, traces of which may still be discerned on the pieces brought to Rome.

Besides these rocks St. Mary Major possesses: The crib of our Lord, the sacra culla of the Italians (incunabulum in Latin), in which the Blessed Virgin placed the infant Jesus after having wrapped him in his swaddling clothes; these clothes, with the bands or strings that held them in place; the mantle of St. Joseph, which served as a quilt, and, finally, the straw with which the crib had been filled before Our Lady placed therein her divine Son.

Formerly this altar was situated in the great nave, a little in advance of the main altar. When Pope Sixtus V built the magnificent chapel which bears his name, the chapter of St. Mary's begged him to preserve intact the old chapel which had been for so many centuries the object of the veneration of the faithful. The architect accordingly received orders to dig below the new chapel a space large enough to contain the old one, which was transported entire down an inclined plane to the place it occupies at present under the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. A leaden chest or box inclosed in the altar contains pieces of rock incrustated with marble and plaster detached from the Grotto of the Nativity and some of the straw upon which the Redeemer lay.

In the urn of porphyry which serves as the table of the main altar are two smaller marble urns, holding pieces of the boards of the crib, with portions of the straw, the linen clothes and the mantle of the Saviour. These urns, with an inscription by Pope Paschal I set in place in the ninth century, were found intact when the work of repairing was undertaken in 1750.

To the two sides of the principal urn are attached vases of silver and crystal, which permit a view of the clothes, the bands and the straw of the crib.

A piece of St. Joseph's cloak is inclosed in a reliquary given to the church by Pope Pius IX. It was detached from the precious and magnificent relic preserved in the Church of St. Anastasia, where the pontiff formerly celebrated the mass of the Dawn on Christmas morning.

Finally, in a splendid reliquary of silver and crystal, kept ordinarily in the Chapel of the Crucifix, are preserved the most precious of the relics of the Nativity—the boards that formed the infant Saviour's crib. The holy crib no longer exists in its primitive form. It was a little bed formed of several boards—a cradle which not only received the infant Jesus at his birth, but served also as his resting place on the back of the ass during the flight into Egypt. The boards are five in number, each about 2 feet long and 6 or 7 inches wide, with a sixth and smaller one, which seems to be a mere fragment.

Blanchard, who, directed from Benedict XIV permission closely to examine the boards, discovered that they were covered with an ancient gold threaded cloth, on which appeared a Greek inscription. During a session of the Archaeological academy held at Rome in the month of December, 1892, the learned Father Cozza-Luzzi satisfied himself that this inscription had been intended to adorn a painting with figures of gold and serving as a reliquary for the swaddling clothes of the Saviour. The silver and crystal reliquary in which the boards are contained is surmounted by a golden statue of the infant Jesus, life size, reposing upon the straw and in the act of blessing.

The crib of our Lord is presented to the veneration of the faithful only once a year. On the 24th of December it is first exposed on an altar in the great sacristy. Then the four youngest canons of St. Mary Major, preceded by all the clergy, carry it in solemn procession to the Sistine chapel. After the mass of the Aurora they take it back and expose it on the tabernacle of the main altar. At 8 o'clock in the afternoon, at the close of the second solemn vespers, the cardinal protector of the basilica, followed by a concourse of the clergy, venerates once more the holy relic. A processional is drawn up, attesting the identity of the crib and the details of the ceremony, after which it is again inclosed, to be disturbed no more until the following year on Christmas eve.

The principal portions of these treasures are preserved at the altar of the crib.—Ave Maria.

A Fact About Bunyan.

Bernard Shaw, the London dramatic critic and playwright, believes that John Bunyan was a greater man than Shakespeare. Mr. Shaw is probably not aware of the fact that Bunyan took the main idea of the "Pilgrim's Progress" from the "Pilgrimage of Manhood," by the Cistercian monk, Guillaume de Guillville, a translation of which fell into the hands of the religious tinker and led him to literary immortality.—Sacred Heart Review.

ST. AGNES THE MARTYR.

The Lesson of Her Life Illustrates the Power of Divine Faith.

We see St. Agnes standing before a pagan judge. She is on trial for her life. Her crime is her faith. She believes in the divinity of him whom men reviled and finally crucified, and she refuses to worship the gods whom men created and adored. Of course she was found guilty. She confessed her faith and gloried in it and refused to renounce it. Her sentence is pronounced, and it amazes her. She thought she would be thrown to the beasts in the arena, that she would be burned at the stake or beheaded, but it was worse than all these. Surely justice is a mockery when it pronounces a sentence such as this.

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BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Charlotte Cushman and Her Farewell Appearance.

RECEIVING THE CROWN OF LAUREL.

A Remarkable Scene at Booth's Theater In 1874—Foot Bryant's Address and Miss Cushman's Reply—The Great Actresses' Friendships—Personal Characteristics.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, March 2.—Charlotte Cushman was not like any other woman I have ever met during a rather protracted sojourn in this vale of tears. Self-reliant as a man, she was withal as tender as a child in her dealings with those whom fortune had put beneath her. She it was to whom I was indebted for my first recognition as a stage manager of sufficient ability to handle pretentious productions, and the acquaintance thus begun in a business way continued for over a quarter of a century off and on. I wish to state right here

an elaborate production of "Henry VIII" which she was about to make at the Boston theater, then under the management of Thomas Barry. Naturally I accepted. Like all ambitious young men, I had ideas of my own as to how Shakespeare should be mounted. There were many expensive properties that I wanted. The management sometimes demurred, but was always overruled by Miss Cushman, who was bearing the expense. She was particularly fond of the character of Queen Catherine in this play, and I think it was her greatest role, although I am aware that the public preferred her as Meg Merrilies in "Guy Rimering." The engagement was a huge artistic success, but I do not think that the pecuniary return was overlarge. Miss Cushman, however, was just as amiable as though she had made a fortune.

Charlotte Cushman's Generosity.

I remember as well as though it were yesterday that just before the beginning of the last performance she called me into her dressing room and gave me a \$50 goldpiece, the obverse side of which was suitably engraved in commemoration of the engagement. This souvenir I valued above any other that I have owned, and I was really grieved when, many years after the occasion of its presentation it was stolen while I was traveling on one of the sound boats on my way, by a singular coincidence, to stage a production in the same Boston

theater with matters theatrical. There has never been a regular production in this country since the year 1880 which cost half as much as either of several which I might mention as having been made during the decade immediately preceding that period.

On the Point of Breaking Down.

Of all my recollections of Charlotte Cushman the most vivid is her appearance on the occasion of the farewell testimonial to her at Booth's theater in this city in 1874. I had charge of the stage that evening. The play was "Guy Rimering," in which Miss Cushman, of course, enacted the role of Meg Merrilies. No more brilliant audience ever assembled in a theater in this country. Scarcely a literary man of national reputation was absent, and the political, military, naval and art worlds were also well represented. Miss Cushman often declared afterward that she never played Meg in her life as she did that night. The audience almost shrieked its enthusiasm. But between the acts the great actress was sobbing quietly in her dressing room. She seemed to regret that the event which she herself had brought about was to be enacted, and the members of the company stood aloof, fearful lest a word might cause her to break down entirely.

At the conclusion of the performance Miss Cushman hurried to her room, and, getting off her stage clothes, donned everyday attire. The stage had meanwhile been set with a rostrum in the center. On this was a laurel wreath conspicuously displayed. Seated in a semicircle on the stage were many of the most prominent literati of the day. Among these were William Cullen Bryant, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edmund Clarence Stedman, William Winter and William Dean Howells. When I went to summon Miss Cushman, she was as nervous, she told me, as she was on the occasion of her first appearance on the stage. She was as white as death, and the lack of color was heightened by the severely plain black satin gown, white collar and cuffs and small black brooch which she wore. She felt certain that she could not go through the ordeal without breaking down, and although I affected to laugh at her fears secretly, I fully agreed with her. I led her to the "prompt" entrance and there turned her over to Mr. Winter, who escorted her to the rostrum, where he presented her to Mr. Bryant.

An Unusual Scene.

Mr. Bryant made a simple but heart touching little address, during the delivery of which the heroine of the occasion stood with bowed head, trembling like an aspen. At the conclusion the laurel wreath was placed upon Miss Cushman's brow, and as soon as the storm of applause which followed had subsided sufficiently for her to make herself heard she replied to the address of Mr. Bryant in a few words, which I wish I had been able to preserve, they were such models of unaffected simplicity, without the whiningly insincere undercurrent of self which so many persons feel called upon to assume upon similar occasions. Then the curtain fell, and the audience wildly called for another look at the favorite. This, for very good reasons, was not permitted.

But if the audience was on the verge of hysterics what is to be said of the 10,000 persons who were waiting patiently outside the theater for a glimpse of the popular idol? The streets were impassable, and it was easy to be seen that Miss Cushman could never be got through that crowd. Accordingly a ruse was resorted to. Another woman was dressed up as Miss Cushman and escorted to the waiting carriage, which for about five minutes, even with the assistance of a large number of policemen,

was unable to advance a foot. The vehicle was tipped so dangerously high in one of the mob's surges that the police were compelled to use their clubs to clear a way. Finally the "dummy" was got through all right, and every one started for the Fifth Avenue hotel, the space in front of which was soon blocked.

The real Miss Cushman was then escorted to the side entrance of the hotel by Commodore Tooker of the United States navy. The crowd remained where it had stationed itself and refused to leave until Miss Cushman had appeared on the balcony in response to repeated demands. No such ovation has ever been paid to any stage character in this country and none greater in any country. Hats, handkerchiefs and umbrellas were wildly thrown into the air without any thought of recovering them. In the midst of it all stood the great actress on the balcony, a suspicious moisture about her eyes, waving her hand to the thousands of admirers below.

That was Charlotte Cushman's last appearance in public. A few years later she died, leaving a void in the stage world which, at present, there appears to be little hope of filling.

L. JOHN VINCENT.

PERPETUAL ADORATION.

It Seeks to Bring the People to the Practice of Prayer.

What is the aim of the perpetual adoration? Its aim is twofold. It seeks to provide a continual guard of reverential love before the tabernacle in our churches and to bring the masses of the people to the practice of prayer and interior perfection by teaching them to realize what the blessed sacrament really is in order to bring about practical results in their own souls and those who come within their influence. They are led to understand the simplest forms of mental prayer by the circulation of little devotional leaflets in the true spirit of the church, written by Fr. Eymard and the religious of his order, and specially adapted to the use of the adorers.

They are instructed at their meetings in regard to the many interests of the blessed sacrament and led to undertake such practical good works as directly concern it, as the care of the altar, the instruction of poor children for first communion, the reverent preparation for the viaticum, etc. A special apostolate of prayer is encouraged among them for all the interests of the eucharistic heart of Jesus.

The motto of the association is, "Thy Eucharistic Kingdom Come," and its spirit is one of fraternal charity and co-operative zeal.—Catholic News.

Bare Ingratitude.

With more force than elegance an indignant young man discourses on the baseness of ingratitude, and has this to say of a case cited in proof:

"Mr. Jordan is a member of the French parliament. For years he has waged war against belief in God, against the church, against the prelates, priests and nuns, all of whom he declared he would send to the guillotine if he could. During all this time his daughter has been and now is being educated by the nuns of the Assumption at Neuilly and educated and supported for nothing, as he said he was too poor to pay for her board and tuition. The good nuns never told this."—Selected.

Campanini's Last Words.

"I hope I die a good Catholic" was the last sentence of the famous tenor to his wife and the attendants at his bedside, and, repeating "Ave Maria," he passed away as if to sleep. He was the best in his day and his heart as tender as his song was sweet.



CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN'S FAREWELL.

The Quincy Monitor.

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MARCH, 1897.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The Rev. Daniel O'Riordan, O. M. I., died at St. John's Hospital, Lowell, Mass., on February 20. Father O'Riordan was born in Cork, Ireland, December 28, 1846, and was educated in private schools in Cork and at the college of the Vincentian Fathers. He entered the order of Mary Immaculate for his novitiate at the Belmont house, near Dublin. He also pursued his studies at the scholastic house, at Autum, Saone, Loire, France. He completed his education for the priesthood at Ottawa. He was ordained in 1870 and began work in St. Joseph's church, Ottawa. In 1872 he was transferred to Lowell and was appointed to the directorship of the North Billerica mission. He was also Catholic chaplain at the state almshouse in Tewksbury. In 1873 he began his mission service, and Oct. 26, 1888, left Lowell for Buffalo. He was superior at Holy Angels' church there for four years. In 1892 he went to Plattsburg, and from there was assigned for missionary work in New York city and towns. When his health failed he was invited by Rev. Father Joyce, O. M. I., pastor of the Immaculate Conception church, Lowell, to that city. The funeral services were held on the morning of the 23d. Solemn high Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Joyce, O. M. I. Father Furner of St. Joseph's church, who was stationed at Plattsburg with Father O'Riordan, was deacon, Father Dorgan, sub-deacon, and the Rev. T. F. McManus of St. Peter's church master of ceremonies. A brief eulogy was pronounced by the Rev. Michael Roman, pastor of St. Peter's church. The burial was in the lot of the Oblate community in St. Patrick's Cemetery.

Rev. Wm. J. Corcoran, for nineteen years pastor of St. Vincent's church, on E street, South Boston, Mass., died at the parochial residence, on Feb. 21, after an illness of nearly two months' duration. Father Corcoran was born in Bandon, Ireland, Jan. 6, 1839, and received his early education in the schools of his native place. At 12 he came to America. He attended Holy Cross College and graduated with high honors. He next went to St. Sulpice seminary. Paris where he took a four years course and was ordained to the priesthood there in 1867. Returning to Boston, he was assigned to St. James' church on Harrison avenue, of which Bishop Healy, now of Portland, was then pastor, and he remained there three years as a curate. In 1870 he was transferred to Hyde Park, where he assumed the pastorate of the Catholic church and soon erected a new church, which was known as the Church of the Epiphany. This church was burned while Father Corcoran was yet pastor and the congregation then worshipped in the town hall. In 1878 Father Corcoran was transferred to the important field of labor at St. Vincent's church, South Boston, as the successor of Rev. Father Lane. Soon after assuming the pastorate of St. Vincent's Father Corcoran displayed his remarkable ability and taste, and many improvements were made in the interior of the church. On Oct. 5, 1895, Father Corcoran quietly observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate over the Hyde Park and South Boston churches.

Rev. Daniel J. Collins, a well-known and much beloved clergyman of the arch-diocese of Boston, Mass., died at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Collins, 9 Bartlett avenue, Arlington Heights, March 4, 1897. His early studies were made in the public schools. With a view to the priesthood he entered Boston college, where he passed seven years. He finished his studies at St. Joseph's Seminary in Troy, N. Y., and was ordained at that place Dec. 18, 1880. Immediately after his ordination he was assigned as assistant to Rev. John Gray at St. Joseph's church, Salem, and has remained there during all these years.

Maria Theresa, wife of the Duke of Wurtemberg, is to receive this year

DRAFTS ON IRELAND.

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the Golden Rose, the jewel which the Pope gives annually the member of a royal family who in his estimation has best served the Church in the preceding twelve months. Maria Theresa is one of the innumerable Austrian Archduchesses, her father having been the Archduke Charles, a brother of Francis Joseph's grandfather, and her mother a Princess of Nassau-Weilburg. She is fifty-two years old, and married Duke Philip in 1805. The famous Rose is an artistic piece of work in gold and precious stones, executed by Signor Taufani, the Vatican jeweler. It is blessed by the Pope on Mid-Lent Sunday during his own Mass.

A correspondent writing from Rome gives this interesting description of a memorable event: For many years there has existed in Rome a pious association for the conversion of heretics and infidels. Old age, however, has not affected its vitality, and in the "Catechumens' Institute" a considerable number of persons who are not of the fold yearly receive religious instruction, and afterwards the sacrament of baptism. Of those most prominently connected with the institute at the present day may be mentioned Commendatore Pacelli, the well-known Catholic journalist, and Baron d'Aubigny, a scion of a French noble house, now resident in Rome and prominently connected with philanthropic works. On Tuesday last an imposing function took place in the chapel of the institute. His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi, vicar-general to the Holy Father conferred the sacrament of baptism on no fewer than ten Jews. In this connection may be mentioned another conversion which took place in solemn form. On Sunday the rector of the North American College received into the church Mr. Adolphus Ruppel of Hamburg, a merchant who has large connections in the United States. The ceremony was attended by a large number of Americans. Many Germans were likewise present.

Nineteen years ago last Wednesday Leo XIII. was crowned with the Papal tiara in the Sistine Chapel, the ceremony taking place there for prudential reasons instead of in St. Peter's. Of all the cardinals who figured at that memorable ceremony by far the greater number have since passed to the other world. A notable exception, though, is the venerable Cardinal Martini, now the dean of the college, who as the cardinal-deacon placed the pontifical pallium on the new head of the church, and when the mitre was removed put in its stead the tiara, hailing, as he did so, Leo XIII. as the vicar of Christ upon earth.

Archbishop Williams received the vows recently which give the black veil to two young ladies at the Carmelite convent, Roxbury. One was Margaret Mary McCluskey, daughter of the late John J. McCluskey. Miss McCluskey will now be known in religion as Sister Margaret of St. John's. The other was Miss M. O. McGeough, daughter of a wealthy Philadelphia family. Her name in religion is Sister Navia of the Angels.

Miss McGeough was accompanied by her mother and brother Ignatius and her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Penn of Philadelphia. Mrs. James Nassau, Miss Abbie Nassau and Miss M. Mackettigan. The archbishop celebrated low mass in the chapel and gave holy communion to the two sisters. The following clergy assisted: The Revs. Thomas Walsh of St. Patrick's, R. J. Johnson of Gate of Heaven Church, J. A. Donahue, C. S. S. R.; P. J. Supple of the Working Boy Home, Nathaniel Merritt of Brookline. The sermon was by the Rev. Dennis O'Callaghan of St. Augustine's, South Boston.

After the ceremony the two sisters had a reception in the speak room of the convent.

Says the Ave Maria: "The first officer of the allied armies to enter Paris after the battle of Waterloo was a gallant Prussian officer, Heinrich Freudenfeld. Born in 1784, he had attained some distinction as a poet at the age of 25; but at the outbreak of the war which ended in Napoleon's overthrow, he accepted a position on the staff of General Zieten. After the war he resumed his studies, and in 1819 was appointed extraordinary professor of history at the newly-founded university of Bonn. He soon became convinced on historical grounds that Protestantism was anything but a

'reformation,' and frankly said so to his classes. There was an uproar in the lecture room; and Freudenfeld, being forced to resign, went to Rome, and was received into the church and was afterward admitted into the Society of Jesus. But his influence at Bonn was felt long afterward; and among the young men whom his historical lectures led into the church were the Franciscan writer, Franz Gossler, and the historian Iarcke. The rest of his life was spent in teaching in Catholic universities."

Within the past week poor box robbers have been at work in this city. During that period of time the boxes at St. John's church on School street have been broken into three times.

The despicable class of thieves have operated quite extensively in the churches of Boston and it was only a while ago that one of them was caught in the act and was arrested.

REV. P. A. HAYES.

The spacious church of St. John the Baptist on School street was filled to the doors on Sunday morning, when Rev. Patrick A. Hayes of this city, a newly ordained priest, celebrated his first mass on the altar he had so faithfully attended while a boy and a young man.

Fr. Hayes' friends in this city are legion and in the congregation which assembled at the church on Sunday morning, there were present others than of the Catholic faith, who had attended school with the young priest while he was a boy and had learned to love and respect him for his ever kind and amiable disposition.

Besides the general congregation, there were also present intimate friends from Boston, Dedham and other places. At the conclusion of the Gospel, Rev. F. A. Friguglietti, the pastor of the church, ascended the altar steps and spoke briefly on the significance of the honor pertaining to the office of priesthood. He also spoke in eulogistic terms of the young priest and congratulated his parents and relatives on the happy culmination of their high anticipations.

At the conclusion of the mass, Rev. Fr. Hayes gave his blessing to hundreds of people who gathered about the altar rail. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Rev. Fr. Hayes officiated at Vespers, after which several hundred more people gathered around the altar rail to obtain the blessing of the young priest.

A large number of people called on Rev. Fr. Hayes at the home of his parents in the evening and showered him with congratulations. Among those who called were Rev. F. A. Friguglietti and Rev. John P. Cuffe.

Rev. Fr. Hayes is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes of Phipps street. He received his early education in the Adams school. He then entered Boston College and, after spending several years there, he entered the college of St. Laurent in Montreal, Canada. He was to have been ordained at Christmas but, on account of the sudden death of the Bishop of that diocese, the ordinations were postponed till last Thursday. A number of Rev. Fr. Hayes' friends went to Montreal to witness the ordination ceremonies.

Fr. Hayes was, for many years, an altar boy at St. John's church and, during the greater part of his service there he was Master of Ceremonies. His genial good nature and sympathetic disposition drew to him many friends who now unite in wishing success in his sacred calling. As Fr. Hayes was ordained for the diocese of St. Louis, he will leave for that field of work about April 1. — From Quincy Advertiser.

Deafness Cannot be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75 c.

A Remedy For Snake Bite.
A resident of the Indian Territory sends the following remedy for snake bite to the Atlanta Constitution:

Take a piece of tobacco as large as a pullet's egg, cut it up pretty fine with common table salt, in equal portions. Mix the tobacco and salt together. Then take a potato masher or something blunt and put an onion of the same size in the mixture. Mash the onion up with the tobacco and salt. The substance in the onion will mix up a nice poultice. Then apply the mixture to the bitten part. Nothing to be put with it, such as water, as the onion will furnish the liquid.

JOKES AT COURT.

These Were Some Merry Men About King George's Throne.

A practical joke may be defined as one in which merriment is produced or sought, not by words, but by action, practiced upon a fellow creature—commonly an offensive or annoying action. Even if harmless it holds up the sufferer to ridicule, and intelligent human beings do not need to be told that such conduct is reprehensible. But if the joke be well contrived, sufficiently humorous in idea and neatly executed, we do not care so much as we should if it fall under the "practical" class. Who would not have liked to be present at the royal masquerade when Heidegger, master of the revels to George II, was confronted by his double? The Duke of Montagu had obtained a cast of the great man's face. From this he caused a wax mask to be fashioned and colored. Heidegger's tailor supplied a facsimile of the new and gorgeous dress he was to wear, and the duke engaged an actor to play the part. He told the band, at the last moment, to strike up "Charley Over the Water" at his majesty's appearance instead of "God Save the King." They hesitated. But it was indubitably Heidegger—features, voice, clothes and also imprecations when the conductor demurred. So the king heard that treasonable air, perhaps for the first time, on entering. We can faintly imagine the tumult. Heidegger rushed to the band, struck the conductor, set him playing "God Save the King" and rushed back to apologize. Next moment he returned to the orchestra, equally furious—that is, his double returned—ordering the band to resume "Charley Over the Water," and the bewildered musicians obeyed.

There was never such a scene in the presence of royalty. The officers of the guards in attendance made a dash at the band with swords, but in the secret blocked the way. Heidegger, dancing round the king, made inarticulate protestations and excuses, while his majesty stormed and threatened, making for the door. The situation became perilous. So the counterfeiter stepped forward crying, with passionate indignation: "Sire, the devil has taken my likeness to undo me. Look at him!" Heidegger saw his double, gasped, gibbered and fell senseless. One may think that longer and more complicated "business" might have been developed from such an ingenious hoax, but for a dramatic situation of its class this could not be beaten.

In some parts of South America good folks store all the glass and crockery broken in the twelvemonth and at carnival time put it into a sack attached to the lofty balcony by a stout cord, not quite long enough to reach the ground. When a desirable victim passes beneath, the sack is quietly let go—to be arrested with a hideous crash upon his very heels. It is credibly reported that foreigners unprepared for this jest have tumbled headlong at the shock and others have taken to their beds with an attack of fever. These are rare triumphs.

At the Sistine chapel on Good Friday each worshiper received a small whip on entering. Three candles only burned on the altar. When the first was extinguished, every one threw off his coat; the next, his waistcoat; the third was a signal to flog himself in pitch darkness. Sir Francis Dashwood, afterward chancellor of the exchequer, founder of the Dilettanti club and a personage whose name dwells in history, was visiting Rome. He provided himself with a stout riding whip and got admittance to the Sistine. When the flogging began, instead of titillating his own shoulders delicately he slashed his neighbors right and left with British whiplcord, conscientiously laid on. The scene is not yet forgotten in Rome. Dashwood had made his arrangements to escape. Horses and servants stood ready in a bystreet. He mounted and rode for his life, but some of his followers were captured, tried for sacrilege and sent to the galleys, if we remember right. It may be hoped that when the reckless youth became a power in Europe he did not forget those poor fellows.—London Standard.

His Ancestors.

An Irish gentleman was recently attended by an eminent London physician, who, pausing and looking at him with an inquiring glance, said:

"I should like to know, sir, if your family have been long lived?" "Long lived is it?" responded the patient thoughtfully. "Well, doctor, I'll just tell you how it is. Our family is a west of Ireland family, and the age of my ancestors depended entirely on the judge and jury who tried them."—Strand Magazine.

Uncivilized.

The Chinese are very heathenish in certain particulars. They pay all their debts on New Year's day every year.—Chicago Times-Herald.

HIERARCHY OF THE CHURCH.

The year book of the Vatican, the "Gerarchia Catholica," has been issued recently. Its leading data are the following:

At the head of the hierarchy, of course, stands Pope Leo XIII, himself, who was born March 2, 1810. The Cardinal's College is second in authority in the church, and should number 70 members, this having been the number determined upon by Pope Sixtus V. The college is, however, rarely complete, and at the present time there are 11 vacancies. Of the 59 cardinals composing this august body, the majority now, as has been the case for centuries, is composed of Italians. This nation is represented by 32 names, while the other Catholic countries of the globe have altogether only 27. These, again, are distributed in the following way: Four are from Germany, 4 from France, 4 from Spain, 4 from Austria, 2 from Hungary, 2 from Portugal, and 1 from each of the following countries: England, Belgium, Ireland, Rumania, Australia, United States and Canada. The next in rank in the hierarchy are the patriarchs, of whom there are 14, namely, 8 Latins and 6 Orientals. The next dignitaries are the archbishops, of whom there are 192 in all, namely, 174 Latins and 18 Orientals. These are followed by the bishops, who now number 707, namely, 714 Latins and 53 Orientals. Then come those officials who have the rank and authority of bishops, but are stationed in non-Catholic and heathen lands, namely, 10 apostolic delegates, 136 apostolic vicars, some of whom rank as archbishops while others are only bishops, and 17 abbés.

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A SURE way to save your dollars is to make your purchases where you are sure of getting the greatest value for your money. In buying coal you should be sure that your ton represents 2,000 pounds of real value, not 1,500 pounds of coal and the rest slate and dust, and if you would be doubly sure of getting your full value and saving from 25 cents to \$1.00 on each ton, you will leave your order with

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HOW WEARY IS OUR HEART!

Of kings and courts, of kindly, courtly ways In which the life of man is bought and sold, How weary is our heart these many days!

Of ceremonious embassies that hold Parley with held in diamond silken phrase, How weary is our heart these many days!

Of wavering counselors neither hot nor cold, Whom from his mouth God speweth, be it told, How weary is our heart these many days!

Yea, for the ravaged night is round the lands, And sick are we of all the imperial story, The tramp of power, and its long trail of pain; The mighty brows in meekest arts grown hoary;

The mighty hands That in the desert, affronted name of peace Bind down a people to be racked and slain; The emulous armies waxing without cease, All puissant, all in vain;

The pacts and leagues to murder by degrees, And the dumb throngs that on the dead thrones gaze;

The common, lawless lust of territory; The lips that only babble of their mart, While to the night the shrieking hamlets blaze; The bought elegance and the purchased praise;

False honor and shameful glory— Of all the evil weeds of this is part, How weary is our heart—

How weary is our heart these many days! —William Watson.

DURGIN'S

Mandrake Liver Pills

will cure your head-ache.

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cures your cough or no pay.

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does it in a moment.

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never fails to remove the most troublesome corn.

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is unexcelled by any. Prescriptions prepared—while you wait—accurately. We have got the stock.

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A COMPROMISE.

I had dined with St. Croix, and we were now on our way to some uninteresting people who were giving a dance. Since entering the cab the conversation had slackened. Apparently we both possessed ample food for reflection. As we rattled over some stories St. Croix suddenly shouted in my ear:

"You'll see her tonight, Ingram."

I had returned from the country that morning. Still deep in my thoughts, I replied:

"No such luck. She is a hundred miles from town, and"—

I stopped abruptly, as I caught a glimpse of his face. Fortunately he had not noticed my observation. "So," I continued, grasping the situation, "you have once again decided that the feminine interest in your life should be centered in one?"

"Ingram, old chap," he said solemnly, "it's serious this time." (I had heard this remark made before under similar circumstances.)

"I sincerely trust it is!" I replied. "A good looking, wealthy man, past 30, has no right to be unmarried. This has happened while I have been away!" I added.

He nodded. "And the maiden is"—I began. St. Croix actually looked confused. "Well, she's hardly"—he said awkwardly, "that is—of course she's young—well, the fact is, she's a widow."

I glanced at him reproachfully.

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Way to save your dollars is to make your pur-
chases where you are sure of getting the greatest
value for your money. In buying coal you should be sure
you get the best quality of coal, not 1500
pounds of coal and the rest slate and dust, and if you would
be sure of getting your full value and saving from
\$1.00 on each ton, you will leave your order with

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Of kings and courts, of kingly, courtly ways
In which the life of man is bought and sold,
How weary is our heart these many days!

Of ceremonious embassies that hold
Parley with hell in fond and silken phrase,
How weary is our heart these many days!

Of wavering counselors neither hot nor cold,
Whom from his mouth God speweth, he it told
How weary is our heart these many days!

Yes, for the raveled night is round the lands,
And sick are we of all the imperial story,
The tramp of power, and the long trail of pain;
The mighty knows in nearest arts grown
hoary;

The mighty hands
That in the dark, affronted name of peace
Bind down a people to be racked and slain;
The emulous armies waxing without cease,
All puissant, all in vain;

The pacts and leagues to murder by delays,
And the dumb throngs that on the deaf thrones
gaze;
The common, loveless lust of territory;
The lips that only babble of their mart,
While to the night the shrieking hamlets blaze;
The bought allegiance and the purchased
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False honor and shameful glory—
Of all the evil whereof this is part,
How weary is our heart—
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wardly, "that is—of course she's young—
well, the fact is, she's a widow."

I glanced at him reproachfully.

"Any—or?"

"No, no," he replied hurriedly. "Of
course there are no children. Why, man,
she's only young herself—husband died
in India—fever, snake bite or some other
handy thing of that kind. Oh, no," he
went on, with a smile, "I couldn't do it
if there were any children!"

"Have you actually proposed to her?"

"Not yet," he replied thoughtfully,
"but I feel that it is as good as settled.
Ingram," he continued, with an air of
enthusiasm, "she's adorable. She—"

"My dear St. Croix," I said, "these
confidences remind me of the good old
days."

"Ah!" he replied, with a sigh. "This
is no boyish flirtation!"

"By Jove!" he cried as an idea struck
him. "You two will get on capitally to-
gether! Having both been in India, you
will be able to—"

"Chat about her husband?" I sug-
gested.

St. Croix looked serious.

"Poor child!" he said in a com-
passionate tone. "She must have been very
unhappy during that time."

It is strange how men generally refer
to their wives' first marriages in this
way.

"We are admirably suited," he con-
tinued, his face lighting up. "I am 30,
and she—well, I should say she is 25.
A man should be a year or so older than
his wife."

"Yes," I agreed. "She is very young
for a widow."

"Much too young," replied St. Croix.

"That's one reason why she should
marry again."

"True," I said. "How long has it
been going on?"

He considered for a few moments.

"I first saw her," he said slowly, "at
10 minutes to 9 on Monday last week."

"My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "you
must hurry up matters. The lady will
positively weary of the courtship."

Just then the cab drew up with a
 jerk.

"Here we are," said St. Croix.
"Jump out!"

After greeting our hostess we sepa-
rated. Several people of my acquaint-
ance were there, and I had to go through
the usual number of duty dances. Pres-
ently I saw St. Croix coming toward
me.

"Ingram," he said, taking me by the
arm, "come with me."

There is nobody so exacting as the
man in love.

"She is waiting to be introduced to
you," he said as we made our way to
the conservatory. Here, in a secluded
corner (for St. Croix was experienced in
these matters), we found the lady.

"Mrs. Fordyce," said St. Croix, "al-
low me to—"

"Mrs. Fordyce!"

I looked at her, then burst out laugh-
ing.

"Dr. Ingram!" she exclaimed.

"You know one another?" cried St.
Croix, with a puzzled look.

"Why," I said, "I have known Mrs.
Fordyce since—"

"Yes, Dr. Ingram and I are quite old
friends," she interrupted, with a glance
at me.

I understood.

"That is jolly!" St. Croix said heart-
ily.

"I am not sure that Mrs. Fordyce
agreed with him entirely."

The strains of a waltz came through
the open doors. St. Croix looked at his
programme.

"Bother!" he cried. "It's my dance
with the daughter of the house. Will
you kindly look after Mrs. Fordyce, In-
gram?"

"I should be delighted," I replied,
and he hurried off.

As soon as he had disappeared I turned
to Mrs. Fordyce.

"It's all very odd," I remarked.

"What?" she queried. "That you
should turn out to be the friend Mr. St.
Croix has been talking to me about?"

I smiled, the quaintness of the whole
matter seeming infinitely amusing to me.

"No," I said; "that you should be
the lady whose charms he has been de-
scribing to me."

She blushed. I gazed at her critically.

"Pon my word," I exclaimed at
length, "it is positively marvelous to
think that it is close upon—"

"That is just what I don't want you
to think, doctor," she interrupted.

"But, my dear Mrs. Fordyce, you ac-
tually look younger and more beautiful
than you did when we were together at
Simla!"

She laughed.

"We have always been in the habit of
speaking plainly to one another."

"Yes," I agreed. "It saves time."

She gave me a nervous little glance.

"Oh," I said reassuringly, "I am
your friend!"

She was playing with the edge of her
fan.

"A woman is only as old as she
looks," she observed, "and I was mar-
ried at an extremely early age."

"St. Croix was perfectly right in
his estimate—25 he told me," I said,
with a laugh. "But that is a detail.
The thing that will surprise him most
will be the fact that Clare exists!"

She looked at me with a smile.

"Ah, you have met her at the Ros-
coes?"

"Yes, I found my little 10-year-old
sweetheart of Simla had grown into a
dainty young lady of 18! How is it," I
continued, "that St. Croix is ignorant
of her existence?"

"Well, he assumed I had no children,
and I—could not summon up enough
courage to tell him afterward. You see
what a difficult position I am in?" she
added plaintively.

"Yes, it is difficult," I agreed. "The
unexpected appearance of a full grown
daughter upon the scene might prove too
heavy a strain at this critical stage of
his love. A girl of 18 is a responsibil-
ity," I added.

All this time I had been hugging to
myself some special intelligence. I
thought it was about time to bring mat-
ters to a head.

"Mrs. Fordyce," I said, "do you real-
ly care for St. Croix?" She did not re-
ply for a moment.

"Yes," she said simply. "I really
love him. Oh, can't you suggest some-
thing?" and she looked at me pleadingly.

"Yes," I said quietly. "We will help
one another. Have you heard from Clare
today?" I continued.

Her hand went to her pocket.

"Why, yes," she said. "A letter came
as I was going out. I have not read it
yet."

"Would you oblige me by doing so, as
you have it with you?"

She drew an envelope from her pocket,
opened it, and smoothed the letter out.
As she read it a smile came over her
face.

"My dear doctor," she exclaimed, "do
you think one so young as Clare will
make you happy?"

"Did she not settle in in Simla years
ago that she would marry nobody but
the doctor?" I replied. "Have I mam-
ma's consent?"

She laughed happily.

"Really," I said, glancing at her, "I
hardly know whether I'm talking to
Clare or her mother."

St. Croix rejoined us.

"St. Croix," I said to him quietly,
after a minute or so, "I have been mod-
dling in your affairs—with a good re-
sult," I added.

He turned with a glad look of surprise
to Mrs. Fordyce.

"Is it 'Yes'?" he murmured.

"It's for you to say, after hearing the
doctor," she replied softly.

"The one condition is," I said abrupt-
ly, "that you agree to become my fa-
ther-in-law!"

He seemed to be quite surprised. I
tendered a few simple words of explana-
tion.

St. Croix glanced at Mrs. Fordyce—
she was looking radiantly beautiful—
and then did the most intelligent thing
he ever did in his life—accepted my pro-
posal.—Magnet Magazine.

NAPOLEON'S SECOND MARRIAGE.

The life of the great Conqueror was
as full of incidents as of hours, and
many of them had all the suddenness
and force of a coup-d'etat. The re-
lations of the Emperor with Josephine
and with her successor, Josephine
was formerly the wife of the vicomte
Alexander Beauharnais, and mother
Eugene Beauharnais, Hortense, also the
future queen of Holland and mother
of Napoleon III was also a child of this
marriage. Josephine's husband was
executed during the reign of terror,
and two years later, in 1796, she was
married to Napoleon Bonaparte. To
her latter husband Josephine mani-
fested every evidence of usefulness and

affection. Her brilliant qualities as an
entertainer drew to the house of Na-
poleon all that France could boast of
beauty, wealth and power. Had the great
soldier's ambition been content with the
mere honors of the consulate the life
of Josephine might have continued the
way of peace and happiness. She was
soon forced to regard her husband's e-
vil; and from the day when she be-
came empress, seemed to dread that
political motives might lead to the
dissolution of a marriage which had
proved fruitless. After scenes of the
most painful kind this took place. The
marriage was dissolved by law on Dec.
16, 1809, and the emperor at once set
about preparing for his new alliance

with Maria Louisa, daughter of the
Emperor of Austria. The marriage,
which took place in the following April
1810, was never fully recognized by the
Holy See. At its solemnization the
greater number of the cardinals resident
in Paris absolutely refused to be present,
despite the angry threats of the Em-
peror, which were carried into execu-
tion immediately after the festivities
were over. The pretended object of
this new marriage was indeed fulfilled,
a son was born, in 1811, was called the
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A GLIMMER OF LIGHT.

PRECURSING THE DAWN OF DRESS
REFORM FOR WOMEN.

But It May Soon Fade Away—Olive Har-
per on Corsets—The Divided Skirt and
Health Waists—Good News For Suffer-
ing Womanhood.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, March 2.—That the dress
reform movement, so called, has ap-
peared forcibly to suffering womanhood
and is widespread is shown in the fact
that the best and most elegant ladies in
Berlin and Vienna, to say nothing of
London, have adopted it more or less
openly. To wear a corset all day, and
that not even tight, causes the wearer
to heave a sigh of relief when night



comes and it can be removed. I will
not go over all the arguments we know
so well about the lasting physical in-
jury that comes from the lacing and the
dragging of the skirts upon the hips,
but simply show how the leaders of
fashion in those three cities have learned
to emancipate themselves, and I also
wish to present a few new ideas in-
vented by the ladies over the water.

The Princess of Wales and her daugh-
ters wear gowns especially designed for
walking on rainy days. Rain does not
keep them indoors, nor has a rain any
terror in the way of wet, dragged
skirts. They all have dresses of water-
proof cravatette made with the skirt
reaching but to the tops of their boots
and faced with light taffeta, and hem-
med up over the silk without braid or
stiffening. There is some sort of a close
waist and a neat jacket, tailor made,
with more or less stitching, but all have
pockets. The moderate sized leg of muf-
ton sleeve is preferred to any other.
When the rain is a cold one, there is a
quilted satin waist to wear under the
jacket.

Beneath these rainy day gowns there
is rarely a skirt of any kind. If one is
worn, it is dark and short and light. A
woman has enough to do to fight the
elements without being handicapped
with a load of skirts.

Instead of a stiff corset pushing her
where it should not, pulling and squeez-
ing and pressing a row of hard bones
against her, she now has a soft waist
cut so as to support such portions as
need it as gently as a hand might do.
There are but eight bones, and all these
are flexible. The sides lace and the
fronts button, and there are easy double
straps to go over the shoulder and but-
tons at the bottom to fasten skirts or di-
vided skirts upon, and they are cut off
at the waist line. These become a part
of the riding and the bicycle costumes
abroad. I think we have in this coun-
try two or three makes of health corset
better and easier than the one men-
tioned above, but as that is the style worn
by so many of Queen Victoria's relatives
I mention it.

Abroad they have certainly improved
upon our divided skirts or bloomers.
They are cut about the same and are
gathered at the knees with an elastic
band. The band is double fastened and made
in form of a yoke. In front there is one
strong strap fastened in the middle, and



this is about six to eight inches long
and is made of regular suspender web.
To this are fastened two thick elastic
straps, which reach over the shoulders,
crossing in the back and buttoning to
the yoke. This gives the freest motion
to the wearer and perfect comfort and
protection.

The divided skirt and the health waist
are as well adapted to home garments
as for those for out of doors, and they
certainly fill a long felt want.

OLIVE HARPER.

John Randolph Tucker.
"He had the gift of eloquence in rare
degree," says the Richmond Dispatch
of the late John Randolph Tucker, "and
this, together with a keen sense of hu-
mor, wonderful powers of analysis, a
thoroughly sympathetic nature and ex-
tensive general culture, made him one
of the most resourceful, effective and
brilliant speakers of his day. In his
private life and in the social circle he
was a charming and lovable man. John
Randolph Tucker's life and services put
honor upon his state, and Virginia will
honor his memory by inscribing his
name upon the roll of her best beloved
and noblest sons."



AN ODD INSTRUMENT.

Phonoscope Locates Position of Every
Organ of the Body to the Eye.

One of the latest inventions in the
world of medical science is the phono-
scope, an instrument which is a de-
velopment of the stethoscope, but much
more delicate. The phonoscope,
which is the invention of Dr. Bianchi of
Paris, consists of a hollow box, about as
big as a large sized watch, furnished
with two vibrating membranes. On one
side a short staff, terminated with a
button, serves to put the box in contact
with the body of the patient, the but-
ton being pressed firmly on the surface
just over the organ to be examined. On
the opposite side flexible tubes are at-
tached, which convey the sounds from
the box to the ears of the operator or
operators, for several persons may lis-
ten to the sounds at the same time.

The following description is given in
a London paper by one who saw the in-
strument tested in a Parisian hospital:
"A man stripped to the waist stood
in the center of a circle of doctors, each
of whom held in his ears a pair of flex-
ible tubes connected with a small, round
box of black rubber which was pressed
against the patient's breast. A pair of
tubes was handed to me, and I was asked
to listen.

"While we all listened intently Pro-
fessor Bianchi gently rubbed his finger
upon the man's skin over the spot where
the heart is usually located. Immediately
we heard a murmuring sound, and the
circle of doctors expressed satisfaction
with grunted exclamations and nods.
Suddenly, while the professor contin-
ued drawing his finger in larger and
larger circles across the man's breast,
the sound ceased.

"Ah, there is no longer any heart
there!" said the professor. "We have
touched the end of it." Whereupon he
dabbed a blue pencil mark upon the
skin to indicate the point where his finger
had arrived when the sound stop-
ped. The patient twisted his eyes down-
ward and stared wonderingly at the
mark.

"Professor Bianchi resumed his rub-
bing, while the doctors and I stuffed the
tubes once more into our ears. As long
as the professor's finger was over the
heart we heard the murmuring sound,
but the instant the finger passed beyond
the boundaries of the hidden organ there
was dead silence in the tube. And at
every sensation of the sound the pencil,
followed by the strained eyes of the pa-
tient, made its mark on the skin. This
operation was continued for several min-
utes, at the expiration of which there
appeared, clearly drawn in blue upon
the man's breast, the outlines of a mis-
shapen heart, strangely shifted from its
right position. But I was glad, for the
patient's sake, to hear the doctors say
that it was not a very bad heart after all.

"Next the same method was employed
to outline the position and shape of the
lungs, the liver, the stomach and other
organs, and, at the end of half an hour,
the body, front and back alike, was cov-
ered with an intricate series of outline
pictures showing his internal structure
and condition. Any defect in the form
or position of an organ and the existence
of diseased places in the lungs was in-
dicated at once by the sound or absence
of sound in the tubes. The practiced
ear, I was told, could detect a difference
in the quality of the sound given by
different organs of the body, but to me
they nearly all sounded alike, except that
when the patient was caused to swal-
low a little water a change in the sound
given forth from the stomach was
clearly perceptible."

Professor Bianchi asserted—and a
number of members of the Clinical So-
ciety of Practitioners of France and of
the Syndicate of Physicians of Paris and
the Department of the Seine, who assisted
at the experiments, corroborated his
assertion—that it would be easy by the
process not only to discover general dis-
ease, but to locate any foreign body
lodged in any of the organs or tissues, as
well as to determine the existence and
extent of a cancerous or similar internal
growth.—Chicago Tribune.

Clothing Made of Paper.

In Japan a great many of the people
wear paper clothing. It is cheaper and
nearly as durable as cloth—when the
weather is dry. And when a garment is
soiled it can be thrown into the fire and
burned. The clothes are made of finely
grained Japanese paper. It is cut to a
pattern and sewed like cloth, the button-
holes being strengthened by calico or
linen. For the first few days the paper
garments wear very uncomfortably, but
they gradually wear down into easy
wrinkles and creases that conform to
all of the motions of the body. But a
Japanese in paper clothing who is once
rained upon must hurry to his home or
his garments may come apart on the
spot. Some paper wearers carry um-
brellas to avoid such an accident as this.
—Chicago Record.

Paper Cannon.

Krupp, the great German manufac-
turer of cannons, has lately completed a
tumbler of paper fieldpieces for the use
of the German infantry. Their caliber
is a little less than 2 inches, and the
pieces are so light that one soldier can
easily carry one. But the resistance is
greater than that of a fieldpiece of steel
of the same caliber. These paper guns
are intended for use in situations where
the movement of field artillery would be
unpracticable.

Walls of Babylon.

The walls of Babylon were made of
sun dried brick. They are said to have
been 300 feet high, and wide enough to
ride a horse upon. The material, however,
was so friable that of these gigantic
structures not a trace now remains.

THE POPE'S BULL.

How the Anglicans Received the Judg-
ment of the Vicar of Christ.

When Peter speaks by the mouth of
Leo, the world listens. Even beyond the
community of the faithful those who
refuse obedience to the apostolic see and
scout its authority nevertheless find
themselves unable to ignore any im-
portant act or judgment of the vicar of
Christ. The effect of the recent bull,
"Apostolic Curia," on Anglican or-
ders is an excellent illustration of this.
The world at large, as represented by
the professionally secular journals, has
given it consideration and recognized its
value as a judicial decision. "If the
bull were a legal opinion, it would be
justly described as learned," was the
editorial conclusion of one great daily.
The religious press representing other
denominations than the Anglican has
treated it in much the same way, ac-



POPE LEO XIII.
(The above is a genuine photograph taken
from life, the only photograph of the holy fa-
ther taken since his elevation to the pontifical
chair.—Catholic World.)

knowledgeing that, starting with the
promise of a sacrificing priesthood estab-
lished by Christ and following Catho-
lic doctrine and precedent, no other de-
cision could logically be reached.

But the Anglican reception of the
bull has been of a somewhat different
sort. After the assertion—constantly re-
peated with insistent emphasis—that
the pope's decision is of no consequence
whatsoever, Anglicans being absolutely
certain of the genuineness of their or-
ders, there is the rather paradoxical re-
sult of an increasing flood of newspaper
articles, pamphlets and books intended
to refute what his holiness has said.
One Anglican writer seems to look upon
all this as only a beginning, predict-
ing that "henceforth, as long as the
world lasts, the pope's bull has made it
inevitable that every school, college,
seminary, class and pulpit in the Angli-
can communion will be mainly engaged
in polemical strife with Rome." To
this another Anglican very justly re-
plies that if such be the case "Angli-
canism, as a spiritual force," will sure-
ly enter upon a decline, "for no Chris-
tian body can thrive which cultivates
such a spirit as its chief characteristic."
—Catholic World.

AN "ESCAPED NUN" REPENTS.

Refutes All She Had Said Against the
Catholic Church.

Mrs. Mary M. White, nee Windsor,
who died recently at Annapolis, Md.,
made a statement before a notary public
previous to her death, in which she re-
futed all she had said about the Catholic
church and the life of nuns.

Mrs. White's lecture in Annapolis in
1883, in which she exhibited herself as
an escaped nun, attracted some atten-
tion at the time. Her deathbed confes-
sion was stated by those present to be
purely voluntary on her part. It was
made to Revs. Thomas Hamley and John
Cook, who are engaged in parish work.
They had been summoned Thursday
morning at her request. Mrs. White
made complete retraction and subse-
quently received the sacraments of the
Catholic church. She was buried
Wednesday in the Catholic cemetery.
During her lecture Mrs. White, who
was then Miss Windsor, made serious
charges against certain priests. She re-
called the names of those she had de-
famed and exonerated each of them,
thus confessing her sin.

She had been one of the sisters of
charity at the convent near Eager and
Valley streets, Baltimore, but was not
a nun. She had taken the novice or can-
didate degree.

Cardinal Manning's Metaphor.

Cardinal Manning used an apt meta-
phor when he compared the ancient
church to a ship, the Anglican church
to a boat and every other form of Pro-
testantism to a tub. His remark was
something like this: "Three hundred
years ago we (the Anglicans) left a
sound ship for a boat. I do not now pro-
pose to abandon the boat for a tub." To
any one following with half an eye the
trend of denominational religion at the
present day it must be evident that a
great number are getting out of the tub
and are already floundering in the great
ocean of infidelity. It was bound to
come.

First Catholic Nation.

Ireland stands pre-eminent among
Catholic nations for the purity of her
faith and filial reverence for the priest-
hood. Scarcely was she converted to
Christianity when she bloomed as a rose
in the garden of the church, and the
sagest among ranked above warriors
and statesmen, chieftains and kings.
His place in the nation's affections can
never be taken by another.—Freeman's
Journal.

Prayer That Is Mockery.

The prayer "Deliver us from evil"
is idler than the breath which utters it
unless it means that we hate evil; that
we will oppose it and do pledge our-
selves to the utmost to fight against it
and strive in every way to expel it from
the world. It is mockery to pray "De-
liver us from evil" and then go on de-
liberately in evil.

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Prayer Books, Pearl Rosaries, Silver Rosaries, Photo Medallions,
Books of Devotion, Gold and Silver Medals, Statuettes, Framed
Pictures, etc.
FLYNN & MAHONY, 18 and 20 ESSEX ST., BOSTON.
Drafts for \$1 and upwards. Agent for all the European Steamship Lines.
Passage Tickets to Ireland \$16 and upwards.

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and White Ash and Cumberland
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PRESSED HAY, HARD AND SOFT WOOD
AND SPLIT KINDLINGS.

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Postoffice Box: 19 Granite Street, Quincy; Weymouth, 102; East Braintree, 6.

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Ornamented Furniture,**

Or simple plain, substantial Furniture.
We sell either ex-
treme and all the
degrees that fill up the
gap between these
two opposing styles.
Everybody's furni-
ture taste is thought
of when we stock up.
We don't know of a
store where durability
and low price
are given so much
thought as here.
Serviceable, at-
tractive furniture
built to wear, and
lower in price than
you ever dreamed of.

Henry L. Kincaide & Co.,
Reliable, Low Priced House Furnishers,
HANCOCK STREET, - QUINCY.
Free delivery everywhere.

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STOCKHOLM.
The Capital of Sweden and Its Pleasure
Loving Inhabitants.
At the time of the exhibition of
1866 there were scarcely 140,000 in-
habitants in Stockholm, while its
population now quickly approaches
300,000. Several new districts have
been added, and large parts of old
ones have been rebuilt in a way suit-
ing a modern capital with rows of
magnificent residences, broad ave-
nues and shady parks. The "old
city" only is still lying on its islet,
surrounded by water, with its nar-
row and dusky alleys and ancient
houses, bringing the thought back
to old Stockholm of the fifteenth
and sixteenth centuries. The con-
veyances and public buildings of all
kinds in the town have at the same
time acquired an entirely modern
character. Tram cars, driven by
horses, steam and electricity, cross
it in different directions, and ele-
vators ascend to the south part of
the town, situated upon high cliffs,
and the intercourse between the
seven isles upon which Stockholm
is situated is carried on by steam
launches and ferries up to the
number of 50.

As to one kind of communications
the Swedish capital can decidedly
be placed in the first rank of all the
cities in the world. Stockholm is
first of all the city of telephones. The
city of Stockholm possesses no less
than 14,000 telephones, all being of
double wire and of excellent quality
—i. e., one telephone to every 20 in-
habitants. For the sake of compari-
son it may be mentioned that the im-
mense London at the beginning of
the year 1893 had but 5,000 tele-
phones, and New York at the same
time no more than about 10,000 tele-
phones.

Stockholm is known throughout
the world for its beautiful situation,
and few indeed may be the towns
capable of attracting the tourists to
such an extent. Other countries,
such as, for example, Norway and
Switzerland, might be more visited
than Sweden, they being more prin-
cipally the resorts of tourists, since
the alternating smiling and mag-
nificent nature of Sweden has but
lately been made more publicly
known to foreigners, but scarcely
one single place in these two coun-
tries can claim such a world fame as
Stockholm for what concerns beauty
and loveliness.

The capital of Sweden has acquir-
ed the reputation, because all that
the south and middle parts of Swe-
den contain of picturesque, lively
and rich beauty of nature is con-
centrated in the exact spot where Stock-
holm is situated. This charming
and lovely nature surrounding
Stockholm on all sides is what gives
the town its open and lively aspect
and awakes the admiration of the
stranger.

Besides this it may be said that
the life in Stockholm is more stamp-
ed with a continental character than
is the case with most of the towns of
its size. An elegant, lively and
pleasure seeking population is the
characteristic of Stockholm. There
may be few cities in which a per-
fectly isolated stranger without
friends and acquaintances can stay
with so much pleasure for a day,
month or year as in Stockholm. Not
only the town itself, but also the
life and customs of its population
are laid bare as an open book before
his eyes. He can go everywhere,
and everywhere he is treated with
kindness and civility. Stockholm
is too large for being a small town,
but it is large enough to let the
stranger disappear as in a beehive.

An active life reigns during the
delightful summer nights of the
north. Though street lamps and
other illumination are never lit at
this time of the year, it is, however,
never so dark as not to enable a per-
son at midnight to read a newspaper
when seated at a window. The
sound of music fills practically the
summer resorts and pours its har-
mony over the adjacent parks and
promenades, all crowded with gay
and pleasure seeking people.—Wash-
ington Post.

Lively Medicine.
At a certain London hospital a pa-
tient was recently given some ex-
tract of malt, with instructions to
take a teaspoonful twice a day, com-
mencing on the following morning,
and to report himself at the end of a
fortnight. At the expiration of this
time he returned and said to the
physician, "Please, sir, am I to go
on taking them insects you gave me!"
"Insects!" said the astonished
physician. What insects?"
"Why, them cockroaches, sir. I
have taken one night and morning
in a teaspoonful of the sticky stuff."
Inquiry elicited that cockroaches
had not been dispensed, but had got
into the jar during the first night of
its stay in the patient's house.—Lon-
don Lancet.

A High Recommendation.
Capitalist—How rapidly can your
new machine gun be discharged?
Inventor—It can be fired, sir,
with the rapidity with which the
average stage letter is written.—
Pick Me Up.

FOR THE WA
France's Military Church
diers and by S
There is at Dom
birthplace of a
Maid of Orleans
the most wonder
in the world. I
built by soldier
with the money
diers. It is an
military church,
the pomp and pan
it than even the Ger
chapel at Potsdam
the chapel in the Inval
direct contrast to the
of most churches.
Although nominal
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then, and a
good deal of
Magazine.
"Oh, he makes
for a banquet
"I didn't know
fications for such
"Why, he has
world."
"He hasn't any
"No."
"And he can't s
to hold attention
"That's true, to
see, he parts his
and it has a tend
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balanced."

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grees that fill up the
gap between these
two opposing styles.Everybody's furni-
ture taste is thought
of when we stock up.
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store where durability
and low price are
given so muchthought as here.
Serviceable, attractive
furniture built to wear,
and lower in price than
you ever dreamed of.

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QUINCY, MASS.

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Lively Medicine.

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A High Recommendation.

Capitalist—How rapidly can your new machine gun be discharged? Inventor—It can be fired, sir, with the rapidity with which the average stage letter is written.—Pick Me Up.

FOR THE WAR GOD.

France's Military Church Built For Soldiers and by Soldiers.

There is at Domremy, France, the birthplace of the world famous Maid of Orleans, what is perhaps the most wonderful military church in the world. It has been literally built by soldiers, for soldiers and with the money subscribed by soldiers. It is an almost exclusively military church. There is more of the pomp and panoply of war about it than even the German emperor's chapel at Potsdam or the military chapel in the Invalides, at Paris, in direct contrast to the peaceful aspect of most churches.

Although nominally built to perpetuate the name of Joan of Arc, it is practically a temple to the god of war. The very appearance is that of a strong fortresslike building, and both the interior and exterior are decorated with warlike statues and martial figures, and everything about the church speaks of military life and affairs.

The appearance of the sanctuary's interior is certainly calculated to arouse all the military enthusiasm which the French soldier can boast of. In the porch stands a magnificently sculptured group, among which the figure of Joan of Arc, kneeling in the attitude of prayer, and raising her hands and face to heaven, is prominent. The figure is lifelike, and one seems almost to hear the fair warrior's petition for divine guidance. At her right side stands St. Margaret, the patron saint of fortitude, holding the maiden's helmet, while St. Catherine, the patron saint of heroism, is on her left and bears the sword which is to be used in the battle with the British.

Another warlike figure is that of St. Michael, the great archangel of battles. He is represented as clad in a complete suit of armor, as though ready for immediate warfare, and he towers high above the other figures and with his right hand points to heaven, the warrior maid's gaze following the direction of his uplifted finger. In his left hand St. Michael holds the royal banner of France, with flowers de luce, long since superseded by the national emblem, the tricolor of the revolution.

This group of statuary inspires the most peace loving citizen with martial ardor, and there is not a soldier of the French army within miles of Domremy who has not visited the church and been struck with this grand military monument. It is significant that the group faces toward Germany, and the patron saints of heroism and fortitude are gazing out in the direction of the long lost but not forgotten province of Alsace. This has been particularly noticed by nearly every military visitor to the church.

The walls of the church are decorated with old colors of the French regiments, tattered and torn remnants of what once were bright flags, stained with the lifeblood of many a gallant standard bearer and honored by victory in many a battle. On the very altar itself are marble effigies of warrior saints, with swords raised aloft and courage written on their features.

The building was commenced some years ago and was intended to be the national memorial to the fair girl who was so cruelly burned as a witch in barbarous times. The money—\$100,000—was subscribed by French soldiers and sailors in all parts of the world.

As before mentioned, the church is specially erected for the benefit of soldiers. Services of military character are frequently conducted, and every day a mass is said for the souls of those French soldiers who have been killed in battle or otherwise in the service of their country.—Julian Ralph in New York Journal.

Different Now.

The stage manager was thoughtful. "I think we'd better cut out that line," he said.

"What line?" asked the leading man.

"The one that reads, 'Apparel oft proclaims the man.'"

"I don't see why. It has come down to us without protest from the day that Shakespeare wrote it until—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the stage manager irritably, "of course it was all right when it was written. There were no girls in knickerbockers then, and very likely there was a good deal of truth in it."—Strand Magazine.

His Strong Point.

"Oh, he makes the best chairman for a banquet that we can get!"

"I didn't know he had any qualifications for such a position."

"Why, he has the best in the world."

"He hasn't any wit."

"And he can't speak well enough to hold attention over 30 seconds."

"That's true, too; but, don't you see, he parts his air in the middle, and it has a tendency to make the speaker's table look very evenly balanced."—Chicago Post.

YARNS OF THE ROAD.

Tales Told by Commercial Travelers For Mutual Edification.

"A good story is told of a Chicago merchant," said the ambassador of a Greater New York mercantile house. "He had to go unexpectedly to St. Louis on account of a lame duck," and, meeting a drummer from that ambitious and rather gay Missouri town, he said:

"How do you fellows manage to get such cheap fares to distant points? I want to go to St. Louis, but the price is rather stiff."

"I'll fix that for you," replied the drummer. "Give me \$5, and I'll enroll your name as a member of the T. P. A. Then you can travel wherever you like free."

"The merchant gladly handed out his \$5, with which his friend secretly bought him a ticket to St. Louis. He accompanied him to the train. 'Now,' said he, 'when the conductor comes all you have to do is to move your hand across your mouth from right to left and say "Yuno." He will then know you are a T. P. A., and you will have no further trouble.'"

"To the conductor, however, the drummer said: 'That man with side whiskers is a harmless lunatic. Here is his ticket to St. Louis. When you come around, he will make this motion and say "Yuno." Just pass him and say nothing. He likes to believe that it is a mystic pass which allows him to ride free.'"

"The plan worked to a charm, and the merchant marveled at the scheme which made travel so easy and cheap."

"On his return from St. Louis another conductor asked for his ticket."

"Yuno," said the merchant, making the prescribed gesture. The conductor didn't know, however, and after several frantic attempts the merchant had to pay his fare. On his arrival in Chicago he hunted up his friend, the drummer.

"Say," he cried, "what kind of a trick did you play me? Why, the plan didn't work for a cent coming home."

"That's strange," replied the other. "You must have made some mistake. What did you do coming back?"

"Why, I made the pass with my hand across my mouth and said "Yuno.""

"Did you move your hand from right to left?"

"Yes, of course."

"That's where you made a blunder. You see, you were coming back and should have passed your hand across your mouth from left to right."

"That reminds me of a story about Sam Kingston, a lawyer of New York city," put in a Philadelphian who had enjoyed the Gothamite's story. "Business of a professional nature required his presence in Poughkeepsie. On entering the train he told the conductor to be sure and let him know when he reached his destination. He then immersed himself in his newspaper."

"The train stopped at Yonkers, and our lawyer, seeing a commotion, thought he had reached the end of his trip."

"Is this Poughkeepsie?" he asked.

"No," said the conductor, "I'll let you know when we get there."

"After half an hour the town of Kingston was reached."

"Kingston!" shouted the conductor through the open door.

"Mr. Kingston arose, shouldered his grip and left the train."

"Where is Pearl street?" he inquired of a man at the depot.

"There ain't such a street here."

"Ain't this Poughkeepsie?"

"No, Kingston."

"Well, I'll be smashed. How is it you fellows all know my name?" said the lawyer, surprised.

"Explanations followed, and Sam waited three hours for the next train."—Detroit Free Press.

Hanging Smugglers.

It has not been so very long since it was a custom in England to hang smugglers on gibbets arranged along the coast and to tar their bodies, so that they might last a long time and be a warning to other culprits. So recently as 1822 three men thus coated could have been seen hanging before Dover castle. This embalming process was sometimes used on other criminals. Thus John Painter, who fired the dockyards at Portsmouth in 1776, was hanged and then coated with tar. From time to time the process was repeated, and his body lasted 14 years.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Divided Skirts.

"And you have the assurance to tell me that you discharged your laundry because of your belief in divided skirts—a new woman like you!"

"You didn't let me finish. I was going to explain that she had an idea that it was the proper thing to divide my supply of skirts between herself and her 18-year-old daughter."

"Oh!"—Indianapolis Journal.

DEAD MEN'S SHOES.

Some of the Superstitions That Are Held About Them.

"Dead men's shoes" is an expression that is familiar to every one accustomed to the use of the English language. But there are few in the country who are acquainted either with its origin or with the importance which is accorded in many parts of the old world to the boots of the dead. Thus, in Scotland, in the northern parts of England, in Scandinavia, as well as in Hungary, Croatia and Roumania, the utmost care is taken among the lower classes to see that each corpse is provided with a good pair of shoes before it is laid into the ground.

If the dead person happens to be a tramp and to have been found dead in a barefooted condition, there will be always some charitable soul to furnish a pair of good boots for interment along with the corpse, and the writer of this article has even known an inspector of police in Scotland to purchase of his own accord a new pair of boots and to place them in the grave, reopened for the purpose, of a murdered stranger who had been inadvertently interred barefooted the day before.

This practice, which likewise prevails among the Tsiganes, as well as in many parts of Asia, is attributable to the belief that unless the dead are well shod when buried their ghosts come back to haunt the locality where they breathed their last in search of a pair of boots. These are popularly supposed to be needed to pass in comfort and safety the broad plains which the departed soul finds that it has to traverse before it can reach paradise. Among some nations these plains are declared to be covered with furzes, thorns and morass, while other races claim that they consist of burning sands. These plains of suffering—the belief in which, although of pagan origin, has its modern counterpart in the purgatory of the Roman Catholic church—are popularly credited with forming a sort of antechamber to hell. It is for this reason that the boots of the dead are called "hell shoes" in Norway, Sweden, Finland and Denmark.

Sir Walter Scott, in his interesting notes to "Minstrelsy on the Scottish Border," quotes the following extract from a valuable manuscript in the Cotton library dating from the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It runs as follows:

"When any dieth certaine women sing a song to the dead bodie, reciting the journey that the party deceased must goe; and they are of belief that once in their lives it is goode to give a pair of new shoes to a poor man; forasmuch as before this life they are to pass barefoote through a great launde, full of thornes and furzen—excepte by the merite of the almes aforesaid, they have redeemed—for at the edge of the launde an olde man shall meet them with the same shoes that were given by the partie when he was lying; and, after he had shodde them, dismisseth them to go through thick and thin without scratch or scalle."

This must be a very agreeable reflection to all gentlemen who have bestowed their old boots on their valets, or ladies who have in like fashion gifted their maids. To be sure the legend specifies new shoes, but surely a pair of \$8 boots only half worn counts for as much as a new pair of \$2.50 chausseurs. However, if one is to go "through thick and thin without scratch or scalle," it may be just as well to be on the safe side and give away a good, new, extra stout pair.—New York Tribune.

Shocked Him Badly.

The following good story is told of the late Adam Black, the founder of the well known English publishing house:

One day shortly after Mr. Black commenced business as a bookseller a suspicious looking man came stealthily into the shop and, leaning over the counter, whispered into his ear:

"I've got some fine smuggled whisky which I'll let you have at a great bargain."

"No, no," said Mr. Black indignantly, "I want nothing of the kind. Go away."

The man, evidently not believing in the sincerity of this righteous outburst, leaned over the counter again and whispered:

"I'll tak' Bibles for it."—Scottish Nights.

The Struggling Young Author.

"There is said to be nothing certain but death and the taxes," said the struggling young author, "but there is one other thing that I think might be classed in that list, and that is the return of manuscript submitted for publication. So, revised, the saying would run, 'Nothing certain but death, taxes and the return of manuscripts.' And my private opinion is that if Taxes and Return should ever scrap for the honor of second place on that revised list old Taxes would never know what hit him."—New York Sun.

TREED BY BRUIN.

A Mother Bear Comes In Search of Her Captured Cub.

In Mr. William H. Shelton's serial in St. Nicholas, "The Last Three Soldiers," the three soldiers, left alone upon a mountain top in the south, capture a bear cub and imprison it in the chimney of their hut. This is what follows: At this time the moon was shining in at the open door, but shortly afterward it set behind the western ridges, and in the hour before daybreak it was unusually dark on the mountain. Bromley was sleeping more lightly than usual, and, following his experience of the night, he was dreaming of desperate encounters with bears, or this may have happened because the cub in the chimney from time to time put his small nose to a hole in the door and whined, and then growled as he fell back into the ashes.

One of the light cracker boxes stood on end just inside the door, and it was the noise of this object thrown over on the floor that startled Bromley in the midst of his dream, just at the point where he saw the bear approaching. He was awake in an instant, but the spell of the dream was still on him, and he wondered that instead of the huge form of the bear of his sleep he saw only two glittering eyes in the doorway.

For an instant he was at a loss to tell where he was. He saw the grayish opening of the window in the surrounding blackness, and a peculiar hole in the roof not quite covered by the pieces of shelter tent, and just as he came to himself the cub in the chimney, smelling its mother, whined joyfully at the hole in the door. With a deep growl the old bear scrambled over the creaking floor to her young one. Instinctively Bromley put out his hand for his carbine, and then he remembered that both guns had been left lying on the stone hearth. At the same time Philip awoke with a start, and the she bear, scenting her natural enemies, uttered a growl which was half a snarl and was about to charge into the corner where they lay, when Bromley snatched the blankets and threw them so dexterously over the gleaming eyes that in the momentary confusion of the brute he had time to drag and push Philip through the open door and out of the cabin.

Furious as the beast was, she had no disposition to follow the boys into the open air. Her natural instinct kept her in the neighborhood of her imprisoned offspring, where she sat heavily on the two carbines and growled fiercely. The bear now had full and undisputed possession of the cabin, as well as of the entire stock of firearms, which abundant advantage she held until daylight, while Bromley and Philip sat impatiently in the lower limbs of an old chestnut where they had promptly taken refuge. Bromley had secured the ax in his retreat, and while Philip sat securely above him he guarded the approach along the sloping trunk and would have welcomed the bear right gladly. They were near enough to throw sticks upon the "A tent," and before daylight Lieutenant Coleman was awakened and was lodged in the branches with them.

The Overflow in Libraries.

The Bodleian library is reported to be crammed full of books, which have overflowed into the basements of available buildings near by, while daily inundations of new literature continue to pour in, for which there is no storage. The Bodleian has been used to keeping most of the books that came to it. Now it must determine whether to continue that policy or to let the principle of the survival of the fittest govern its methods in future. All great libraries seem to be confronted by the same question, near in some cases, more remote in others. The storage of books in libraries is expensive, and in these days, when there is no end or limit to bookmaking, the storage of books not worth storing must be a source of affliction to all conscientious librarians. It is hard to turn books away, but librarians everywhere are learning to do it.—Harper's Weekly.

Capture of a Scapegoat.

A certain Sunday school head teacher was much worried by the noise of the scholars in the room next to him.

At last, unable to bear it any longer, he mounted a chair and looked over the partition dividing the two rooms to see who the offenders were.

Seeing one boy a little taller than the others talking a great deal, he leaned over, seized the boy by the collar, lifted him over the partition and banged him into a chair in his room, saying:

"Now be quiet."

He then resumed his lesson, until about a quarter of an hour later, when a small head appeared at his door, and a meek little voice said:

"Please, sir, you've got our teacher!"—Pearson's Weekly.

MASTER OF CREATION.

You are proud? And a man? Nay, bethink you of the kinship and likeness that link you To the chattering ape you despise!

You are proud? Bid the salt sea to fear you; Beakon the stars down to hear you; Catch the wind with your hair and lure! Is it you, is it they, that endure?

You are proud? There's a microbe may sting you; Too tiny for sight, it will bring you The Vale of the Shadow along! Is it you, is it that, which is strong?

Aye, be proud! Shall not that within you, The soul of you, conquer and win you Your place in eternity's plan? It is you, it is you, that is man.

—J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

Honorable in Maine.

There is a form of official etiquette in the correspondence which goes out from the Maine secretary of state's office which is unlike that followed in any of the other New England states. According to the rulings of the secretary—and he is simply carrying out the traditions of his predecessors since Maine became a state in 1820—the judges of the supreme and superior courts, the members of the governor's council, the senators, the heads of all the departments and the mayors of Maine's cities have their mail addressed to them with the word "honorable" prefixed to the name in every case, while the members of the house of representatives, the judges of the municipal courts in the cities—whose salaries in some cases exceed that paid to the governor—and all minor officeholders must content themselves with the term "esquire" following their names. As for the governor, he is always addressed as "his excellency."

Other New England states—Massachusetts and New Hampshire in particular—are more liberal in the distribution of titles, for they prefix "honorable" to municipal judges, representatives and aldermen in the various cities. It is probable that Maine is the only state where a municipal judge can be addressed verbally as "your honor," but is not entitled to the prefix of "the honorable."—New York Sun.

Election of United States Senators.

In his paper on "This Country of Ours" in The Ladies' Home Journal ex-President Harrison writes of congress and tells how United States senators are elected. "The law of 1866," he says, "provides that the legislature chosen next before the expiration of the term of a senator shall choose his successor, and that it shall proceed to do so on the second Tuesday after it assembles. On that day each house of the legislature must vote separately, viva voce, for a senator, and enter the result on its journal; the two houses must at 12 m. the next day meet in joint session, and if it appears that the same person has received a majority of the votes in each house he is declared elected. If there has been no election, the joint assembly must take a vote, and if any one receives a majority of the votes—a majority of all the members elected to both houses being present and voting—he is to be declared elected. If there is no election, the joint assembly proceeds with the balloting and must meet every day at 12 m. and take at least one ballot each day until a senator is elected. The governor of the state is required to certify the election under the seal of the state to the president of the senate, the certificate to be countersigned by the secretary of state of the state."

Cure For Ink.

A medical man tells how an old negro woman called him in to treat a little child.

"Doctah," she said, "de child hab swallowed a pint ob ink."

"Have you done anything to relieve him?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," replied the mother, "I've made him eat free sheets of blotting paper, doctah. Was dat right?"—Chicago Record.

Patsie's View.

The Teacher—When a woman's husband dies, Patsie, what's she called?

Patsie—A widder.

The Teacher—And when a man's wife dies, what do we call him?

Patsie (after some thought)—A widout her, mum.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Cuvier, Mantell, Agassiz, Owen, Edward Forbes and Blainville, all of the present century, are considered the fathers of paleontology, the science which treats of the evidences of organic beings in the earth's strata.

Von Bulow, the great pianist, once said: "If I miss practicing one day, I know it; two days, and my friends know it; three days, and my audiences know it."

Many plants take root in the clefts of the rocks and precipices where no soil is visible and grow sometimes to considerable size.

The distance between Washington and St. Petersburg is 4,296 miles.

An ounce avoirdupois is equal to 28 1-3 grams.

Spring Is Here

MOST people take Spring Medicine. If you decide that you are going to do so, it will be to your advantage to make your purchases at Pastor's, where you will get the best the market furnishes, and at prices that are below those of other dealers. Now if you want to benefit yourself, you will surely take the advice here offered.

Every article which should be found in a first-class drug store you will find here.

Special agent for
Kalamazoo
 **Celery Tonic**,
an efficacious medicine.

Toilet Articles, Novelties.

PASTOR'S DENTIFICE is one of the best articles on the market for the teeth. This is the testimony of all who have used it. Your testimony will be the same if you will but try the Dentifrice.

Prescriptions a Specialty.
A registered pharmacist in attendance day and night.

The
Phenix Pharmacy.
L. J. PASTOR, Ph. G.
School and Franklin Sts.,
QUINCY.

SWITHIN BROS., REAL ESTATE.

Having opened a Real Estate office in Durgin & Merrill's Block, we are prepared to show plans and give prices on some of the finest house lots offered for sale in this city in recent years. These lots are embraced in the following tracts of land:

President's Hill,
Cranch Hill,
Dell Estate,
WEST QUINCY.
Hillside Terrace,
GROVE STREET,
Wollaston,
BATES AVENUE.

Will be on land at President's Hill every afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring lots or any information on the above properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin & Merrill's Block.

Medicines

of the greatest purity and prepared in the most careful way, and only a reasonable charge.

If you desire such you should go to

PIERCE'S
Prescription Pharmacy,
Cor. Hancock and School Sts.,
QUINCY.

Prescriptions put up day or night.

EDWARD J. PARKER,
LAWYER,
WILSON BUILDING,
QUINCY.

ON A SPECIAL TRAIN.

THE WAY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ALWAYS TRAVELS.

Presidents Have Specials Thrust Upon Them—Reasons Why They Cannot Use Regular Trains—Harrison Protested Once, but Yielded to Authority.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, March 2.—President Elect McKinley came east on a special train over the lines of the Pennsylvania West and the Pennsylvania railroad. When he was governor, special cars were unknown luxuries to the major. He preferred the day coach.

But presidents and presidents elect cannot carry modesty to the point of risking life, and it would be a risk of life for the president elect to make his journey to the capital on a regular train. Leaving out consideration the cranks who are always a menace to safety, there would be danger from the enormous crowds which would flock about the train—danger to the president elect and to the people too.

Handling a president or a president elect is ticklish business. An accident to him would hurt the railroad company beyond repair. That is why the president always travels in a special car and usually on a special train. He does not ask this luxury. The railroad company forces it on him.

When President Harrison was planning his trip to the Pacific coast, he sent for George W. Boyd, the assistant general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania road, who was a personal friend of many years' standing, and asked him to plan the excursion. He said he wanted to start on a certain day, to return on a certain day and to visit certain cities en route. He expressly stipulated that he would not have a special train.

"But, Mr. President," said Mr. Boyd in that engaging way which so endears him to his friends, "you cannot make the trip on regular trains."

President Harrison made a sweeping gesture with both arms. "I won't have a special train," he said.

"It is all very well to travel by regular trains in the east, where trains run every half hour," said Mr. Boyd, "but when you have to travel over some line that runs only one or two trains a day you can't make the connections."

"I don't want a special train," said the president in his peculiarly obstinate way. And Mr. Boyd left him with his mind unchanged.

Returning to Philadelphia, Mr. Boyd sat down at his desk and with the time tables of all the railroads the president would use made up a schedule. He took the maximum running time of each road and fixed that as the minimum for the president's train. He marked the stops along the route. Then he sent telegrams to the general managers of all the roads, asking each if he could haul a train between two given points in a certain time for the president. Every manager answered accepting the schedule. Then Mr. Boyd had the route carefully drawn on a map and the schedule printed. The next day he called at the White House and laid before the president the plan of the whole trip. The president found fault with the length of the stops in certain places, but Mr. Boyd showed him that every one of them was necessary. At last he said: "I leave the whole matter in your hands. You shall arrange the entire trip, and I promise not to interfere with your plan."

On the night of the departure from Washington the president, entering the station, saw a train of five splendid cars waiting for him. He made no comment nor protest against the special which he had been so sure he did not want.

During the trip he offered no suggestions about the arrangements. Local committees, which urged him to stop over for a day at certain points, were referred to Mr. Boyd. Every detail of the original schedule was carried out. It called for the arrival of the party at San Francisco at 7:30 one evening, and on the evening of that day, as the ferryboat carrying the president's party entered the slip at San Francisco, the big illuminated clock on the ferry house showed that it was 7:30 to the minute. The return trip was made with the same exactness, and after traveling nearly 10,000 miles and making more than 80 stops the president returned to Washington on the day and at the hour he had appointed in his first conversation with Mr. Boyd. This accuracy was made possible by the fact that other business was subordinated by the railroads, just as it was subordinated by President Elect McKinley.

When Mr. Boyd was here a few days ago, he told me that he had never met Major McKinley. He will not be long in getting acquainted with him probably, for one of the responsibilities of Mr. Boyd for many years past has been the traveling arrangements of the president of the United States. He accompanied President Harrison on almost all of his travels, and he has been with President Cleveland more than once.

President Cleveland has done very little traveling. He has run up to New York occasionally. But most of his time has been spent in Washington, or on what Mr. Dana of New York is pleased to term "the floral and arboreal fleet" belonging to the lighthouse service.

Hayes was a great traveler. Arthur was not. Harrison moved about a good deal. McKinley has accepted already one invitation to journey to a big convention, and I think it quite likely he will emulate the example of Hayes and Harrison and be conspicuous at Grand Army meetings and other gatherings when the work at the White House will permit. **GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.**

Dead In Love.
Miss Manchester—Do you know that after Ellen refused Mr. Esplanade he actually committed suicide?
Miss Monterey—Really? Dead in love with her, isn't he?—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph

MUFFLED WEDDING BELLS.

Where Marriages Take Place Without Noise and Without Ceremony.

There are few places and few grades of life in either the rural or the urban world where the word "wedding" is not a synonym for joy and festivity. Only the cynic or the misanthrope protests against the wedding celebration. We wear out most customs, but the wedding feast remains. While very likely not the only place in the world, the only place in my experience where there is any general concealment of proposed connubiality and nuptial intent is in the mountains of the south. It may be generally known that Zeb is "keeping regular company" with Lize. Suddenly the town will be apprised of the fact that "Zeb and Lize done got married last night." This constitutes what might be called an anticipated surprise.

Sometimes in the large settlements due notice will be given, and the wedding takes place in the little church or in the building used in common for all public purposes—religious services, school, political gatherings and itinerant shows. That practice is, however, generally confined to the elite of the community. In one place in my experience the popular resort for the performance of the ceremony was the broad platform in the rear of a local saw-mill. I could discover no ground for the popularity of this spot. Sometimes a few intimate friends would be invited to attend. Sometimes there were no observers save the casual passersby. More frequently there were no witnesses save the sun above and the lumber piles around.

Concerning that spot a local magistrate tells an amusing story. A certain man had been unfortunate in the longevity of his selections, had been twice married and twice bereaved. He called upon the magistrate to officiate at a third ceremony. As the happy pair took their places before him upon the mill platform to pledge their faith and love he said to the groom: "Move a little farther over this way, John. Toe up to that line. That is where you've always stood before." And there was no proceeding until John had "toed up."

A man who was doing some work for me came to me one day at noon and asked permission to be absent until "quarterming time"—half past 3 o'clock. He said nothing to me or to his associates of his purpose. He returned promptly on time, to announce in a casual and indifferent manner that during his absence he had been married and, with the little furniture possessed by the pair, had settled in a cabin of his own. Again and again have I seen the same plan followed in other cases.

The ground for so general observance of secrecy I could not discover. It holds with both the intention of marriage and the precise time of the consummation. I think it is due in considerable measure to fear of that harrowing performance known as the charivari—in the idiom, "shivaree." To those unfamiliar with that entertainment I can only describe it as a most excruciating pandemonium, effected by combinations of pots and pans, horns and howling. It takes the form of an evening serenade to the newly wedded pair. The officiating musicians comprise all the young men and boys for miles around. I have been the unfortunate auditor of one or two such performances, and if I knew that one were to take place around the walls of my dwelling if I married I should choose to "live a bachelor." I blame no man for retaining his secret to avoid the experience.—**Black Mountain (N. C.) Letter in New York Post.**

New York and St. Petersburg.

The island of the Manhattanes sent beaver skins to Europe soon after Queen Elizabeth died. In 1626, only one year after the death of King James I, a permanent town was established upon it. And the first great chapter in the story of this town was closed in 1664, only four years after Charles II picked up his father's battered crown. Then New Amsterdam passed from Dutch into English hands and was rechristened for the Duke of York, 21 years before he began to govern it as James II. Thus this velvet tankard owned by the Schuyler family and given to their ancestor by Queen Anne when he took five Mohawk chiefs to visit her in 1710 is by no means a relic of early New York. Who thinks of St. Petersburg as a typically modern town? Yet in 1710 St. Petersburg had been founded only half a dozen years.—**Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer in Century.**

Still He Smoked.
Station Master—You should not smoke, sir.
Traveler—That is what my friends say.

"But you mustn't smoke, sir."
"So my doctor tells me."
"But you shan't smoke, sir!"
"Ah, that is just what my wife tells me."—**London Tit-Bits.**

IMITATION GLASS.

Substitutes Used In Germany Which Are Cheap and Efficient.

There are several substitutes for glass in use in Germany, the chief among them being tectorium, fensterpappe and hornoglas. Tectorium consists of a galvanized iron web covered with a gelatinous substance and is translucent, but not transparent. It is described as a substance that can be bent without being broken and is both tough and flexible. It is said not to be softened by the rays of the sun, is nonsoluble and is not affected by severe cold. It is a poor conductor of heat and is well adapted for roofs on account of its extreme lightness. When exposed to the sun, it loses its original yellowish color in time and becomes harder and more durable. One advantage is that it can be easily repaired in case it is cut, does not break and is well adapted for factory windows and skylights for hot houses, market halls, verandas, transportable buildings and for roofing.

For ordinary hotbeds and forcing houses, such as are used by most florists and market gardeners, there is another and cheaper substitute for glass in the so called fensterpappe, which is tough, strong, malleable paper, that may be stretched on large saucers or frames and saturated by painting the exposed surface with boiled linseed oil until it becomes translucent and impervious to water. Light wooden frames, 40 inches in width and of any desired length, are provided and covered with the paper, which is fastened by nailing at the edges, and then painted with ordinary boiled linseed oil until the paper is so saturated that the last coat of oil forms a smooth, glistening surface, like varnish.

As soon as dry the frame is ready for use. It admits sufficient light for growing plants, does not require to be shaded in hot sunshine, is light, durable, secure against breakage by hail or ordinary accident, and, taking everything into account, is said to be about 100 times cheaper than glass. It is largely used by florists and market gardeners in the district of Frankfurt, and their general verdict is strongly in its favor, although for handsome conservatories, skylights, etc., it possesses less durability and none of the neatness and elegance of tectorium.

Finally there is a new product, called hornoglas, which has been recently patented and placed on the German market. Hornoglas resembles tectorium in appearance, with the difference that it is thinner and consequently lighter in weight, and the insoluble gelatin with which the wire gauze is covered is whiter and more nearly transparent than tectorium, although it may be colored red, green, blue or any other tint that may be desired for special purposes. It is manufactured in two qualities, one being of heavier wire and with larger meshes than the other. The special advantage claimed for hornoglas is that it does not soften under sun heat and is therefore adapted to use in any climate without the danger of becoming so soft and adhesive as to retain dust and dirt. Its uses and general characteristics are similar to those of tectorium.—**Boston Transcript.**

New View of the Hall Bedroom.
"The hall bedroom has always seemed to me rather a spacious and comfortable apartment than otherwise," said an old soldier. "This feeling is due, I suppose, in some degree to more or less experience of still smaller quarters. Whoever has slept under a shelter tent, for instance, where he has had to lie on edge to get any shelter at all, will easily realize that the hall bedroom may seem a fine room indeed. "And as compared with even the A tent, 7 feet square at the base and rising, wedge shaped, 7 feet to the ridgepole, in which four men commonly slept and sometimes five, the hall bedroom has greatly the advantage. At the same time it is undoubtedly better to sleep in an A tent than outdoors, though one does get there a very much bigger room. But it is a room that has its drawbacks. It is sure, for one thing, to be damp and uncomfortable in case of rain, and in reality you would prefer a smaller room that was less leaky."

"No. The hall bedroom does not seem to me to be the worst thing in the world, and when you come to add that by the very nature of things the dweller in it has no guard duty to do and no picket duty and no fighting, that in it he lives as it were in a state of perpetual arbitration, why, you can readily see how it would be quite possible for it to appear acceptable in some eyes."—**New York Sun.**

Keeping Down Expenses.
The Innocent Youth—By Jove, it must cost you a small fortune for engagement rings!
The Blase Youth—Oh, I've got to the point where I won't accept a girl unless she buys her own engagement ring.—**New York Herald.**

Bay State and Model RANGES

HIGHEST AWARD AT WORLD'S FAIR.

The lowest prices in the city. Your old stove for part payment.
A Copper Nickel Kettle Given Away with Every Range.

J. M. Fitz-Gerald,
16 and 18 Hancock Street.

We Have Just Opened a Full Line of

* Spring Goods, *

including special designs in Tambourettes, Muslin, Organdies, Swiss Spots.

Also New Prints at 61-4c. per yard, and the best assortment of Prints at 5c. per yard we have ever had.

D. E. WADSWORTH & CO.,

Hancock Street, Quincy.

Largest Dry Goods Store between Boston and Brockton. Branch at East Milton.

L. M. PRATT & CO.

Cash Prices:

GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

Perfection Flour, 55¢
Pillsbury's Flour, 55¢
51 s. Java Coffee, 1.00
4 lbs. California Apples, .25
P. R. Molasses, 35¢ gal
California Honey, 10¢ bottle
Maple Syrup, 1 c. bottle
Rolled Oats, one-half barrel, \$2.00
Ground Oat Meal, one-half barrel, 2.00
Pa-lor Matches, 12 boxes, 18¢
Good Can Corn, 7c. each

MARKET DEPARTMENT.

Pound Steak, 15¢ lb
Rump Steak, 25¢ lb
Sirloin Steak, 25¢ lb
First cut Rib Roast, 15¢ lb
Leg Lamb, 9c lb
Fores Lamb, 9c lb
Pickled Tripe, 5c lb
S r p Bacon, 11c lb
5 lb Box Butter, 20c lb
10 lb Tub Butter, 20c lb
10 lb Tub Fancy Butter, 25c lb

LARGE LINE OF FANCY CRACKERS.

Manufacturers have reduced the price on Crackers and we have to correspond. Order by mail or telephone or drop us a postal and team will call.

L. M. Pratt & Co.

25 School Street, Quincy.



When It is Too Late,

then you will regret that you did not treat your eyes right—that you did not buy glasses for them when they first began to hurt. After that first headache you should have your eyes examined and let us sell you the proper glasses. Don't be deceived by peripatetic spectacle vendors, but consult a reliable optician.

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104 Hancock Street. Quincy.

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Boston Branch Grocery.

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Four-in-Hands, String
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25c. + and * 50c

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One dozen fine Cabinet Photos, \$3.00

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THE

Celebrated Bostonia

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Had a ready sale last year at \$75.00.
It has been improved and now sells for

ONLY \$50.00.

FULLY + GUARANTEED.

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Wonders Will Never Cease

A Ferris Wh

of the exact shape and form of the great Ferris Wheel used at the C
tion at Chicago, is now to be seen in the neatly dressed wind

Granite Shoe St

It is operated by 500 volts of direct current, the same voltage cars of the enterprising Quincy & Boston Street Railway. An alternating current of 1000 volts, the current making 16,000 length of its lines; and still it is like the world, it moves a loaded with handsome passengers, looking at the handsome handsome window of the

GRANITE SHOE

Hancock Street, Quincy.

apr12-97

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY,

And every other young lady, should buy a pair of

Ladies' Genuine Dongola Button Boots
Every pair strictly warranted satisfactory. Notice our week. Bargains at
JAMES O'DONOVAN'S, 94 Ha

and Model RANGES

WARD AT WORLD'S FAIR.
Your old stove for part payment.
Given Away with Every Range.
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signs in Tambourettes, Muslin,
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at 61-4c. per yard, and the
Prints at 5c. per yard we have

SWORTH & CO.,

Street, - Quincy.

men Boston and Brockton. Branch at East Milton.

RATT & CO.

h Prices:

MARKET DEPARTMENT.

\$5.75	Pound Steak,	15c. lb
5.75	Round Steak,	23c. lb
1.00	Sirloin Steak,	25c. lb
.25	First cut Rib Roast,	15c. lb
35c. gal	Leg Lamb,	9c. lb
10c. bottle	Pork Lamb,	11c. lb
10c. bottle	Pickled Tripe,	11c. lb
\$2.00	8 lb Bacon,	20c. lb
2.00	5 lb Box Butter,	20c. lb
.38	0 lb Tub Butter,	20c. lb
7c. each	10 lb Tub Fancy Butter,	25c. lb

OF FANCY CRACKERS.

the price on Crackers and we have to correspond. Order
and team will call.

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ool Street, Quincy.



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regret that you did not treat your eyes
did not buy glasses for them when
can hurt. After that first headache
have your eyes examined and let us sell
glasses. Don't be deceived by per-
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QUINCY, MASS, APRIL, 1897.

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Band Bows, Imperials,
Tecks and Puffs.

25c. * and * 50c.

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WHEELS.

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A Ferris Wheel

of the exact shape and form of the great Ferris Wheel used at the Columbian Exhibi-
tion at Chicago, is now to be seen in the neatly dressed window of the

Granite Shoe Store.

It is operated by 500 volts of direct current, the same voltage as is used to operate the
cars of the enterprising Quincy & Boston Street Railway. At night it is operated by an
alternating current of 1000 volts, the current making 16,000 alternations per minute the
length of its lines; and still it is like the world, it moves along slowly carrying its cars
loaded with handsome passengers, looking at the handsome shoes that are displayed in the
handsome window of the

GRANITE SHOE STORE,

Hancock Street, Quincy.

apr12-6t

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY,

And every other young lady, should buy a pair of our

Ladies' Genuine Dongola Button Boots for \$1.50.

Every pair strictly warranted satisfactory. Notice our show window this
week. Bargains at

JAMES O'DONOVAN'S, 94 Hancock St., Quincy.

DON PACIFICO.

WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR.

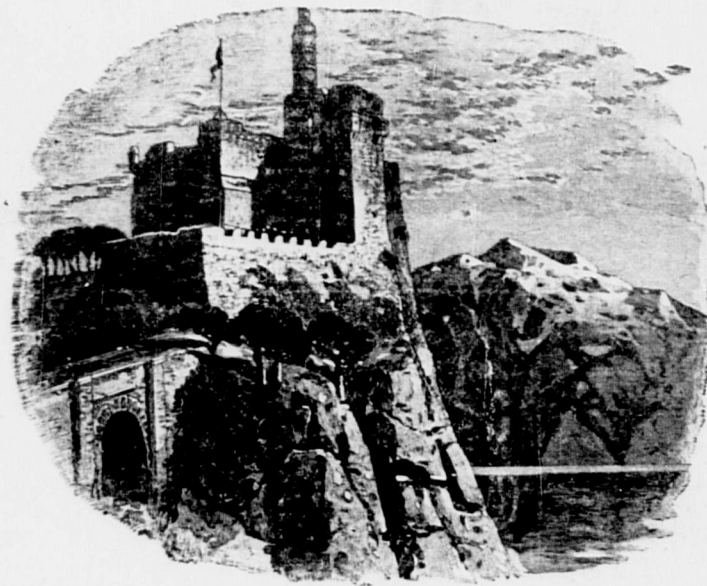
If you have dwelt among the Alban hills, or ever wandered through its sylvan glades you must have loved its village of the wood, the town, Castello. There it looks aloft o'er banks precipitous that rise above the shores of Lake Albano on the north, and nestles close beneath the sheltering sides of Monte Cave, poised in the middle air. From out its lofty castle tower the eye looks forth on panoramas lovelier far than graced the vision in the golden days when first Aeneas cast his venturesome bark upon the Mediterranean shores, yonder pile, that glitters far upon the other bank, is famed Castel Gandolpho, palace of the Popes, an ancient relic the golden days when popes were sovereign powers. Still fater west the castellated walls, that guard the Village of the Iron Cave, seem to resound with all the martial roar that burst of old from many a cannons mouth in the good days when dwelt the warrior pope, the second Julius in its cloistered halls. And Tusculum is seen with ruins hid away beneath the shelter of its ancient hills, all now resplendent, in the summer time with palaces of many a Roman prince.

Castello fared, as many an Alban town, in quiet peacefulness, and little recked of how the outer vaster world progressed; and, many a noon, its Market lifts its noisy din, a mass of crumbling walls remains to tell of other days when Faith went outward from its doors to bless the land. Then came a day when all the hills around rang wild with revolution, and all hell seemed to have freed its hordes to stalk abroad to sack and pillage all that spoke of God. Then reverent Christians fled to other parts, leaving Castello in the wild control of impious men, who thrived upon the hate of Faith; fierce men they were, who gathered nightly where we sit, made speedy games upon the people's sins.

Then flushed the features of Pacifico with holy fire, and from his eyes there flashed such ardent beams of holiest desire as made the friar to smile within his heart.

"Oh, holy father!" cried the younger, "Glorious such a field, to battle for the spread of heavenly truth! Now, let me tarry here no more, but forth upon my mission let me haste at once, lest but an hour's delay should mar the hopes that burn like ardent fires within my soul!"

And thus they parted, one to wend his way across the hills to where his cavern home stood in the woody vale beneath the Village of the Cave; the other after prayer for guidance, strode adown the street to where the throngs



THE TOWER OF CASTELLO.

drowsy gossips came to take siesta on its upper walls, where, gazing far away upon the stretch of Mediterranean seas, they saw at times the silent ships go by, as children's eyes follow the clouds that pass across the sky.

II.

One day Mercurio, keeper of the Inn, a power in village controversial lore, the while he sat and dozed an idle hour beneath the shelter of his clustering vines, heard news of vast import. Two stranger priests, at midday meal conversing, told the tale all unsuspecting of the listening ear that drank in greedily their every word.

Of these the one was youthful, scarce of many years, with features pale and wan, and yet, withal, replete with gentleness. Such countenance was his as might have glorified a saint. The other, aged, bore his fourscore years with easy grace and beaming kindness that well accorded with the dress he wore, the habit of a poor Franciscan friar. So while they sat before the scanty board, their eyes looked out upon the town that lay beneath them stretching downward to the lake.

"Look there, Pacifico!" the elder said, "See how in undisturbed serenity there lies awaiting thee a city of the dead; not dead like them that fill the burial field from wasting sickness, but still dead to sentiment of faith and true morality. Here thou shalt labor, wasting out thy life to bring this little remnant back to God."

"It must be so," replied the younger priest; "for I can see, in all the town's extent, no welcome cross topping the dome or spire above a house of God."

"Thou sayest right. No holy shrine nor temple raised to greet the living God, nor celebration of the Holy Mass hath graced the town for many a luckless year. But yonder, where the

were bargaining upon the marketplace. Mercurio, keeper of the Inn, meanwhile rose up from where he sat concealed and fled with hastening steps another way to tell the loungers of the idle town how that an enemy was in the gates, a priest, a preacher of the things they loathed, and urged them drive the unwelcome guest away.

III.

When autumn blushed on bush and tree the merry peasants come again to town sun browned from labor in the country fields. Great men came striding down the thoroughfare, the scythes across their shoulders, every lip in motion telling of the wonderful things transpiring in Castello. Even the women came in bands of two and three, the kerchief lightly thrown across the head, flushed with their feasting on the harvest grapes that grew in vineyards all along the hills; and they were also telling of the wonderful things transpiring in the Village of the Woods. They told how in the summer months a young man came to them from Rome and brought again the blessed Mass and holy piety to make their village what it was of yore; they told of miracles of grace, of souls restored from slavery of sin, and all the good that blessed their village homes since first Pacifico came unto them. So when they came upon the village square each merry peasant turned his steps aside to where the rough walls of the church arose wherein the villagers attended Holy Mass.

"'Twas at the twilight hour when the sun was sinking o'er the mass of yellow trees that clothed the sloping hillsides in the west. The Angelus was ringing loudly from the belfry to call the idling crowd and bid them kneel awhile and murmur holy prayer.

Within, the humble worshippers had

thronged about the rustic altar, bowed to earth, their reverent voices raised in chant and song and glories litanies; and on the step, before the Tabernacle, clothed in white, the gentle priest Pacifico was kneeling rapt to Heaven in ecstasy of prayer.

Amidst his meditations came the thought of all the weary labors of the past now turned to precious blessings by success. He thought how painful seemed the task when first he strove to gather in, from alley, lane and street, the unbelieving multitude; how hard the fight he waged against a superstitious faith in charms and spells and all the dark array of wild beliefs that gather round the souls of them that laugh and say, "There is no God. Yet, one by one, they yielded to his power; first nodding smilingly, as on the street the saintly pastor passing bade: "God Speed;" then pausing at the church door first with mind aroused to curiosity, then entering in and kneeling down to pray.

Then came the children trooping down the street with book and rosary in hand to hear the lessons of Religion, new to them, and gathered round the loved Pacifico, who smiled and blessed them as he told the tale of Jesus and the holy love he bore for children when He walked, of old, on earth. The mothers came with babbling infancy and joined in large sodalities, and even the men forgot the noisy brawl around the gaming table at the Inn, and came at night with other village folk to answer in the decades of the beads.

So peace began to make its presence felt and all the jealousies twist house and house, which once, had made the village seem a Hell, were banished, giving place to unity of mind and heart, that fixed a winning smile on features once distorted with a scowl.

Distracted thus, although not willing, ly, Pacifico pursued his hour of prayer, his heart overflowing with a sense of thankfulness to God, who deigned to favor thus his purest hopes.

IV.

The Benediction given, the pastor rose, midst clouds of incense and the sound of bells, to leave the church and hurry to his home. The eager worshippers thronged round him lovingly to kiss his hand, or failing that, were happy if they could but touch his robe. But as he hurried out upon the street, a fellow met him in the square. Mercurio, keeper of the Inn, whose swarthy features frowned as thoughts of hate surged through his heated brain. His fingers clenched upon his palms; his teeth were tightly set beneath his close pressed lips.

"Diavolo!" he hissed, as with a bound he placed himself straight in the pastor's path, and asked in husky tones: "How long? How long, vile hypocrite, shall all this nonsense last? Must I sink down to poverty and death because your reverence would wish to prosper and grow wealthy with the gold the people's generosity once brought to me? Now, harken, sir! I swear upon the sacrament that never stone shall turn again upon the village street till I have brought thee down to dust; till I have caused the souls that thou hast bled to rise upon thee in an avalanche of hate and drive thee like a dog from out the town."

So speaking, Mercurio strode away and left the priest to think upon his words.

Pacifico, a moment spent in prayer, bethought him how his apostolic zeal had wrought such ruin in the village inn, where but a season past, an idle band recruited from the village youth, was wont to pass the night in revelry and rout; how many a crime that left its horrid stain upon the reputation of the town, was born and fostered beneath its sheltering walls, wherein a bandit crowd discussed in secrecy their midnight robberies. Then strangers, journeying on the mountain paths, were foully murdered for the gold they bore, and crimes were hatched that none may dare to name. Thence Villany stalked forth unblushingly and wrought destruction in the light of day.

Now all was changed as by a magic charm, and round the cursed Inn no sound was heard that might have told the story of the crimes that once had made it famous in the land.

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE.

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A. G. DURGIN,

DRUGGIST.

AUTUMN.

Feel sad in autumn? Faith, not I!
Life is too thronged, too brief, to waste a sigh.
Why sad? Because the tumbled wood-lands mean,
And yellow and brown,
Gale leaves and elm leaves flutter down,
And the last summer birds have flown,
And the red-bellied robin pipes alone
Between the plumps of rain,
And all things seem to grieve and to regret.
In passionate, inarticulate pain,
Sweet dawn and dreamy days and suns
Forever set?

"Tis but our childish fancies which in-vest
Nature with our unrest,
There is no pathos in the falling leaves,
No sorrow in the rain or wind.
Why should the year not close
As gayly with the snow as with the rose?"
"Tis but the inveterate, primeval mind
Which dreams that nature feels like man
and grieves."

Nay, rather were not this a mournful thing?
Conceive the year reversed,
The seasons, last made first,
Worked backward through the summer to the spring.
Snow sifted, dead leaves caught,
Whirled, red and yellow, back to branch and spray,
Changed with the magic ease of thought
To emerald covers of an August day,
And through the wondrous hours
The ripe fruit soured, then turned once
more to flowers,
The flowers to buds, and these again
withdrew.
Some starry night of May or April dawn,
And flake by flake with them
The dwindling leaves close crumpled to the stem.
Till every tree stood bare,
And in the biting February air
We saw the snowdrift, lasting of the year,
Shut in the wintry drift and disappear!

Autumn would surely then
Be the miraculous season among men,
But who would care to stop
The colour of the retrogressing spring,
The spring which gave no more, which
but withdrew?
Within an icy bosom
The bluebird's piping and the apple blossom
And all the home the old glad order knew?
—Vida Dins in New York Tribune.

END OF A DUELIST.

Sixty or more years ago there flourished in France a class of bullies the most detestable one could conceive, men who had perfected themselves in the use of arms, who gleefully boasted of the number of people they had done to death, and took rank accordingly, as a Red Indian brave takes rank by the number of scalps in his girdle.

One of these bravos, who styled himself Jules de la Magny, took up his residence in Lyons. Magny was a man of about 40, tall, rather slim and of a military bearing. His very features, it was said, were intimidating, his pale face, without a speck of color, being crowned by coal black hair. His eyes were blacker still and gave him a sinister aspect, which was increased when he assumed his cold smile. This scoundrel, who dressed elegantly, who dined on the best—he preyed on a rich widow, who adored him—and affected the most elegant and aristocratic manners, boasted that he meant to kill eight men before the year closed. "I have a method," he said; "the method of progression. Last year it was seven, this year eight. Behold, it is September, and I have only accounted for five, so this city must supply me with three." Incredible as it may seem, the picture is not overdrawn. These fiendish butchers, with their sensitive "honor," were as regardless of life as an eastern despot.

M. de Magny opened his campaign at Lyons with a duel that pleased the citizens. There was already a minor bully in the town, who called himself Captain Ferrouse, and who had terrorized the law abiding for some time. It was only a week after de Magny's advent in the town that he insulted Captain Ferrouse in the Palais cafe, the swell cafe of the city, one evening. He sat down at the same table as the captain, called for a glass of wine, and when it was brought to him swept the captain's glass off the table with his cane, saying to the waiter: "Request this fellow to find another table, garçon. I like not the society of canaille" (the scum).

The captain replied by taking up de Magny's glass and throwing its contents in his face. Monsieur only smiled his cold smile and wiped his face delicately with his perfumed handkerchief. The meeting took place an hour or two later, and after a few passes the captain fell with a gaping wound in his throat. Decent people congratulated themselves, but soon they found that they had only exchanged King Log for King Stork, and no man was safe. Of course de Magny had his friends—there were always to be found a dozen or two who looked up to him as their leader and chief, and took pride from being recognized as a friend of so redoubtable a man.

Ernest Soleau was a young doctor in the city—a most able young man, who was steadily making a name for himself. He was respected by his equals and almost loved by the poor, from whom he would take no fee. Shortly after de Magny's advent in the city he was married, after a year's engagement, to a beautiful and charming girl, the daughter of a deceased colonel. They were passionately devoted to each other, and it was a pure love match. They spent their honeymoon in Italy, where they staid six weeks, it being the first holiday the doctor had given himself in three years.

On a Sunday afternoon a week after their return they were enjoying the sunshine in the public park.

They were seated, talking and laughing merrily, when by evil fortune de Magny came by. Now, it happened that the day after his return Dr. Soleau had been called in to attend the seventh victim of de Magny, a barrister, who had been wantonly insulted and then killed. The doctor, as the bravo passed, could not help showing his loathing. The cold smile that meant death came on the face of the bully. He walked on a few yards, then turned back, and, ignoring the husband, he stopped before Mme. Soleau, and with well simulated politeness said:

"Good afternoon, madame. With your permission I will seat myself beside you, and we will chat together. I love to talk to the beautiful," with another bow.

Estelle, who had never heard of the bravo, turned inquiring eyes on her husband, thinking the man was either drunk or a madman. Soleau's face became frightfully pale, and he controlled himself with the greatest difficulty, understanding well that de Magny was seeking to insult him.

"Monsieur," he said, "you are speaking to my wife and you are offensive. Pray leave us."

De Magny affected neither to notice nor hear him. "Will madame give me permission to sit beside her, or will she take my arm for a stroll? I find madame charming, and I adore charming women," and he made her another sweeping bow.

"Go away! Go away!" said Estelle, now thoroughly alarmed.

"Monsieur, you are grossly offensive, I tell you," said Soleau, trembling with restrained passion.

"Ah," said de Magny, still affecting to ignore the husband,

"madame is fatigued and does not care to talk. I will leave madame and will call upon her this evening. But permit me to anticipate this evening," and before husband or wife could guess what was coming he had kissed her.

With a spring like a tiger's Soleau was on him, beating him wildly about the face with his fists. Estelle screamed in terror, and several people who had witnessed the altercation at a little distance came up. De Magny, with a contorted face, but with his demon's smile, had disengaged himself and was asking for satisfaction.

"Satisfaction! Yes," cried the young doctor, "satisfaction and your deserts."

The meeting took place early the next morning. There could only be one result—considering disparity in skill, it was a duel between wolf and lamb. With the glee of a fiend de Magny played with his victim, giving him a wound for every blow, as he said, finishing with a thrust in the left side. Ten minutes later Estelle was a widow.

It was not until her husband was brought home to her dead that she learned that he had gone out to inevitable death, that de Magny had purposely insulted her, and it was, in fact, deliberate murder, sanctioned by the false code of so-called "honor," under which the vilest and most bloodthirsty wretches could commit the most inhuman murders with impunity.

It was the most heartrending tragedy those present, when the body was taken home, had ever witnessed. In her eyes there was none like her husband, so clever, so handsome, so sure of becoming one of France's greatest sons. And now he lay dead by the hand of a vile monster. She knelt beside the corpse, calling on him, now in yearning accents, now in the softest and gentlest tones of entreaty, now with a smile, to speak to her, to say one word. Mercifully she fell beside him. For a week she lay unconscious on the verge of death, and only by most devoted and skillful attention of a professional friend of her husband—Dr. Leres—was her life saved.

"You have been cruelly kind," she said to him when she was recovering. "It would have been truer kindness to let me die. But, now I have been restored to life, I will devote it to ridding the earth of that monster. He shall die. By a just God I swear it!"

"Dear madame," said the doctor, "dismiss all such thoughts. I see what you mean. You would assassinate him, and the law would have no pity on you. You would be a victim."

"Doctor," she said firmly, "he shall die."

Mme. Soleau gained strength slowly. She would go away for a change, she said, and one day she set out for Paris. Dr. Leres was glad, feeling certain that she had forgotten her vow.

One evening, seven months later, just after another scandalous "affair" of de Magny's, a handsome and unknown young gentleman entered the Palais cafe at Lyons.

The newcomer, who, to judge by his tone, was a mere boy, walked with some swagger, talked loudly and authoritatively, and altogether conducted himself with aristocratic insolence. A little later de Magny entered, with three of his particular friends.

The stranger favored them with a rude stare that did not pass unnoticed. In a few minutes he got up to go. He went a little out of his way to pass near where the four were sitting, and when close to de Magny he stumbled, or pretended to stumble—none of the onlookers doubted for a moment that it was intentional—and lurched against him as he was raising a glass of wine to his lips. The consequence was that the liquid was spilled on the duelist's immaculate shirt and silken waistcoat. He turned round as if he had been stung. "Monsieur!" he cried to the young fellow, who stood with a proud smile on his features.

"Monsieur!" said the unknown. "Monsieur," said de Magny, more furious than his friends had ever seen him, "you will apologize for your rudeness or clumsiness, whichever it be."

"Monsieur, I never apologize for accidents."

There was the stillness of death in the cafe. It was evident that the reckless stranger knew not the fearful reputation of de Magny.

"Monsieur, you will apologize, or—"

"Monsieur, I never apologize"—

"Nor do I apologize for that!"

cried de Magny, in a temper of rage, as he picked up a friend's glass and flung its contents in his opponent's face.

The youngest calmly wiped his face. "Monsieur has wantonly insulted me," he said. "I shall demand satisfaction."

"Willingly," said de Magny, with his terrible, icy smile. "I shall kill you, puppy!"

"Perhaps, pig!" retorted the other calmly. And then, turning to the spectators, he asked in a clear voice:

"Are there any gentlemen here who will act for a stranger of good birth who has no friends at hand?"

There was a little hesitation, then two gentlemen, one a notary, the other a silk merchant, signified that they would.

"Thank you, gentlemen. Shall we confer outside?" and the young fellow led the way.

"My dear sir," said the notary, with agitation, "I warn you, you will be killed," and in trembling accents he told of de Magny's reputation and many villainies.

The unknown heard him, with a smile. "Thank you," he said. "I have heard of him, and that is why I came here. Before this time tomorrow you will be well rid of him, for I shall kill him, gentlemen. The good God will aid me. I am the insulted party, and I select pistols. Arrange it as you will. I can trust you without reserve. You will find me at the cafe opposite. And allow me to express my deepest gratitude for your kindness."

Again they tried to explain, but the unknown would not listen, and with heavy hearts they went to confer with de Magny's seconds. In half an hour they were back. It was to be a duel with pistols at ten paces in the garden behind the Palais; the time, midnight. The seconds were to toss for the first shot.

"Thank you, gentlemen. You have done me great service. And now, if you please, we will have supper."

Just before midnight they walked across to the Palais and were admitted through a private entrance into the garden, where presently de Magny, his seconds and Dr. Leres joined them. Dr. Leres had been obtained by the notary on the suggestion of the unknown.

The preliminaries were soon arranged, and the respective seconds threw dice for the right of first fire. De Magny's second threw a three, the stranger a five.

"You have the right to fire first, M. Inconnu," said the notary.

A smile of satisfaction overspread his features. "Ah, I knew it! I knew it!" he cried in a tone of absolute conviction. "It is the finger of God."

The five spectators looked at de Magny. For the first time, it is said, a look of anxiety, even of fear, was observed on his features. He was tinged with superstition, and the unknown's confidence had shaken his nerve, and in vain did he try to appear unconcerned.

They had been placed opposite each other, when the unknown said to the notary: "Monsieur, fire off my pistol, if you please, and load afresh. There must be no mishaps."

A protest was raised by de Magny's seconds that it was irregular, but the unknown insisted, and after some argument and appeals to the law and etiquette of dueling both pistols were fired off. Strange to say, when the trigger was pulled the pistol of M. Inconnu missed fire, and a fresh cap had to be placed on it before it was discharged.

"You see," said he, "there would have been a mishap, and God's purposes would have been frustrated."

Once more the pistols were loaded, and again the duelists took their places. The incident had further affected the bravo, and his face was ghastly.

"Ready!" cried the notary. "M. Inconnu, fire!"

The unknown slowly raised his pis-

tol until it was pointed at de Magny's heart. He held it there for a quarter of a minute, his arm as rigid as a bar of steel, then he lowered it again. "Monsieur," he said slowly and coldly to his antagonist, "God has made me his minister to end your crimes. But I fire especially to avenge Dr. Soleau, whom you wantonly assassinated." And again he raised the pistol, this time pointing it at de Magny's forehead. The latter was almost in a state of collapse, and as the unknown pulled the trigger, contrary to the regulations that had been made, he lifted his pistol and fired. It was almost a simultaneous report. De Magny's ball passed through the left arm of the unknown, breaking the bone, but at the same instant he gave a leap in the air and fell—dead! The bullet had passed exactly between the eyes.

"Infamous! Infamous!" cried the notary to de Magny's seconds. "A scoundrelly act."

"What matters it?" said the unknown solemnly. "He has been executed." And then his face turned ghastly, as if he were about to faint.

In an instant Dr. Leres was at his side, ripped open the sleeve with his penknife and began to examine the wound. "The infernal scoundrel!" he cried.

"He has died as he lived, Dr. Leres," said the unknown. "Do you not know me?"

The doctor peered keenly into his face, then started back. "It—it cannot be!" he cried.

"But it is," said the unknown. "I am Estelle Soleau, the unhappy widow of that scoundrel's victim. I have kept my oath. But it will not bring Ernest back"—and then she fainted.

There was such incredible news for the city next morning that many would not believe until the seconds had been interviewed, and then the rejoicing was great. Mme. Soleau's act touched the popular imagination, and the bulletins as to her condition were scanned as eagerly as if they concerned the health of a crowned head. It was a dangerous wound, and it was only after weeks of anxiety that all danger was pronounced at an end.

A fortnight later she took the veil, not to live in seclusion, but to devote herself to the poor and needy in the slums of Paris.—London Tit-Bits.

Are There White Slaves in Africa?

"New Conditions in Central Africa" is the title of a paper in The Century, made up from the journals of the late E. J. Glave. Mr. Glave says: It is said, but I must have it corroborated, that the white officer at Kabanbarre has commissioned several Mwanga chiefs to make raids in the country of the Warua and bring him the slaves. They are supposed to be taken out of slavery and freed, but I fail to see how this can be argued out. They are taken from these villages and shipped south, to be sold as slaves, workers, etc., on the state stations, and what were peaceful families have been broken up, and the different members spread about the place. They have to be made fast and guarded for transportation, or they would all run away. This does not look as though the freedom promised has any seductive prospects.

The young children thus "liberated" are handed over to the French mission stations, where they receive the kindest care, but nothing justifies this form of serfdom. I can understand the state compelling natives to do a certain amount of work for a certain time, but to take people forcibly from their homes and dispatch them here and there, breaking up families, is not right. I shall learn more about this on the way and at Kabanbarre. If these conditions are to exist, I fail to see how the antislavery movement is to benefit the native.

Utilization of Fruit Stones.

The seeds or stones of many fruits which would apparently seem useless have some economic value, and in this connection we are speaking chiefly of those which are often thrown away, passing over many that are applied to ornamental uses. In certain parts of Egypt the date stones are boiled to soften them, and the camels and cattle are fed upon them. They are calcined by the Chinese and are said to enter into the composition of their india ink. In Spain they are burned and powdered for dentifrice, and vegetable ivory nuts are said to be applied to the same purposes. Some species of attalea nuts are burned in Brazil to blacken the raw caoutchouc or india rubber. The seed or stone of the tamarind is sometimes prescribed in India in cases of dysentery as a tonic and in the form of an electuary.—New York Ledger.

Matrimonial Warning.

"Many er gal," said Uncle Eben, "is dazzled by de shine on er young man's collars an cuffs wifout realizing tell it's too late dat de gloss mean jes' dat much mo' trouble foh de women folks on ironin' days."

—Washington Star.

LINCOLN AT THE FRONT.

An Affecting Reception to the Emancipator by the Colored Troops.

In his "Campaigning With Grant," in The Century, General Horace Porter gives the following description of Lincoln's visit to the front at City Point:

Mr. Lincoln wore a very high black silk hat and black trousers and frock coat. Like most men who had been brought up in the west, he had good command of a horse, but it must be acknowledged that in appearance he was not a very dashing rider. On this occasion by the time he had reached the troops he was completely covered with dust, and the black color of his clothes had changed to Confederate gray. As he had no straps his trousers gradually worked up above his ankles and gave him the appearance of a country farmer riding into town wearing his Sunday clothes. A citizen on horseback is always an odd sight in the midst of a uniformed army, and the picture presented by the president bordered upon the grotesque. However, the troops were so lost in admiration of the man that the humorous aspect did not seem to strike them. The soldiers rapidly passed the word along the line that Uncle Abe had joined them, and cheers broke forth from all the commands, and enthusiastic shouts and even words of familiar greeting met him on all sides.

After awhile General Grant said, "Mr. President, let us ride on and see the colored troops, who behaved so handsomely in Smith's attack on the works in front of Petersburg last week."

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I want to take a look at those boys. I read with the greatest delight the account given in Mr. Dana's dispatch to the secretary of war of how gallantly they behaved. He said they took 6 out of the 16 guns captured that day. I was opposed on nearly every side when I first favored the raising of colored regiments, but they have proved their efficiency, and I am glad they have kept pace with the white troops in the recent assaults. When we wanted every able-bodied man who could be spared to go to the front, and my opponents kept objecting to the negroes, I used to tell them that at such times it was just as well to be a little color blind. I think, general, we can say of the black boys what a country fellow, who was an old time abolitionist in Illinois, said when he went to a theater in Chicago and saw Forrest playing Othello. He was not very well up in Shakespeare and didn't know that the tragedian was a white man who had blacked up for the purpose. After the play was over the folks who had invited him to go to the show wanted to know what he thought of the actors, and he said, 'Waal, layin' aside all sectional prejudices and any partiality I may have for the race, derned if I don't think the nigger held his own with any on 'em.'"

The western dialect employed in this story was perfect.

The camp of the colored troops of the Eighteenth corps was soon reached, and a scene now occurred which defies description. They beheld for the first time the liberator of their race—the man who by a stroke of his pen had struck the shackles from the limbs of their fellow bondsmen and proclaimed liberty to the enslaved. Always impressive, the enthusiasm of the blacks now knew no limits. They cheered, laughed, cried, sang hymns of praise and shouted in their negro dialect, "God bless Massa Linkum!"

"De Lord save Fader Abraham!"

"De day ob jubilee am come shuah."

They crowded about him and fondled his horse. Some of them kissed his hands, while others ran off, crying in triumph to their comrades that they had touched his clothes. The president rode with bare head. The tears had started to his eyes, and his voice was so broken by emotion that he could scarcely articulate the words of thanks and congratulation which he tried to speak to the humble and devoted men through whose ranks he rode. The scene was affecting in the extreme, and no one could have witnessed it unmoved.

How to Bake Calf's Liver.

Carefully prepare a calf's liver and lard it thickly over the top with the lardoons sufficiently large to fill a good sized larding needle. Insert the bottom of the baking pan put a small onion sliced, a carrot sliced, a stick of celery cut into pieces, two bay leaves, a sprig of parsley, four cloves and a teaspoonful of pepper corns. If without the latter, use the ordinary ground pepper, but only one-quarter the quantity. Place liver on top of these, add one quart of boiling water in which you have dissolved a teaspoonful of salt. Cover the pan with another of the same size. Bake in a quick oven one hour, basting every 15 minutes. Remove the upper pan and bake 30 minutes longer. Serve with a brown sauce made from the liquor in the pan.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer in Ladies' Home Journal.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

How One May Help to Prevent Baldness. Some Timely Hints.

"What do you think of the theory advanced by some savant that baldness is tending to evolve into a hairless animal?" was asked of a hairdresser whose specialty is disease of the scalp.

"There is about as much probability of his walking on his fours," was the positive reply. "They know next to nothing about the hair and the scalp, or they would never have such a thought. The hair never falls out unless there is something wrong about the scalp, caused by the general health, the habits of the individuals, or the way the scalp is treated. Blondes, as a rule, have the thickest hair, as they average 700 hairs to the square inch, while there are chestnut or brown hairs, 572 hairs and only 493 red hairs. I believe, as a rule, red haired persons keep their hair the longest, while turns gray sooner than any other. The hair is a good barometer of the health, for if a person is weak and ill, with an imperfect circulation the hair invariably becomes thin, uneven and lacking in natural gloss."

It is wonderful, with the constant falling out of the hair, that the hair should not be more common or that there are not more cases of total baldness. The average life of a hair is from two to six years.

"About the best way to keep the scalp healthy is to preserve its elasticity. To do this massage is necessary, and if there should not be enough oil, the hair feeling dry and brittle, a preparation containing lanoline, softened by the addition of either vaseline or glycerin, should be worked in with the fingers. There is a tendency to baldness, the application of water and too frequent shampooing should be avoided. The best hairdressers will tell you that the hair should not be washed too frequently, as it deprives it of its natural oil. This is one of the chief reasons why more men than women lose their hair early. They wash or wet it too frequently. The average person doesn't need to wash his hair oftener than once a month, but where the hair is excessively oily, which is really a good fault, it may be washed once every three weeks."

"As age comes on the small vessels, the capillaries which feed the roots of the hair, become smaller, the hair roots are not properly nourished, and the hair falls out. This also happens in fevers and diseases. As a usual thing after illness the vessels soon regain their normal condition, and the lost hair is quickly restored, but with age, restoring the hair is much more difficult. And if the hair follicles are entirely destroyed there is no remedy. The best method for restoring hair, especially where the person has been bald some time, is by massage or electricity. The first can be given by almost any barber, and I have known ladies who massaged their own heads successfully, but the second should only be given by or upon the direction of a physician."

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"If such important matters," he said to himself, "are to be settled in my own household without my consent or even knowledge, God knows into what disorder and riot the rest of the province may plunge without even a thought of me. It will be quite forgotten that I am governor."

And being exceedingly impatient, for the time was short for a certain programme he had outlined to himself.

"My dignity," he reflected, "will not permit me to ask questions. I must seem to discover the situation by accident. Then I shall be furious and punish them by a little wholesome terror—the case of being sent by her agonizing cat of an aunt, he of being shipped off on a year's journey. But at our Easter Sunday feast I will forgive them and announce the betrothal. Yes, but it is Good Friday already, and I know nothing yet of the affair—officially."

Just then Maria pulled her pretty head from the door of his study, where he sat smoking, and said timidly and hesitatingly, "May I talk a little to you, dear father, of something private?"

"Aha," he thought, "the sweet child comes to confess. I shall be good to her. I will not even shake at her that grisly terror, Aunt Anastasia." And, to

himself, "I shall go to the general all."

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Few if any persons ventured to affirm that Kakhada was not dull. But General Gedeonoff did not complain of it. He cared nothing for social life, had distractions of his own and probably would have been contented in any place where he could be governor. And he was a pretty good governor, since he never went out of the way to do any mischief knowingly in his official capacity, and was really kind hearted. His only fault was that he confided too implicitly in a sort of factotum named Boris Razin and delegated to him at times too much authority. That, however, is one of those things which right themselves eventually, as they did in this instance very finely.

The general's distractions, to which allusion has been made, were, as he persuaded himself, scientific. As everybody knows, the newspapers of Russia are permitted to publish almost anything except news, and one that came every week from St. Petersburg to the governor of Kakhada gave much of its space to scientific experiments. Under the head of "Electricity" it taught "how to make a battery with a shaving mug and a very little flowerpot;" under "Acoustics," "how to make an eolipile with a lamp and a window;" under "Chemistry," "how to make crystals of rock salt;" under "Natural Philosophy," "how to balance a fork on the edge of a wineglass;" under "Magic," "how to cook an eel in a hat," and so on. And the old general amused himself by doing all these things. The one that pleased him most was "how to reproduce Dionysius' ear."

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Just then Maria poked her pretty head in at the door of his study, where he sat smoking, and said timidly and hesitatingly, "May I talk a little to you, dear father, of something private?"

"Ah," he thought, "the sweet child comes to confess. I shall be good to her. Now I will not even shake at her that grisly terror, Aunt Anastasia." And, to encourage her, he said in tender tones that could not have been heard farther than across the street:

"Come in, dear child. My heart always answers 'Yes' to your eyes before your tongue has time to ask."

"You are very good to me, dear father, but I have never before had to come to you with anything like this."

"No, I believe not," he replied knowingly, "but some time it comes to every one."

She looked puzzled, but went on, "A certain poor little girl is very much in love."

"Good! Good!" he responded in an affectionate roar. "That is as it should be. So I would have her. The more love the more happiness. But why did not the timid fellow come along with you? Is he afraid?" He had forgotten all about his programme.

Maria was bewildered. "He came along! Oh, she has not dared to say anything to him about it! He would break the rascal's head. Then what might happen to him?" The governor's eyes grew very round and big. Deliberately he laid his big pipe on the table, scratched his chin, stared at her and rumbled, "Whose head would he break?"

"Boris' of course."

"Now, why the devil should Vladimir break Boris' head?"

"Vladimir! What has he to do with it?"

"Yes, that's what I want to know."

"You did not let me tell you. It is about Natalia. Boris persecutes her, and she detests him. She loves Feodor Danilov, and Boris swears to send him to Siberia if Natalia does not give him up."

A dangerous light gleamed in the general's eyes, but he only said, with ominous gentleness, "So he will send somebody to Siberia?"

"Yes, And Feodor, who loves Natalia dearly, if he knew how Boris persecutes and frightens her, would kill him. Having constant access to the house on your service, Boris makes opportunities daily for threatening her. She wanted to beg your protection, but feared you would roar at her and favor Boris."

"Natalia is a very good girl, and I am fond of her, but she is foolish. She was a pet of my poor wife, who raised her from childhood and left her to my care. Is it likely I would give her to that ugly Tartar-faced rascal? She should know me better. But I am curious to hear him. Tomorrow when he comes at the usual hour for orders, let him find me in Dionysius' ear. And she must draw him out. You at the same time come here to me. But have you nothing to say to me on your own account?"

"No," she stammered, blushing. "But I saw Vladimir at the door, and perhaps he has something to say."

She ran swiftly away, and the general was still chuckling when Vladimir entered.

Boris Razin glided stealthily along the corridor, listening at closed doors, peering in at open ones, until he caught sight of Natalia sitting before a window, sewing, in a small octagonal room. Softly he stepped inside and closed the door. She looked up, startled.

"Don't look so frightened," he said, grinning. "You need not be afraid of me. I have been looking everywhere for you."

"I did not wish to see you."

"Very probably, but I chose to see you, which is more important. I saw to remind you once more of what will happen if you do not tomorrow give me the answer I expect."

"You will have no other answer from me than that I have already given to you, neither tomorrow nor any other time."

"Listen to me, Natalia Ilovaiski. You will meet me in the church before the altar."

"I will not see you."

"I heard you," interjected Maria. "Your excellency is mistaken," stammered Boris, beginning to feel frightened.

"No, she is right, my son! I heard you. Open that envelope which you saw sealed a minute after you left Natalia and have heard ever since. Read."

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UNIQUE CEREMONIES.

DISTRIBUTING THE "ROYAL MAUNDY" TO THE POOR IN ENGLAND.

His Holiness the Pope Still Washes the Feet of Twelve Poor Old Men—Solemn Observance of Eastertide at the Vatican. A Touching Ceremony.

Nowhere is Easter celebrated with more pomp and ceremony than at the various courts of the old world, even the Protestant rulers retaining many of the quaint observances that originated in mediæval times with the fathers of the Roman Catholic church. Thus in England the old custom of distributing to the poor what is known as the "royal mundy" takes place in Westminster abbey on each Thursday of holy week, on which day the official celebration of Eastertide may be said to begin all over Europe. Royal pageants of hundreds of years ago are dimly suggested when the bishop of Winchester, clad in his episcopal robes and acting in his capacity of lord high almoner to the queen, attended by the dean of Westminster, as well as by the chapter and the choir of the abbey, and escorted by a company of yeomen of the guard in their quaint costumes of the reign of King Henry VIII, marches up the nave and enters the choir of the grand old edifice. Seated in rows on either side are the persons chosen as recipients for the royal bounty. As soon as divine service is over and the anti-

they are waited upon by the sovereign and by the princes and princesses present, and at its close the guests are sent to their homes in court carriages, each bearing a handsome present in money.

The pope, while washing the feet of 12 poor old men—which, by the bye, he does in a very conscientious and proper manner—wears a white linen apron over his white cassock. This apron is sent every year to the general of the Benedictine order, who causes it to be cut up and to be used in one of the churches of the order for covering the chalice. His holiness insists on himself serving the 12 aged paupers at the banquet which follows the ceremony, and each one of them finds under his plate a hundred franc bank note.

But the most solemn feature of the observance of Eastertide at the Vatican—in my opinion, at any rate—is when on the following night punctually at 12 a cardinal arrayed in his scarlet robes presents himself and strikes 12 blows on the door of the private chapel of the pontiff. The latter thereupon arises from his knees before the altar, and taking therefrom a golden crucifix, approaches the window, which is thrown open by the cardinal, and makes with a sweeping and majestic gesture the sign of the cross over the slumbering city at his feet, exclaiming: "Et redidit Spiritum."

This Thursday before Easter is likewise the day on which Emperor William, with his nearest and dearest relatives, but with no attendants of any kind whatsoever, receives the sacrament in the little chapel which has been established in the bedroom of old Emperor William. It is very plainly furnished and lighted by a small silver oil lamp, and after the imperial chaplain has administered the holy bread and wine the illustrious communicants spend half an hour in solemn meditation before returning to their apartments.

On Good Friday a remarkable and unique ceremony takes place in the royal chapel at Madrid. During the course of divine service, just at the moment for the adoration of the cross, the chaplain approaches the kneeling sovereign with a gold salver, on which are full and free pardons for three prisoners lying under the sentence of death, and pronounces these words: "Madam, does your majesty grant her pardon to these criminals lying under sentence of death?"

The queen thereupon touches the papers lightly with her hand and repeats the traditional words, "Yo os perdono, y así Dios me perdona" (May God pardon me, as I pardon them). EX-DIPLOMATIST.

At the Boarding House.

"Yes, Mr. Jones, at this Easter season I always provide for the inmates of my humble home a diet largely of eggs—not from motives of economy, as you insinuate, but because of their appropriateness to the season."

"You can't convince me, madam, that last Easter's eggs are appropriate to this Easter's dinner. That's all I'm kicking about."

Obviously.

"Do you believe, Mr. Jones, that the glad Easter festival wears celebrating was really suggested by the heathen customs?"

"Believe it? I know it. The heathen are alive yet, too, most of 'em, making out bills for Easter bonnets."

Of Course He's Worried.

"Do you think he's worthy of our daughter?" asked the old gentleman doubtfully.

"Worthy!" exclaimed Mrs. Bloomer, as if astonished at the question. "Why, he has a record of 26 century runs."—Chicago Post.

Willing to Aid Him.

"I hope I see you well," he said faintly to the old farmer leaning on his hoe.

"I hope you do," was the unexpected answer, "but if you don't see me well, young man, put on specs."—Tit-Bits.

The Apparent.

"He must not see too much of me," mused the wise virgin.

Accordingly she was very careful to have the stripe of her gowns run up and down, for besides wisdom she had em bon ton. —Detroit Journal.

WOMEN ADOPT A BOY.

Victor Thompson's Mother Now 34 the Whole Thursday Club of Chicago.

Little Victor Thompson has recently acquired 24 adoptive mothers over and above the one which the average small boy loves and disobeys. He is the adoptive child of the Thursday club of the South Side, and it has been suggested that his name be changed to V. Thompson Thursday. This is probably the first case in which a child has ever been legally adopted by a secular society, but he is the "club child," watched over and supported by it, and the members are as responsible for his upbringing as were his own parents.

The Thursday is a charitable club organized to help children. While on a visit to the Waifs' mission one of the members saw Victor. His bright eyes and clever replies to her questions aroused her interest. He said he was not happy in the mission, and after the clubwoman had investigated his fam-

ily and found that he was the child of a respectable widow she took him to a meeting of the club. It was proposed that he become the ward of the club and be educated and cared for at its expense. The motion was carried, and papers of adoption were made out in the usual form and signed by the secretary.

He was placed immediately in the Illinois Training school at Glenwood, where he now is. Like other mothers, the club thinks its child is brighter and better than the children of other people, and it looks forward to the time when the president of the United States will be Victor Thursday, the child of poor but honest parents and the adoptive son of the Thursday club.

Victor is only 8 years old, yet he can read and write and has chosen his profession. He says that he will be a lawyer. He recently wrote a letter to the president, Miss Mabel Dore of 3124 Prairie avenue. In it he told of his life at the training school and ended by saying: "I want to thank the Thursday club for adopting me. I am very much obliged to the young ladies, and I am going to get my lessons and be a good boy, so they will be proud of their little boy." The matron added a postscript, saying that the wording and thoughts in the letter were all his own. —Chicago Record.

The population of Greater New York will exceed that of Massachusetts, but Chicago has yet to be heard from, says the Boston Home Journal.

The Quincy Monitor.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
By the St. John's C. L. and A. A.

Yearly Subscription, 50 Cents
Single Copies, 5 Cents

Advertisements are requested to forward changes of advertisements on or before the first of each month, and all business communications should be addressed to the

Advertising Agent, Quincy Monitor,
Quincy, Mass.
Lock Box, 161.

Rates Made Known Upon Application.

All articles and correspondence intended for THE MONITOR should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUINCY MONITOR, Quincy, Mass. All in possession of news of interest to MONITOR readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies, and promptly send copy of resolutions.

APRIL, 1897.

Ex-Councilman John P. Bigelow was unsuccessful in his application for internal revenue collector for the third Massachusetts district. Mr. James D. Gill of Springfield being the successful man. Mr. Gill had the support of Senator Hoar and of the influential part of the Congressional delegation, and Mr. Bigelow had the rest. That tells the story.

The hearing at the State House relative to the military was of much interest to Quincy folks, since Capt. George A. Devlin was one of the central figures when the Sixth regiment of infantry was under fire. The pluck of Capt. Devlin will surely command respect, and it is to be hoped that there is sufficient justice in his contentions to warrant Gov. Wolcott in re-instating him in his former charge.

Many are disposed to criticize the approximated prices named by Mr. Durgin for his new hall, but all reasonable persons will be satisfied that the prices will be only what is a fair return to the projectors. Mr. Durgin as the leading spirit, deserves all the encouragement in the new venture, and we hope that the responses to his notice will be sufficient to warrant the undertaking. Heretofore societies have not hesitated to pay \$100 for the use of an old trap for a hall, and we do not see where any protest can be made at the price of \$75 for an up-to-date hall.

Considerable criticism has been made of Representative Newcomb in his vote upon the special bill to exempt the Hotel La Touraine from the operation of the 400-foot law, and considering the almost unanimous action of his committee and of the Legislature the gentleman must feel the justice of the criticism. Landlord Whipple is a wealthy man, and is undoubtedly a most excellent citizen, but on no account, more particularly the shallow reasons advanced, should he be exempt from a compliance with the law. The Legislature was on the point of listening more intently to his petition, as one of his most earnest sponsors was the chairman of the Police Board of Boston, but recent developments give the impression that such a collusion could have no more than selfish motive.

The debate in the United States Senate on the Cuban question gives a good opportunity for the outpouring of senatorial venom against Spain as a nation, may not reach our ideal but nevertheless, our disposition should be to allow her to squelch the rebellion in Cuba in her own way, providing of course that she does not resort to the barbarity of the blacks of Africa. At all times Spain has not been merciful, nor even just in her treatment of prisoners of war, but the cases which come to our notice are largely exaggerated by the obsequious correspondents. The pseudo Americans in Cuba who seek the protection of the United States in their black-guarding schemes should be treated with contempt, and their momentary and assumed love for this nation should not be allowed to blind us to the fact that a selfish interest dominates the whole movement.

The petition of one Cameron, offered at a recent meeting of the council, and by the president of that body referred for settlement to a special committee, has given rise to much controversy as to the powers of the council. The Board of Managers of Public Burial Places is appointed by the Mayor and directly under his supervision. In consequence any grievance against the Board should be addressed to His Honor, or if against the agents of the Board to the Board itself. The charges against Mr. Nicol were made in the first place to the Board, but as the Board had not received substantiation of the charges, the petitioners if not acknowledging satisfaction, should have sought the help of the Mayor. The action of the Council, in ordering an investigation, was to say the least, most discourteous and its work moreover, quite without its jurisdiction. The

charges were to our mind, quite imaginary, and we trust the committee of the Council will have the good grace to give the petitioner leave to withdraw.

THE POSTMASTERSHIP.

Though Postmaster Burke's term of office does not terminate until March, 1898, an active canvass is being made at the present time in the interest of one particular person, and it is stated that this person has succeeded in winning the mail-contents in his own party to his side, who, desire as a strategic move that this responsible position shall be given to one whose only power in the community is his ability to keep his party always in disruption. We are disposed to antagonize the attempt to make the postmastership serve the purpose of placating the differences in the Republican party, and believe that all persons, particularly the friends of Congressman Barrows, should enter a protest against the applicant we have in mind. Mr. Barrows would be willing to listen to an honest protest, since he must be well aware that his support in the city came largely from the Republicans outside the organization and its influence and the Democrats. The support of Chase came largely from the last Republican organization, and it was well-known at the time that Mr. Barrow's defeat was much desired by these gentlemen. Mr. Barrows then, in justice to those who supported him in the face of the hostile attitude of the Republican city committee, should be indisposed to recommend a man so completely without the good-will of the majority of his own party.

The internal disorders in the Republican party must be settled otherwise than at the expense of the general government. The postmastership of Quincy has always been a spoils office, and probably ever will be, but still the standard has always been high, and the men selected of sufficient business ability to merit always the esteem of even opponents. All this will be changed if success awaits the movement we have in mind, and certainly no stone should be left unturned by the friends of Mr. Barrows to aid in the selection of a man within their own circle.

THE BOARD OF TRADE.

This organization may become of immeasurable benefit to Quincy, but at the outset it must be candidly stated that its power and usefulness are dwarfed while it continues to be led by the inimical and old-fashioned ideas of many of its members. The truth is, too much importance is given to men who esteem Quincy only as a place of residence, and who do not desire to see Quincy become a manufacturing city. These men are sufficiently well off in this world's goods, and do not in any measure realize the needs of the city. They have lucrative businesses in Boston or elsewhere, and their products finding a market in many places, they do not feel the pinch of restricted trade, resulting from restricted labor, as much as the local merchant.

This is brought forcibly to mind by the remarks of Mr. William B. Rice at the recent banquet of the Board, who said in substance that no industry could be successful or of long life that depended upon a boom. The interpretation of that remark is that Quincy people should not offer concessions of any kind to manufacturing or mercantile companies, but should sit idly and stupidly by and allow other municipalities to deal reciprocally with industrial concerns. Mr. Rice knows full well that many in his particular line of business have availed themselves of the offers of Boards of Trade in other places, and in consequence the places fortunate enough to have such live organizations have been benefited by the productivity of hundreds of operatives. If Quincy desires to prosper and to count within her borders many industries, she must now make effort to secure the interests that are constantly seeking some relief from the oppressive taxes and rentals of our larger cities.

The only really valuable suggestion made at the banquet came from Mayor Quincy, and was prompted no doubt by the dissertations the stone business. Certainly we would not be willing to drive this industry from the city, but it is a senseless effort to spend all our energy in trying to boom something that has seen its best days in this vicinity and which must bow to the supremacy of newer and more energetic fields.

Anyone conversant with the granite business in Quincy must acknowledge the many causes that operated to kill the business, and it is to our mind a useless task to attempt the resuscitation of an industry that has suffered more from labor and capital antagonisms and misguided judgment than from any other causes.

The St. John's Sunday school will give an entertainment in early May.

DRAFTS ON IRELAND.

Passage Tickets
to and from the
OLD COUNTRY
for sale by
JOHN O. HOLDEN,
154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

THE TOWNS OF CRETE.

A writer in the St. Petersburg Viedomosti gives the following account of the towns of Crete: "Candia, Retimo, Canea, are of the Crete of the hundred towns' the only three cities existing, and in using the word city every attention must be understood. Candia, situated at the mouth of a little river, the Geofiro, was built in the ninth century by the Saracenes on the sight of Heraklion, one of the ports of Cnossus. The distance between Cnossus and Candia is under an hour's walking, and in antiquity the two were connected by walls, which recalled those between Piraeus and Athens. In the time of Venetian sovereignty Candia enjoyed great prosperity. Today its aspect is essentially Turkish on account of its houses, its mosques, its minarets and its bazars, in which are exposed all the products of the East. It is surrounded by a bastioned wall, almost triangular in shape. Within there is another wall separating the old town from the new, the latter being nearer the river. The fortifications date from the Venetians, but war or earthquakes have left little or nothing of the city's ancient splendor. Tournefort has called it only the carcass of a city. Its chief monuments are the remains of the church of St. Francis and the old Latin cathedral to St. Titus. Its population is between 13,000 and 14,000 mostly Mussulmans. The port is protected by two moles, but the sand has been allowed to slip up so much that only very small vessels can enter. Its chief trade is with Trieste, which takes from it raisins and oil in return for soap. Canea comes next to Candia with a population of 11,000 equally divided between Christians and Mohammedans. Canea is the ancient Cydonia. The modern town dates from 1522, and is the principal port of the island, the commercial capital, and the residence of the foreign consuls. Nor far from Canea is the admirable anchorage of Suda Bay, Retimo, the third town, is fifty-five miles southwest of Candia. Its population is not above 3000."

MINSTREL SHOW.

The St. John's society is about to make a departure in the matter of public entertainment, and in the latter part of May will give a minstrel show. Minstrelsy has not received much attention in the society, but now considerable hard work is going to be done in that line, and a good show will result. The participants will be young men and women and this novelty will make the affair doubly interesting. The management will not confine its field of selection to Quincy, but will draw on the talent of our neighboring towns. The tickets will be placed on sale the latter part of this month, and it is hoped that a good sale will await them.

Where are you going, my pretty maid?
Going a-milking, oh, no, she said:
Going a-milking not at all—
I am going to the minstrels at the St. John's hall.

May I go with you my pretty maid?
You're slow if you don't, kind sir, she said,
For the girls and the boys their songs they will mingle,
The bones will rattle and the tambos jingle,
And the jokes will be so very funny
That you'll never regret having spent your money.
Then one and all come get in the race
And see Dan Haley open his face,
It's the last entertainment 'till the fall,
This minstrel show at the St. John's hall.

FOOD

will taste better and do more good
if its digestion is assisted with
nature's greatest stimulant

Vitamalt

the perfect extract of malt.

Prepared by
BARTHOLOMAEW BREWERY CO.,
(Rochester, N. Y.)

New England Branch,
295-305 A STREET, - - BOSTON.

Book on Dreams and Superstition mailed
FREE on receipt of name and address.

DIVISION 18, A. O. H.

A new division of the Hibernian was recently formed in this city, and the following were elected officers thereof:
President.—James P. Flannigan.
Vice President.—Edward J. Parker.
Recording Secretary.—Richard J. Gay.
Financial Secretary.—William J. McNiff.
Treasurer.—John J. Phelan.

The new division starts off with a good membership, and it is the hope of the officers to make this the banner division of the county.

Mr. Joseph F. Costello recently returned from a ten days' trip to Newport News, Virginia. Mr. Costello was the guest of Capt. Fuller of the steam yacht Shawmut.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. P. S. Morris in the death of his wife, Mrs. Catherine J. Mrs. Morris was born and had always lived in Quincy and all will be pained to learn of her sudden demise.

The Knights of Columbus are preparing for the third degree exemplification on the evening of Wednesday, May 20th. The order is growing rapidly in Quincy, and easily takes first rank among the Catholic societies.

The City Council has ordered a public hearing on May 3 on the petition to lay out and accept the Miller street road as a public highway, and also for a hearing on the same evening on the proposition to continue Whitwell street to Granite street. The work intended by these two petitions is quite necessary, and if the council fails to act favorably the persons having the two matters at heart will have none to blame but themselves. Everyone interested should attend the hearings, and impress upon the Council the urgent necessity of the work.

Mr. Michael Coyle, who died on the 26th ult., was well-known to our older people in this city, where he had spent the greater part of his life. Mr. Coyle was born in Ireland, and immigrated to America in early manhood. After laboring in different places he settled in Quincy, learning the trade of tool sharpening. He was in his prime in the prosperous days for his craft, and being thrifty and industrious made a satisfactory competence. He was of a quiet turn, and in later years, although quite vigorous was rarely seen from his own home. He leaves three sons, all well-known in this city, Michael, John and Luke J. His funeral took place from his late home on Brackett street, and a requiem was celebrated at St. John's church by Rev. Fr. Cuffe. The interment was at St. Mary's.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO

LUCAS COUNTY, SS.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

Best Baldwins, 25c. pk.

Callon Can Apples, 18c.

Evaporated Apples, 5c. lb.

L. M. PRATT & CO.

Dandelions,

Spinach, Kail,
Lettuce,
Cucumbers,
Radishes,
Sweet Potatoes,
Cranberries,
and all kinds of Vegetables in the market.

L. M. PRATT & CO.

EDWARD J. PARKER,

LAWYER,

WILSON BUILDING,

QUINCY.

REGULATIONS

BOARD OF HEALTH

OF QUINCY, MASS.

AT a meeting held Feb. 23, 1897, the Board of Health of the City of Quincy, made and adopted, and do hereby publish, the following regulations:

REGULATION 1. No person shall collect, remove or carry in or through any of the streets, lanes, avenues, places or alleys within the City of Quincy, the contents of any cesspool, vault, privy or privy well, the drainage of any stable dwelling house, slaughter house or other building in the city, unless expressly licensed therefor by the Board of Health upon such terms and conditions and by such methods, as the Board may deem that the public health requires a permit to so remove therefrom, the license shall be forthwith revoked and cancelled. No privy vault or cesspool shall be cleaned between 6 P. M. and sunrise.

REG. 2. No person shall deposit the contents of any privy vault or cesspool, or any other filth, upon any premises within the limits of the city, without first having obtained a permit to do so from the Board of Health. Nor shall any cesspool for the retention of waste water be within ten feet of any house, unless the cesspool be cemented and water-tight, and the water in the cesspool be not water-tight shall be maintained within two rods of any well, spring, or other source of water supply, and no person shall deposit any filth, or refuse, or any other substance through any of the public streets or ways of this city, and then only in securely covered vehicles or vessels, from which no liquid matter or odors can escape.

REG. 3. No person, unless expressly licensed therefor by the Board of Health, shall collect, transport or convey, soil, fat, grease, bones, any decaying, putrifying or offensive animal matter or vegetable substance through any of the public streets or ways of this city, and then only in securely covered vehicles or vessels, from which no liquid matter or odors can escape.

REG. 4. All persons licensed by the Board to remove the contents of privy vaults and cesspools, and all who collect and transport soil, refuse and offensive animal or vegetable substances, shall keep all carts, equipments and implements used therefor, disinfected and free from all obnoxious or offensive odors when not in immediate use, and shall not allow the same to become obnoxious or offensive to the public or to the owners or occupants of premises adjoining those where the same are kept or stored.

REG. 5. No person shall place, or cause to be placed, or empty, or cause to be emptied, upon any street, way, lane or sidewalk, any house dirt, offal or rubbish, any sewage, or the drainage of any sink or stable, or the contents of any cesspool, vault, privy or privy well. No person shall cast any decaying vegetable or dead animal substance into any cesspool, privy vault, or into any well, cistern, reservoir, pond or waters within the city, nor drown, or caused to be drowned, any animal in any of said waters. And the carcasses of animals dead of disease or killed for any cause, shall be buried at such distance from dwellings, or wells, or other source of water supply, that no danger or nuisance can result, and no person shall establish or maintain any stable, swine-pen, privy, privy well, cesspool or sink drain, within six feet of any stream, watercourse or pond in the city, without a permit from the Board of Health.

REG. 6. The keeping of swine, goats, cows, or poultry in any part of the city, where such keeping shall be detrimental to the health of the neighborhood, is hereby prohibited, and the owner or person in charge, shall forthwith remove the same or cause the same to be removed, from any place at which the keeping thereof shall be prohibited by the Board.

REG. 7. No person shall burn, boil, try or decompose any refuse substances, either animal or vegetable, in such a manner that the same shall emit odors or gases obnoxious or offensive to the public or to the owners or occupants of adjoining premises.

REG. 8. Every occupant of any dwelling house, tenement or other building in this city shall keep such house or building, and the yard belonging to the same, free from all filth and from all substances having offensive odors.

Whenever a vault, cesspool, barn or cellar, or any building or premises of any description, becomes offensive, the same shall be satisfactorily cleaned, ventilated and disinfected, by the occupant or owner within such reasonable time as the Board of Health may in a notice thereof prescribe.

Whenever the Board of Health is satisfied on due examination that a cellar, tenement or building within the city, occupied as a dwelling house, has become, by reason of the number of occupants, want of cleanliness or other cause unfit for such purpose, the occupants shall remove therefrom within forty-eight hours after written notice has been given them.

REG. 9. When a householder knows that a person within his family is sick with smallpox, diphtheria, membranous croup, scarlet fever, measles or any other disease dangerous to the public health, he shall immediately give notice thereof to the Board of Health unless he knows such case have been duly reported by the attending physician.

When a physician knows that a person whom he is called to visit is infected with smallpox, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles or typhoid fever, he shall immediately give notice thereof to the Board of Health.

REG. 10. No person from any dwelling wherein a case of smallpox, diphtheria, membranous croup, scarlet fever, measles or chickenpox, shall attend any school, church or public gathering of any kind, or take any book or magazine to or from the Public Library without a permit from the Board of Health. The Board will inform the librarian of all cases of said diseases and until a written permit is given he shall allow neither books nor magazines to be taken to or returned from the dwellings where such cases exist.

REG. 11. In case of a death from smallpox, scarlet fever, membranous croup, or diphtheria, burial must be made within twelve hours, if practicable, and must be strictly private, and the body must not be exposed to view, or the coffin opened after the body has been placed therein.

REG. 12. All cases of smallpox, membranous croup, diphtheria and scarlet fever must be isolated to the satisfaction of the Board, and no visitors of any kind allowed. After the sickness is over the rooms occupied must be disinfected by the householder or by the Board of Health. They must be tightly closed and sulphur burned in them at the rate of two pounds per one thousand cubic feet of space. They must remain closed from six to twelve hours, then opened and aired thoroughly before further occupancy. The bedding must be well spread out and exposed to the same sulphur fumes, and all the furniture, walls, bedding, carpets, etc., must be washed in a solution of carbolic acid, chloride of lime or corrosive sublimate.

REG. 13. No child from a family, anyone of whose members is sick with smallpox, diphtheria, membranous croup or scarlet fever, will be permitted to attend school until six weeks after complete cessation of such sickness in the family.

No child from a family, anyone of whose members is sick with chicken-pox will be permitted to attend school until three weeks after complete cessation of such sickness in the family.

No child sick with whooping cough will be allowed to attend school until complete recovery has taken place.

Tenements immediately adjoining those in which smallpox, membranous croup, diphtheria, scarlet fever, or measles exist, shall likewise be prohibited, unless by permission of the Board of Health.

Any child prohibited from attending school on account of any of the above diseases, before being permitted to attend school shall present a certificate from the attending physician that he is free from contagion and that the requirements of this regulation have been complied with. All such certificates must be endorsed by the Board of Health.

REG. 14. Whoever has knowledge of a contagious disease among any domestic animal in this city shall forthwith give notice thereof to the Board of Health.

REG. 15. Persons having the care or custody of such suspected animals, and having received a written or verbal order from the Board of Health for their restriction, shall neither sell, trade nor in any way dispose of them, nor move or allow them to be moved from the place assigned, nor allow any animals not already exposed to come in contact with them till permitted so to do by the State Cattle Commissioners.

Whoever violates any provisions of regulations 14 and 15 shall be punished by a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars or imprisonment not exceeding one year; and whoever violates any provision of any one of these regulations shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars for each offence.

BENJ. F. CURTIS, Board
JOHN H. ASH M. D., Health
JOHN A. McDONALD, Health
Inspector's office hours, City Hall, every day, 8 to 10 A. M.

TIMOTHY F. FORD, Inspector.

NOTICE.

CITY OF QUINCY.

Mayor's Office, April 3, 1897.

On and after April 10, 1897, until further notice, the City Hall will be closed at 12 o'clock, M., on Saturdays.
CHARLES F. ADAMS, 2nd, Mayor.
April 5.

Cotton Plants.

Send two stamps
directions how to grow cotton plants. No
Address Seed Department Seaboard Air
Line, Pine Bluff (Winter Health Resort)
N. C.

Kennedy's Best Crackers

5 pounds for 25 cents.

By the barrel, 4 cents per pound

Ginger Snaps, 4 pounds for 25 cents.

L. M. PRATT & CO.

MINSTREL SHOW

BY

St. John's Society,

In MAY.

NEW YORK

Life Insurance Co.

TIMOTHY J. CAREY

SPECIAL AGENT.

ALSO:

Fire Insurance Placed in

Best Companies.

44 South Street, - Quincy.

POTATOES,

50 cents bushel,

15 cents peck,

L. M. PRATT & CO.

For that Head-Ache

USE

HEAD-EASE.

Made and Sold Only By

CHAS. C. HEARN,

DRUGGIST,

176 HANCOCK STREET, QUINCY.

BREVITIES

PERSONALITIES.

Nansen, the arctic explorer, has been unanimously elected professor of zoology at the Christiania university.

Sir Alfred Milner, who has been appointed British high commissioner of South Africa, is only 43 years old.

Rev. J. Courtney Jones, an Episcopal clergyman of Virginia, intends to prepare a concordance of the Episcopal prayer book. There is no such work in existence.

Lord Salisbury is to be elevated to a dukedom when her majesty celebrates the completion of the second year of her reign. If this occurs, he will become Duke of Salisbury.

William A. Hennessey, who has just died in Springfield, Mass., was the inventor of the Hennessey triple draft tubular boiler and several other useful mechanical devices.

President McKinley's clerks say that from Feb. 17, 1896, to the time Major McKinley left Canton he received and answered 98,331 letters. The number received since Major McKinley arrived in Washington is much greater in proportion.

Comrade Owen Jones and about 70 of his friends made a 91 pound ball of the tin foil wrappers of chewing tobacco and presented it to Pennsylvania Reserve post, No. 191, of Philadelphia. They began making the ball in September, 1895.

Some one asked a member of the president's household if Mrs. Nancy Allison McKinley, the president's mother, objected to being called Mother McKinley. "No, she doesn't," was the reply. "That is just what she does like to be called. She is proud of the title."

Queen Victoria has approved the appointment of Sir Frederick W. R. Fry, K. C. S. L., the present chief commissioner, to be lieutenant governor of Burma, on the establishment in the province of a local legislature under the provisions of the Indian councils act of 1861.

John Corbett of Indian Fields, Ky., put out a fire in a railroad trestle and flagged a passenger train in time. As a reward he received a 30 day pass over the line. He rode around, carrying farm produce to neighboring towns, where he sold it for cash and realized a nice little sum.

An interesting contemporary portrait of Sir Thomas More, speaker of the house of commons in 1535, has just been discovered in one of the rooms of the speaker's house. It has been carefully restored and forms a valuable addition to the unique gallery of portraits of speakers.

Sir William and Lady Dawson celebrated a few days ago in Montreal the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. For 38 of these years Sir William has been at the head of McGill university, and its students and graduates sent him and his wife a thousand and more congratulatory messages.

For

GLOVES,

LACES,

RIBBONS

Hosiery and Underwear,

Call at

D. E. WADSWORTH &

HANCOCK STREET,

Largest Dry Goods Store between Boston and Brockton. Branch

Be sure and have something new

There is nothing better than a pair of Gloves. We carry them for Ladies and Gentlemen.

On the

S
LTH

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MINSTREL SHOW

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NEW YORK

Life Insurance Co.

TIMOTHY J. CAREY

SPECIAL AGENT.

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For that Head-Ache

USE

HEAD-EASE.

Made and Sold Only By

CHAS. C. HEARN,

DRUGGIST,

176 HANCOCK STREET, QUINCY.

On the Retired Lis

but we have not retired from business. On the contrary, our stock of SHOES is now greater than ever.

Are you in need of anything? If so, call and let us convince you that quality considered, our figures are the lowest in the city.

THE LEADING SHOE STORE.

GEO. W. JONES.

ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY.

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Rev. J. Courtney Jones, an Episcopal clergyman of Virginia, intends to prepare a concordance of the Episcopal prayer book. There is no such work in existence.

Lord Salisbury is to be elevated to a dukedom when her majesty celebrates the completion of the record year of her reign. If this occurs, he will become Duke of Salisbury.

William A. Hennessy, who has just died in Springfield, Mass., was the inventor of the Hennessy triple draft tubular boiler and several other useful mechanical devices.

President McKinley's clerks say that from Feb. 17, 1896, to the time Major McKinley left Canton he received and answered 98,331 letters. The number received since Major McKinley arrived in Washington is much greater in proportion.

Comrade Owen Jones and about 70 of his friends made a 91 pound ball of the tin foil wrappers of chewing tobacco and presented it to Pennsylvania Reserve post, No. 191, of Philadelphia. They began making the ball in September, 1893.

Some one asked a member of the president's household if Mrs. Nancy Allison McKinley, the president's mother, objected to being called Mother McKinley. "No, she doesn't," was the reply. "That is just what she does like to be called. She is proud of the title."

Queen Victoria has approved the appointment of Sir Frederick W. R. Fryer, K. C. S. I., the present chief commissioner, to be lieutenant governor of Burma, on the establishment in the province of a local legislature under the provisions of the Indian councils act of 1861.

John Corbett of Indian Fields, Ky., put out a fire in a railroad trestle and flagged a passenger train in time. As a reward he received a 30 day pass over the line. He rode around, carrying farm produce to neighboring towns, where he sold it for cash and realized a nice little sum.

An interesting contemporary portrait of Sir Thomas More, speaker of the house of commons in 1523, has just been discovered in one of the rooms of the speaker's house. It has been carefully restored and forms a valuable addition to the unique gallery of portraits of speakers.

Sir William and Lady Dawson celebrated a few days ago in Montreal the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. For 38 of these years Sir William has been at the head of McGill university, and its students and graduates sent him and his wife a thousand and more congratulatory messages.

Conflicting Emotions.

"Old man, you seem worried." "Worried is no name for it. Brown is coming around at 4 o'clock to pay me \$15."

"Think he may not come?" "Oh, he'll come all right, but Jones is due at 4:15 to try to collect \$10 I owe him. Suppose he should get here just as I was being paid by Brown."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Highly Esteemed.

"I used to think," remarked Meandering Mike, "that I wasn't popular with dumb animals."

"Are you?" inquired Plodding Pete. "Tremendously. I met three dogs today, and every one of them thought I was nice enough to eat."—Washington Star.

A Fatal Slip.

First Detective—How did you know he was from Chicago?

Second Detective—By his accent.

First Detective—But you said he did not speak to you.

Second Detective—I overheard him eating a piece of pie.—Truth.

Her Practical View.

"How glorious it is to drink in this delightful sunshine, to watch it gild the landscape and cast its mellow blessing on the waiting earth."

"Yes, George, but think of the free-ries."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Guess.

"Why don't that European war you've been predicting right along come off, Mr. Sporty?" inquired his wife.

"I suppose the kinetoscope people are not ready."—Detroit Free Press.

Two.

Smith—Did you ever see two women yet who could agree about the car fare?

Brown—Yes. The conductor's wife and daughter.—Up to Date.

Cause and Effect.

"Are yer 'eard Bill's landed for three years' 'ard labor?"

"What for?"

"Sneezin'."

"Wot yer givin us? Sneezin'!"

"Well, 'e was crackin a crib, an 'e snoze an woke the bloke up."—Pick Me Up.

"AND TOLD THE YEAR'S MISDEEDS."

Among their number one appeared that day, brought thither from some distant Alban town, for some uncouth design. Antonio, he was called, and straggled to say, his features and his form were such that one might cry: "Behold the image of Pacifico," but that his eye was lacking in the heavenly light that beamed from out the pastor's gentle soul.

Through all the autumn days Mercurio formed a host of plans to force Pacifico from town but in vain. Yet in his heart the priest was sad and spent long nights in prayer that God might guide him prudently. Then in despite Mercurio called his band in council round his board on Christmas day and formed a scheme that could not fail.

According to his fell design a messenger was sent to bring a story to the zealous priest, how, in the deep recesses of the woods, an aged man lay dying in his sins, and he bid him hasten ere he die and unrepentant find his place in Hell.

The messenger made haste and told his tale, and rising from his books Pacifico, all unsuspecting, went with him away.

Now, there are darksome places in the woods, ravines that lie twixt high, impending cliffs, and caverns, hewn from out the lava beds, concealed from sight by clustering foliage.

The priest strode bravely down the hill, nor shuddered at the wildness of the scene, nor gazed aloft as some might do, in fear, upon the rocky walls that grimly tower on either side above the narrow road. But, ere, he gained the middle of the pass, he started back a moment in alarm; for, just before him, crouching in the dark, a dozen

DON PACIFICO.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

Pacifico, still pondering on these strange events sped on his way, and safe at length within his little home, knelt down to seek in prayer for guiding grace.

The autumn thus passed peacefully away; then came the bitter cold and falling snows of chill December. Christmas came anon enshrined in mystic glory as the feast that expectation doubly glorifies.

On Christmas eve the people thronged the little church and knelt, each in his turn behind the screen, close by the pastor's knee, and told the year's misdeeds with many a sigh of true contrition and the firm resolve, the sin once pardoned, to rise and sin no more. A something seemed to wake unwonted joy in every heart as though the feast were set apart for wonderful events, some miracle to seal the blessed work of grace with surest taken success.

When morning dawned with clanging bells and twinkling tapers, then the stirring song from every throat resounded till the church seemed like a part of Paradise on earth.

Yet glorious as the morning mass appeared, Pacifico announced a Vesper service for the evening, sung by boys from Rome's most famous choirs, whereat the cardinal had given his word that he should grace the little chapel with his presence.

Meanwhile not idly sat Mercurio behind his tables at the village Inn. He also planned a work of much import with half a score of brigands gathered at his board.

So spoke the brigand hoping that his words might shake the courage of the priest. Yet nothing said Pacifico save only this: "Though I should die, I shall not promise thus."

"Then thou dost sentence thyself to death; for, ere the sun shall penetrate the glen, thy body, hurled from yonder cliff, shall fall upon the rocks that lie below; and none shall know the hand that wrought thy death."

Pacifico replied: "Now God be praised! Although I merit not the glorious crown of martyrdom, yet this hath God bestowed upon unworthiness like mine that I shall die the death of them that strive to serve Him well."

So, argument began with quiet words; the bandit softly picturing the sweets of youthful life. He spoke of Naples, by the southern sea, of Paris and of London on the Thomas, "or if thou wouldst take passage on the sea and turn thy course to far America where never sound shall tell to mortal ear the secret of the hate that drove thee forth." To all which arguments Pacifico made only one response: "It cannot be."

The bandit, sore with questioning, and wounded that he gained no prospect of success, made answer: "Then thou surely must die."

So saying he bent him down and grasped the gentle priest as lightly as a mother takes a child, and bore him up the hill whose summit ceases at the craggy edge and looks afar down a precipice so steep that feeble heads grow dizzy gazing downward to its base. On reaching to the topmost height the brigand cast his burden on the ground.

"Once more," he said, "I promise life to thee if thou wilt freely vanish from the town nor ever more return."

"I cannot prove a traitor to my God," Pacifico replied.

"Then may the Lord have mercy on thy soul!" The ruffian thereupon bent down and grasped the fettered priest and, with an oath, raised high his sacred load, and cast it headlong o'er the cliff. He listened for a space, and when all was still, turned back to bring the story to his bandit friends.

VII

A smile illumined Mercurio's swartly face to hear the joyful news. He called aloud: "Antonio! Antonio, come forth!" Then straightaway up from out the cellar came Antonio, his face flushed red with wine.

"Antonio," the keeper said, "the work is well begun. Pacifico lies murdered in the woods. Come! cast away thy coat, and place this priestly robe upon thy holy form."

With merry laugh Mercurio took, from out a wooden box, a cassock, one Pacifico had worn, and clothed Antonio in its ample folds; then placed a black beretta on his head, and laughed again to see how well he bore the semblance of the priest, Pacifico.

Antonio tripped with awkward steps about unused to vesture of such holy cloth, and gazing in the mirror, laughed again and said: "To tell the truth I seem more like Pacifico than doth Pacifico himself."

Then all the bandits made a merry feast that lasted till the setting of the sun, when all arose with glasses brimming full to pledge their hopes. They then sent forth the brave Antonio with much advice that told him how to act the part Pacifico might act that night but that he lay a victim in the woods.

Soon, from the tower above the shrine, the vesper bell went ringing down the vale. The pleasant, listening paused a moment mute, with folded hands, absorbed in prayer; then hastened out into the gathering night and met the eager crowds that hurried onward to the church. For rumor told of preparations made; how choirs from Rome were gathered round the shrine and orchestras of sweetest instruments; how, from Albano, came in robes of state the Bishop Cardinal to grace the feast, and how Pacifico would once again rehearse, in words more eloquent than aye before, the oft-told story of the birth of Christ.

The people hurried eagerly along, and burst the doors apart, then entering filled the place until the ample walls could hold no more. And many grumbled, being forced to stand without upon the unprotected square. Within, each altar blazed with pyramids of light that glittered myriad-fold against the sheen of gold and silver cloth that hung about in regal canopies above the place where Christ in sacramental veils should stand to bless the people.

Hark! a tinkling bell sounds welcome warning to each listening ear, for that it tells the hour at hand. On yonder side of the altar great damask draperies fall in folds of dusky red that now are drawn aside and underneath the arch thus formed the ministers appear and move in slow procession to the shrine, the acolytes with candlesticks of gold, the chanters clad in cotta and soutane, the cardinal in vesture crimson-hued, and lastly came the brigand, Antonio, who bore the form and face of poor Pacifico. He slowly walked along until he reached the altar where he knelt to pray.

VIII

Oh, God! shall nothing intervene to check the service ere the ruffians hand

desperate ruffians, ready armed, were waiting for the moment of attack. He would have smiled and passed them by, as feeling in his heart that even they would raise no hand against a man of God. But one sprang forth, a giant Hercules, with level gun, and fiercely bade him, halt, while others gathered around with ropes of hide, and ere his tongue could formulate a word, they gagged and bound him safely, hand and foot. Then silently they bore him down the glen and through the foliage, and laid him prone upon a rock within a cavern mouth.

All then withdrew, save one detailed to wait, and guard the captive while the rest went back to tell Mercurio how artfully they trapped the hated priest, nor should he see his living face again.

VI

Soon early night descended on the glen with darkness deep as midnight, save where the trees, like giant sentinels, rose from the snow in towering majesty. A silence still as death was in the air unbroken, till the wretch that stood on guard began to taunt his unoffending charge.

"So, villain priest," he said, and laughed the while, "we hold thee safely. Soon the dawn of day shall give the signal for thy martyrdom. Say, has thou shrived thy sinful soul?"

It were not wise to meet the anger of thy God while good Mercurio's curse sits on thee unabsolved. 'Twere better far to kneel and strike thy breast and promise better things if longer life be granted thee. Aye, more! If thou wilt leave this town and promise fair that never again thy feet shall tread its streets, I give my word, no harm shall come to thee."

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VIII

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shall desecrate with sacrilegious touch the sacramental vessels of the Lord!

Antonio calmly rises and with reverent mien proceeds to where upon a dais apart a chair is placed whereon the priest should sit the while the vesper psalter is sung. The flowing cope he gathers gracefully around the edges of his stately throne; then bowing, in respect to him who bears the rank of cardinal, he sits him down. He scans the pages of the office book or listens while the psalms are sung to music heaven-inspired that seems to wrap the people's souls away. Then, when the last was sung Antonio rose and read aloud the short "capitulum," the which he mastered with such great success as made the cardinal to nod and smile. Then came the Hymn, and then the glorious psalm, "Magnificat," whereon Antonio proceeded toward the table of the Lord, and fearless swung the incense-laden bowl from side to side till all the air around was redolent with mystical perfumes. Then, after formal prayer, Antonio rose and, casting off the heavy cope he wore, ascended to the platform of the shrine, prepared to preach upon the Birth of Christ.

He scarce had turned and lifted up his hand, in sign of silence, when from out the crowd a murmur rose expressing deep surprise; then came a shout from someone near the door and wild commotion as if one were striving hard to part the throng and force his way ahead.

Antonio paused and trembled for a space; then from his cheek the color swiftly fled, as to the front a venerable man, the hermit friend of dear Pacifico, sprang forth and lifting up his voice cried out: "A sacrilege! A sacrilege! This man is not the priest, Pacifico! Oh, hear me, cardinal! and listen all! this man is one that hath upon his hands the life-blood of his murdered fellow men. This is Antonio, even now a fugitive from justice; while Pacifico lies languishing in some foul prison house."

He would have uttered more but that a sound like muttering thunder filled the little church; for all had now perceived the dark intent, to desecrate the altar of the Lord. Then some would strive to jump the chancel rail and slay the scoundrel where he stood, but that the cardinal made haste to rise, commanding silence.

"Friends! my friends," he said, "stain not the house of God with blood! If that this man be guiltless, let him speak and tell the meaning of this wondrous scene."

Antonio shuddering ventured to reply. "Lord Cardinal," he said, "I know too well the folly of denying anything of what this holy man hath dared to speak. Nor shall I make an effort to elude the outstretched hand of justice seeking me. He speaketh right; I am not more, alas! than Don Pacifico's repeated form; for twixt our several souls such mighty distance is as lies between the darkest midnight and the noonday sun. Yes, I shall tell you all."

And so, forthwith, with many a tear of wakened penitence, he rapidly rehearsed the gruesome tale, and finishing, revealed each several name of them that made a party in the crime, and told how much he feared that, long ere this, Pacifico had fallen, murdered in the woods.

He finished. Silence for a moment reigned; then with a roar that shook those ancient walls, men, women,

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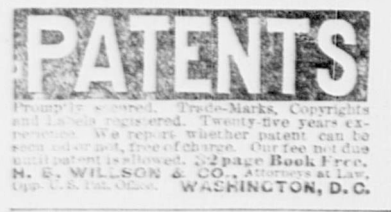
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THE EASTER BELLS.

WHEN THEY FIRST BEGAN TO RING
THEIR INSPIRING MESSAGE.The First Church Bell Ever Made—How
It Revolutionized Church Architecture
and Implanted a New Ceremony in
the Rites of the Church.There is nothing more expressive of
Easter joy than Easter bells. Even more
than the chime and modest beauty of the
lily, or of vernal flowers massed around
altar and chancel, do their thrilling, exultant
tones typify the gladness of the spirit of
Christianity's chief festival, proclaiming
the glorious tidings of Christ triumphant
over death, the inspiring message of eternal
life forevermore. A benison, a psalm of
thanksgiving, an anthem of victory, peals
forth from Easter bells in every clime, cir-
cling the earth from pole to pole and softly
fluttering heavenward to the great white
throne.When and where did the first bells ring
out at Easter? What manner of folk
were the first worshippers who listened
with rapt attention to their commanding
and clamorous call? Was it in Palestine
or Egypt or Greece or the farthest western
countries? Many times have thoughtful
Christians asked themselves this same
question, and great is the number who
would be glad to know the answer. To
learn it we must take a look backward
over nearly 16 centuries, before the great
schism of 729, when the Christian church
was one and undivided.About the year 431, when Naples was a
settlement of Roman villas in the luxu-
riant plains of Campania, there lived in
Nola, a considerable city of that province,
one Paulinus, now a duly canonized saint
of the Roman church. He was not only
bishop of Nola, but also the abbot of a
flourishing community of monks, monastic
life even at that early date having ob-
tained a firm foothold in the primitive
church. And he was a bishop of considerable
note, whose name and fame have been
handed down to us both by history and
tradition.Besides that, he was a church builder.
In Nola, the seat of his bishopric, he erect-
ed a basilica, or church, modeled after
the style of the Roman courts of justice,
many of these structures having been
handed over by Constantine to the early
Christians as places of public worship.
Paulinus dedicated his basilica to St. Felix,
in celebration of whose virtues he annually
composed an ode, calling him his patron,
his father, his lord.Now, it happened that in the monastery
ruled by Paulinus small hand bells were
rung to notify the flock to betake them-
selves from the refectory or the dormitory,
as the case might be, to their lectures and
prayers, this usage of the bell being de-
rived from the ancient Romans, who were
summoned to their public baths by these
little tin-manipulators, and there were used
in their public processions as well. Ob-
serving their great convenience and noting
further the great carrying power of their
tones, Bishop Paulinus conceived the idea
of utilizing this effective instrument of
sound to notify the monks and the neigh-
boring worshippers at the shrine of St. Felix
of the times for holding the church serv-
ices.It seemed to him a more appropriate as
well as a more orderly call to prayer than
many of the rude methods then in vogue

THE BAPTISM OF THE BELL.

Among the various branches of the church.
These included, for instance, private noti-
fication, the strictest verification of the
town crier, the striking of a hammer on a
piece of metal, the beating of gongs or
cymbals, or the blasts of the trumpet after
the ancient fashion of the Greeks, the
Israelites and the Egyptians.Necessarily Paulinus had to have man-
ufactured for the business in hand a bell
of much greater dimensions than the little
tinkler which did duty in the monastery.
But this was easily accomplished. The
next problem that vexed the worthy pre-
late's mind was where to place his new
contrivance, so that its voice could be
heard from afar.There was, however, on the roof of the
basilica of St. Felix a sort of cupola known
as a lantern. It was open on all sides, its
principal purpose being as its name im-
plies, to give light to the interior of the
structure on which it rested. It was in
this lantern that the bishop of Nola yoked
the first church bell.Most probably it was of the miter class
and looked for all the world like a good
sized metal bowl with a clapper inside.
Nor was it a large affair. The fifteenth
century was well advanced before bells of
any considerable dimensions were fash-
ioned.At any rate the worthy bishop's bell
did it serve its purpose. One can easily
imagine the flutter of excitement it caused
among the good people of Nola in those
placid times and among the congregation
of St. Felix, in picturesque garb and san-
daled feet, wending their way to their
church, guided by the changing reverbera-
tions of that wondrous bell, which rang
out its Easter roundelay on the plains of
Campania nearly 1,600 years ago. In those
days it must have seemed as marvelous to
them as the telephone did to us.Truly that was a momentous Easter,
and the excellent prelate's new departure
was destined to have far-reaching conse-
quences, of which his sincere and single
minded soul could never have had the remotest
conception. Without specially in-
tending it he had developed the best meth-
od yet discovered for signaling by sound
for long distances, a discovery that could
be applied to all manner of uses in the
practical affairs of life. From Nola the
use of church bells soon spread over Chris-
tendom, and at the beginning of the sev-
enth century Pope Sahinus, by some er-
roneously supposed to have been the in-
ventor thereof, did all he could to encour-
age its adoption.It was probably not a great while there-
after that the custom of baptizing church
bells originated. This process, according
to a high authority, includes "naming,
anointing, sprinkling, robing, sponsorial
engagements and every initiative accom-
paniment which marks the admission of
rational beings into the gospel. Not that
bells, say the advocates of this system, are
baptized for the remission of sins, but that
they receive preservatives against
thunder and lightning, and hail
and wind, and storms of every kind, and
that they may drive away evil spirits."Other important innovations in church
affairs were also effected by Paulinus' first
church bell. It changed the entire char-
acter of church architecture. That the
bells might be heard for a long distance,
it was necessary that they be hung at a
high elevation. Hence bell towers should
be constructed, and every high tower in the
Christian world owes its erection to the
bishop of Nola and his bell.At first the towers were merely an en-
largement of the lantern already described.
This was subsequently belittled and fre-
quently finished with a conical roof. To
extend this roof to a tapering spire was an
easy transition, and thus the church stee-
ple originated, its bellry being known
among architects as the lantern to this day.So runs the story of Paulinus and his
golly work and the first Easter bell.
Though it rests largely on oral tradition,
there is much strong presumptive evidence
to support it. The name of his city, Nola,
for example, is the name given to a small
bell attached to the neck of a dog, the foot
of a bird or the housings of a horse. The
word campana is the Italian and Spanish
name for a bell, the Italian, as we have
seen, designating a bell tower as a cam-
panile, both words being clearly derived
from the same locality.Many episodes, commonly accepted as
historical facts, rest upon no better author-
ity than that which proclaims Bishop
Paulinus the discoverer of the church bell.
In these days of research and close investi-
gation it is more than likely that evi-
dence such as will place his fame upon an
unassailable foundation will be unearthed
in the near future. E. W. POTTER.An Easter Controversy.
IN THE history of the Christian
church there has never been any
difference of opinion as to why
Easter is observed, but there has
been a good deal of controversy as
to when it should be kept. This was
perhaps because Easter is one of the
movable feasts and not fixed to
one particular day like Christmas.
Easter day moves backward or for-
ward according as the full moon nears
after the vernal equinox falls
nearer or farther from the equinox.In the prayer book of the English church
it is laid down as a rule to find
Easter: "Easter day is always the first
Sunday after the full moon which happens
upon or next after the 21st day of March,
and if the full moon happen upon a Sun-
day Easter day is the Sunday after."About the year A. D. 158 a controversy
arose as to the date of Easter which divided
all Christendom. This difference arose
originally between the churches of Asia
Minor and the then so called churches of
the west, the former insisting on keeping
Easter the same day as the Jews kept
their Passover. Toward the end of the
century the discussion became so violent
that Victor, the bishop of Rome, issued
an apostolic canon decreeing that "if any
bishop, priest or deacon celebrated the
holy feast of Easter before the vernal
equinox, as the Jews do, let him be de-
posed."In the fourth century matters had gone
to such a length that the Emperor Con-
stantine thought it his duty to allay the
controversy. So he got an ecclesiastical
council passed that Easter should be ob-
served on one and the same day, but the
controversy continued until A. D. 694,
when Oswy, king of Northumbria, deter-
mined to take the matter in hand and called
a conference, at which he himself presided.
Colman, bishop of Lindisfarne, represented
the British church, while Agilbert, bishop
of Dorchester, headed the Romanish party.
After much discussion the king finally de-
cided the question in favor of the present
existing method of keeping Easter, and
from that day to this the date of Easter
has depended upon the moon's changes.All the movable feasts and fasts of the
year depend upon Easter. The nine Sun-
days before and the eight after depend upon
it, and form, as it were, a sort of body-
guard to this queen of religious festivals.His Mission.
As he came out of the White House
his face wore a smile as radiant as the
dawn of pay day."I'm all right, boys," he said, shak-
ing hands all round. "It's fixed at last.
I knew I could do it if I could get his
ear for a minute.""You're in luck," commented an in-
vited member of the group. "How
did you manage it?""Easy as falling off a log. I just
brushed right by the doorkeepers, sailed
up to McKinley and told him I'd have
to be taken care of. He looked me over
a moment and said, 'Go to Jericho.'
What's the salary at Jericho? Anybody
know?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Necessary Scheme.

New Lodger (sarcastically)—Is this
all the soap there is in the room?
Landlady (decidedly)—Yes, sir; all I
allow for one room.New Lodger—Well, I'll take two
more rooms. I've got to wash my face
in the morning.—Comic Cuts.

Self Denial.

"How do I know that you really love
me?" she asked. "What assurance have
I that you would be willing to make
sacrifices and endure hardships for my
sake?"He looked at her in reproachful as-
tonishment and exclaimed:
"What more can you ask? Haven't I
for six months refrained from laying
violent hands on your little brother?"—
Washington Star.

Laying on of Hands.

An exchange says that "laying on o'
the hands" for complaints, especially
in children, is now taking the place of
Christianity. A mother cured her
boy of a bad habit by one dose. She laid
her left hand on the boy's neck, her
right hand on a substantial slipper, and
laid the slipper where it would do the
most good. It effected a cure, and a re-
lapse is not likely to occur.

Hateful Wretch.

"Poor Ruby is threatening to go back
to her mother, and I wouldn't blame
her one bit if she did."
"What is the trouble?"
"Her husband calls her Rube."—
Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Old Fashioned Way.

"What was yer daddy lickin' ye for?"
asked the half grown boy.
The other half grown boy answered,
"Oh, he was just provin' to me that the
whole really did swaller Jomer."—In-
dianapolis Journal.

Know Thyself.

Two next door neighbors quarreled,
and one of them exclaimed excitedly:
"Call yourself a man of sense! Why,
you're next door to an idiot."—Tit-Bits.

Two Wishes.

Mrs. Nagger—I wish you would try
to keep your temper.
Mr. Nagger—I wish you would get
rid of yours.—Town Topics.

Another National Anthem.

My office, 'tis of thee—
Soft place reserved for me.
Of thee I sing!
Place that I long to get,
Worked for in cold and wet—
Place that I'll have, you bet!
Of thee I sing!I love thy downy bed—
Soft chair and tape so red,
You bet I do!
I love thy full control.
I have thy big pay roll.
I'm for you heart and soul—
I'm after you!

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

WALTER H. RIPLEY

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Granite Tools of All Kinds.

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Works, Cross Street, - West Quincy.
N. B. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. P. O. address, Box 16.

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Pictures, etc.

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JOHN H. GOODHUE,
South Quincy Baker.

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Wedding Cake a Specialty.

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ART CATALOGUE FREE.

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No. 72 Garden Street.

Indianapolis, Ind.

A BIT OF LIFE.

A maiden sat within the door
And sang as many times before.
A man to daily toil passed by,
No love nor pleasure lit his eye.
But when he heard the merry song
He whistled as he went along.A woman by the window wept
For one who in the churchyard slept.
But when upon her hearing fell
That tune she knew and loved so well,
The flood of burning tears was staid,
And soon a song her lips essayed.

—Clara J. Denton in Ladies' Home Journal.

"TATTERS."

After baffling the unholly greed of
the train conductor for tickets by
flashing an annual pass in his face
the country editor threw his feet up
on the opposite seat and told the fol-
lowing story:"Of course I didn't escape being
a victim of the rage for 'woman's
editions' which swept over the land
a few months ago. The ladies of a
local society for the amelioration of
something or other descended upon
me, and I surrendered, took two
pipes, a pound of smoking tobacco
and a fishing rod and decamped,
leaving The Budget in their charge
for one week, with the privilege of
making all they could out of it. My
printer was supposed to stay; but,
being by classification a tramp and
having a heavy board bill hanging
over his head by a single hair, he
embraced the opportunity, two
hours after I had gone, to walk away
down the railroad track. This left
the mechanical end of the office at
the mercy of the 'devil,' an inky
imp called Tatters. The ladies were
a good deal disturbed at the defection
of the printer, but bravely de-
cided to go ahead with Tatters and
get out the paper. They called him
in to give him some instructions.
He stood before them wearing, as
usual, a long apron stiff with ink,
paste and unknown substances. The
only thing which saved his face
from being in the same condition as
his apron was the fact that he was
in the habit of constantly twisting
it into so many shapes that the ink,
paste and unknown substances on it
never had time to stiffen. His hair
pointed in all directions, like that of
a jack in the box, and in his left
hand he carried a section of a col-
umn of wet type."What are you doing, Tatters?"
inquired the lady who was presi-
dent of the amelioration society,
with some difficulty."Throwin' in," answered the imp.
"Throwing in what?"
"Type.""Into what?"
"The case. Think I was throwin'
it into my hat?""The lady looked at him coldly,
and he went on:
"But I'm 'most through, and
you'll hear me hollerin' for copy in
'bout a quarter of a hour." And he
retreated to the composing room
and slammed the door."The ladies were indignant, but
there was clearly nothing to do but
to grin and bear it. A few minutes
later there came a most dismal,
long drawn wail from the other
room, which, after some effort, they
managed to interpret as the prom-
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the appearance of Tatters' head at
the door."What is it?" asked the presi-
dent, who had been chosen editor
in chief, a little sharply."Copy," returned Tatters. "Did
you think I was singin' the Doxolo-
gy?""There is no copy ready yet.
Can't you be doing something else?"
"I can that," And he snatched off
his apron and started for the door.
"I can be goin' fishin' just as easy as
net.""Tatters," cried the frightened
editor, springing before the door,
"don't you dare to desert me. You
stay here till some copy is ready for
you.""Tatters retreated and put on his
apron in an agitated frame of mind.
"A moment later one of the young-
ster ladies, who had been appointed
managing editor, took a roll of
daintily written manuscript from
her handbag and said:"Here, Tatters, is something
which you can begin on.""Tatters took it, sniffed, glanced
at it and said:
"What is it—spring poetry?""No, it's the essay that I read at
commencement. We shall put it on
the fourth page.""What! The editorial page?"
shrieked Tatters. "Put such guff as
that on the editorial page of The
Budget. Not much." And he tossed
the manuscript on the table."We shall certainly do as we see
fit," interposed the editor in chief
with great dignity."I resign," cried Tatters, again
tearing off his apron and throwing
it behind him, where it struck in
the city editor's lap, greatly to her
dismay. "I resign my posish, that's
all. Here, if you want it in ink,
gimme a pen. Lemme write it out
in black 'n' white: 'Dear Madam,
I hereby resign my posish. (Signed)
Tatters.' Gimme a pen, I say.""Tatters, be-
able," said the
soothing ton-
on the edito-
"Editor,"
swered, sh-
"On wh-
"Tariff"
"But w-
about the t-
"Neither"
writes two col-
week. But if y-
"bout bikes."
"This struck
article on the
the city edito-
item, which he
his nose, and
question marks
books," retreat-
room."For the rest-
him pretty w-
When not s-
time perch-
ing a whee-
casualty,
agonized by
thing offed
ended to re-
mediately
came of it.""The next is
somehow un-
giving him pl-
kept reason-
not much trou-
though short-
a loud roar, say-
taken sudden-
mortal agony,
if he could a-
him, but he on-
and finally lay
upon his back
the boards."A doctor w-
Tatters said
and went to
"What"
young man
"Antim-
type," and
"I'll go off
—scat." All
sooner or later
"Tatters may
about his illne-
on that he had
green apples at
can draw your
"Friday was
ladies arrived.
Tatters rushed
and, address-
ly to the city e-
"Say, want
news?""Why,"
What is it
"Dog"
"Jim Be-
Ketcham"
The deat-
fight, but
and get a-
about it.
Jim's dog was
deacon's dog
matter? Am I
"The editor a-
"What" cri-
nation. "Not-
watched it an-
you!""No, I don-
it.""Now, see
dropping his
confidential to-
you say to
your part-
that it
all your
saw this
think I
help you
"I do"
was it?""Tatters"
voice almost
"I drove the
to the place an-
onto him. All
The lady w-
his devotion a-
was forced to
not mention
their edition.
"Tatters drove
lently gazing
nothing less th-
tion on the sp-
ed sorrow
young lady
tear, but
half min-
he said:
"You"
way edito-
The deat-
and Jim
though Jim
ing—Jim may
when the deat-
You wouldn't
either, I's pos-
"No, Tatter
can't.""Tatters turn-
posing room,
heard from his
click of his typ-
"It was about
editor in chief,
and said to the
"I thin-
for us on-
ersville
box has

A BIT OF LIFE.

A maiden sat within the door
And sang as many times before,
A man to duty fell passed by,
No love nor pleasure lit his eye,
But when he heard the merry song
He whistled as he went along.

A woman by the window wept
For one who in the churchyard slept,
But when upon her hearing fell
That tune she knew and loved so well,
The flood of burning tears was staid,
And soon a song her lips essayed.

Her neighbor heard the tender strain
And softly joined the sweet refrain,
Thus, all day long that one song bore
Its joyousness from door to door.

—Clara J. Denton in Ladies' Home Journal.

"TATTERS."

After baffling the unholy greed of the train conductor for tickets by flashing an annual pass in his face the country editor threw his feet upon the opposite seat and told the following story:

"Of course I didn't escape being a victim of the rage for 'woman's editions' which swept over the land a few months ago. The ladies of a local society for the amelioration of something or other descended upon me, and I surrendered, took two pipes, a pound of smoking tobacco and a fishing rod and decamped, leaving The Budget in their charge for one week, with the privilege of making all they could out of it. My printer was supposed to stay; but, being by classification a tramp and having a heavy board bill hanging over his head by a single hair, he embraced the opportunity, two hours after I had gone, to walk away down the railroad track. This left the mechanical end of the office at the mercy of the 'devil,' an inky imp called Tatters. The ladies were a good deal disturbed at the defection of the printer, but bravely decided to go ahead with Tatters and get out the paper. They called him in to give him some instructions. He stood before them wearing, as usual, a long apron stiff with ink, paste and unknown substances. The only thing which saved his face from being in the same condition as his apron was the fact that he was in the habit of constantly twisting it into so many shapes that the ink, paste and unknown substances on it never had time to stiffen. His hair pointed in all directions, like that of a jack in the box, and in his left hand he carried a section of a column of wet type.

"What are you doing, Tatters?" inquired the lady who was president of the amelioration society, with some difficulty.

"Throwing in," answered the imp.

"Throwing in what?"

"Type."

"Into what?"

"The case. Think I was throwing it into my hat?"

"The lady looked at him coldly, and he went on:

"But I'm most through, and you'll hear me hollerin' for copy in 'bout a quarter of a hour." And he retreated to the composing room and slammed the door.

"The ladies were indignant, but there was clearly nothing to do but to grin and bear it. A few minutes later there came a most dismal, long drawn wail from the other room, which, after some effort, they managed to interpret as the promised 'hollerin'." It was followed by the appearance of Tatters' head at the door.

"What is it?" asked the president, who had been chosen editor in chief, a little sharply.

"Copy," returned Tatters. "Did you think I was singin' the Doxology?"

"There is no copy ready yet. Can't you be doing something else?"

"I can that," and he snatched off his apron and started for the door. "I can be goin' fishin' just as easy as not."

"Tatters," cried the frightened editor, springing before the door, "don't you dare to desert me. You stay here till some copy is ready for you."

"Tatters retreated and put on his apron in an agitated frame of mind. A moment later one of the younger ladies, who had been appointed managing editor, took a roll of daintily written manuscript from her handbag and said:

"Here, Tatters, is something which you can begin on."

"Tatters took it, sniffed, glanced at it and said:

"What is it—spring poetry?"

"No, it's the essay that I read at commencement. We shall put it on the fourth page."

"What! The editorial page?" shrieked Tatters. "Put such guff as that on the editorial page of The Budget. Not much." And he tossed the manuscript on the table.

"We shall certainly do as we see fit," interposed the editor in chief with great dignity.

"I resign," cried Tatters, again tearing off his apron and throwing it behind him, where it struck in the city editor's lap, greatly to her dismay. "I resign my posit, that's all. Here, if you want it in ink, gimme a pen. Lemme write it out in black 'n' white." "Dear Madam, I hereby resign my posit. (Signed) Tatters." Gimme a pen, I say."

"Tatters turned back to the composing room, and not a sound was heard from him except the steady click of his type for an hour.

"It was about 11 o'clock when the editor in chief came into the office and said to the city editor:

"I think there is an item of news for us out at Tarbox's on the Coopersville road. I hear that Mr. Tarbox has been injured by an unruly

cow. It's only a mile and a half out there. Can't you go out on your bicycle and get the particulars?"

"There was a loud shout behind them, and Tatters burst in and ran through the room, shedding his apron in his flight and saying:

"I'll attend to that, girls. I'm the wild cow editor of this paper. Back in ten minutes."

"The editor in chief ran to the window and looked down into the street.

"Goodness gracious!" she cried to the other, "there he goes on your bicycle, riding like the wind and shouting for everybody to get out of the way of the wild cow editor. What shall we do now?"

"I'll see if I can't catch him on your bicycle. And I'll go on and find out about the accident anyhow."

"But though she was a good rider she might as well have tried to overtake an express train as the wild cow editor. Leaning over the handle bar and ringing the bell constantly, he never slackened his pace for the whole distance. When she arrived at Tarbox's, she found that he had got the facts, gone down a lane, and started back by another road. She saw Mr. Tarbox, got his story of the occurrence, and returned herself. Tatters was in the office, looking innocent and hard at work.

"Don't say anything to him," was the advice of the others. "He'll surely resign if you do."

"She wrote a paragraph about the accident, and it was sent in to Tatters with the last of the copy. In a few minutes he came out, holding the sheet of manuscript in his hand.

"See here," he said, "are you going to print such stuff as this about that cow fight?"

"What is it, Tatters?" asked the editor in chief.

"Just listen," answered Tatters. "She says: 'Yesterday forenoon Brookdale's worthy milkman, Mr. Tarbox, had a narrow escape. He had just separated a calf from its mother, when the latter became enraged and attacked him with her horns. He was badly shaken up, but escaped serious injury.' Do you hear that?"

"Yes. It seems to me all right. Put it in just as it is."

"Tatters uttered a howl. 'I re'—Then he paused and was silent. He looked at the floor for a full minute, then he said: 'No. I'll stick to it. After all I've lived through this week it's too late to go now.' He went back to the other room and resumed his work.

"It was after supper that night before they got to press, but with the prospect of a good sum for ameliorating the unameliorated heathen, the ladies did not complain. Tatters' friend, Jim Beasley, had been engaged to come in and turn the crank of the press, while Tatters himself fed in the blank sheets and superintended the work. He seemed remarkably meek and pleasant, and the ladies all observed that they had not seen him in so amiable a frame of mind during the whole week. 'The bicycle ride did Tatters good,' they remarked. He appeared, however, to be in a great hurry, and constantly urged Jim to turn faster and advised the ladies to make haste with the folding and get the papers ready for the post-office.

"It was a little before 11 o'clock that the edition was finished, and Tatters began taking the forms off the press. The ladies were in the front room. The editor in chief was glancing over the paper.

"I don't see that item about Mr. Tarbox," she said.

"The city editor opened another copy and began to run her eye down the columns. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"Why, what's this down in the corner?"

"What is it?" cried the others in chorus. She read aloud:

"Terrible Accident.—Yesterday forenoon, as old Bill Tarbox, the milkman, went into the barnyard to put a new handle on his pump, the old one being entirely worn out, he was attacked by a wild Texas cow. The critter had hydrophobia and was gnashing her teeth like a hyena and bellowing like an elephant. She was a large cow, higher than a horse, and had horns most a rod long. Tarbox fit her with the handle, but she tossed him 50 feet into the air and then caught him on the fly and h'isted him up again. This time he lit in a tree and was rescued by the hook and ladder company. The cow jumped a 16 foot fence and took to the woods. The mad cow editor of The Budget followed her and last saw her tearing up large hemlock trees with her horns. Tarbox is not expected to live. Full account of an interesting and important dogfight next week."

"The ladies ran into the back room, but Tatters had escaped through the back door.

"I got home the next day and resumed charge of The Budget. But Tatters' item was a good thing for charity, after all, because, on account of it, a great many people bought the paper who would not otherwise have done so."—New York Tribune.

SPECIAL TRAINS.

Their Cost to Those Who Are Compelled to Use Them.

A Chronicle-Telegraph reporter made some investigations among the railway men of Pittsburg in regard to the subject of special trains and learned that they are more often provided for travel than the public imagines. Sickness, business necessities, unexpected delay to public entertainers or opera companies and other reasons often provide contingencies where special trains are speedily sought.

Of course the public understands that there are numerous other occasions of almost daily occurrence where special trains are contracted for in advance to be used by parties making trips to conventions or other events or for pleasure. As a result of the inquiries made it was ascertained that the railroads, although circumstances such as the amount of trouble experienced in securing the necessary rolling stock and in arranging to keep other trains out of the way of the special often must govern the cost of special trains requested upon short notice, have a fixed rate of about \$1.50 per mile for a single car and engine.

For an unusual distance a reduction is made in the cost. Where a number of persons desire a special, whether a "rush" order or requested in advance, the cost is equal to the full fare to the destination for as many as the train could accommodate with comfort. If the persons in the party equal this number, then the expense for each passenger is what the trip would ordinarily cost on a regular train. If the number falls short, of course the deficiency must be made up. For a short haul the rate is naturally raised to \$2.50 to \$3 per mile.

Probably the most noted trip of a special train other than those which have carried visiting celebrities in this country was that a number of years ago of the American Opera company, which made the trip from one ocean to another in a superbly appointed special.

Among those who were spoken to on the subject by the writer was E. D. Smith, the division passenger agent of the Baltimore and Ohio road, who recalled a number of interesting incidents where special trains have been furnished by the local roads. Said he:

"I remember one morning when Mrs. Thurber, the owner of the American Opera company, hurriedly entered the office a few years ago and said that she had just arrived from the west on a delayed train and had missed the morning train for Washington. She said she must be there that evening, as a new production was to be put on for the first time, and she could not on any account miss it. She must have a special to start at once. Within a very short time she was the sole occupant of a car which was being hurried toward the capital almost as fast as steam could haul it. She arrived at the theater just before the curtain was rung up for the initial act. Her check for \$450 had by that time found its way into the bank.

"Bob Burdette one afternoon missed his train at Union station while on his way to lecture at Waynesburg. The last train connecting at Washington, Pa., for Waynesburg in time for his engagement had gone. An engine was hurried out by the Panhandle officials, the humorist clambered into the cab with a smile and managed to reach Washington a few minutes after the regular train. A few months ago a Pittsburg physician was hurriedly summoned to perform an operation at Uniontown. I placed an engine and car at his disposal, and he never murmured at the rate of \$1.50 per mile. Four business men recently called on me for a special train to Wheeling. An event was booked for there, and they must be on hand and did not seem to mind the \$100 fare."

Requests for special trains on short notice are not at all infrequent occurrences with all of the local lines. —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Good Shooting.

In "Famous British Warships" Mr. Walter Wood tells a story of Admiral Codrington, who commanded the British fleet in the action of Navarino in 1827, when the Turkish fleet was destroyed by the allied powers. "When the admiral returned from the Mediterranean, he met in town a country acquaintance of the class whose souls are wrapped up in their lands and turnips. 'Hello, Codrington!' he exclaimed in blind ignorance of all contemporary history. 'I thought I hadn't seen you for some time. Had any shooting lately?' 'Why, yes,' replied the admiral. 'I've had some rather remarkable shooting.' And with this he went his way."

Poisoned Arrows.

The poisoned arrows in use among some native tribes of the upper Amazon derive their venom from having been dipped in the poison sacks of venomous serpents.

Brave Surgeons.

Persons who glorify military operations do not always stop to think that they could scarcely be undertaken without the aid of the medical staff. Here are men who must be consulted at every turn, who constantly suffer toil and anxiety in order to keep the troops at their fighting best, and who in the day of action risk their lives as truly as if they were heading a column. Blackwood's tells the story of an English surgeon who was mortally wounded at Majuba Hill, and who yet performed an act worthy to be mated with that of Sir Philip Sidney on the field of Zutphen.

The agony of death was closing in upon him. He had succumbed to his own hurt and weakness, but just at that moment he heard a wounded man shrieking in an extremity of pain. That was enough, and he crawled to the spot where the soldier lay, gave him an injection of morphine and died.

During the Ashanti war in 1874 the English force was hotly engaged at Ansoful, and one regiment was gallantly making its way through the bush. Several men had fallen, and every surgeon connected with the fighting line was fully occupied, when suddenly two highlanders appeared, bearing between them a gallant old officer who had been shot in the neck. The arterial blood was spurting like a fountain from the wound, and the principal medical officer at once recognized the danger of the case.

"If that man is not attended to," said he coolly, "he will be dead in five minutes."

And, though they were at the moment in an open space exposed to almost inevitable death, he stopped short and applied himself to his task. He extemporized a support for the poor fellow's head and laid him down. Then, while the ugly "phit phit" of bullets sounded about them, he tied the carotid artery with as steady a hand and as unshaken a nerve as if he had been in an operating room.

One brave man had done his duty with the simplicity of true heroism, and another brave man had been saved for the service of his country.

Where Water Is Water.

A. B. Ellis, while on a visit to Ascension island, met an old friend, who shook hands, reached down a coat from a peg and put it on, saying:

"Excuse my not putting on a shirt, will you?"

"Of course, of course," replied Mr. Ellis. "Take off more of your clothes if you'll feel more comfortable."

"No; it's not that, but the fact is I haven't a shirt clean enough to put on."

Mr. Ellis could but murmur his surprise at this strange circumstance and endeavored to look sympathetic. The friend continued, "I dare say you think it odd that I don't have them washed."

Mr. Ellis, hardly knowing what to say, inquired, "Why don't you?"

The friend unfolded a horrible tale to the effect that the water supply of the island consisted principally of what was distilled by a condenser, a small quantity being obtained from Dampier's drips and Brandeth wells. That water was always so scarce that it was served out like a ration of rum, only more sparingly, the allowance in prosperous times being two gallons a day per man.

When clothes were sent to the wash, the water for washing them had to be sent with them. But the condenser at that time had been out of order for some nine or ten days, and all the people on the island had been put on short allowance, so that they had not enough for drinking, much less for washing either themselves or their clothes.—Portland Oregonian.

How She Knew.

A little girl 6 years old was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New England divine celebrated for his logical powers.

"Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says!"

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese! Isn't that all, is it?"

"Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself."

"How can I, grandpa?"

"Get your Bible and see what it says."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the beginning."

The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she got more than half through the second chapter of Genesis and had read about the creation of the stars and the animals she came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery. "I've found it, grandpa! It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made cows."—Philadelphia American.

Foreigners in Argentina.

It is estimated that there are 345,393 foreigners in the city of Buenos Ayres and that the total number of foreigners in the Argentine Republic is about 1,000,000.

PET CROWS.

A Story of One That Carried Off Eggs—The Fate That Finally Overtook It.

"The crows used to come down and eat our corn," said a city man who once lived on a farm, "and the old crows would carry away corn for the young ones in the nests. We put up scarecrows in the cornfield, but they never did any good, for the crows paid no attention to them. I reckon about the only really efficacious way of keeping crows out of a cornfield is to kill them, and we used to destroy the young crows when we could, the boys climbing the trees to get at the nests."

"Once I carried a couple of young crows home. One of these crows disappeared very soon, but the other staid with us for months and became very tame. When we plowed or planted, he'd follow along in the furrow in a friendly, sociable sort of way and pick up worms. But he was full of mischief and forever carrying off things, as most crows will do, and the habit finally cost him his life."

"The crow lived in the barn. We couldn't keep him in the house, because he would have carried off all the knives and forks and spoons and such things, but we used to take him in sometimes, and when he wanted to come in he would come and peck at a window, and sometimes he'd bark like a dog. He didn't have a chance to get many things out of the house, but it was easier for him to get at the things in a building we had on the farm where we used to do our repairing of wagons and plows and one thing and another, and it seemed to give the crow particular delight to carry off nails."

"There was a knothole through the weatherboarding on the ridge of the barn, near one of the gable ends, and there was a piece out of the shingle directly under it, so that there was a hole down through into the barn. The crow never got tired of dropping nails through that hole. It would fly up there with a beak full of them and sit on the sharp edge of the roof and drop them through the hole. Then it would bend over and hoist its head round and look down through. Apparently to this crow dropping nails down through this knothole was the funniest thing in the world."

"The crow used to do other things that would sometimes give us real trouble. It would get up on the roof of the house, for instance, and seek out shingles that had soft spots in them and pick holes through them, and there never was a pair of red stockings put on the line on wash days that we didn't have to hunt for them later. The crow had either a great antipathy to or a great fancy for red stockings, and he managed to get them off the line in some way and get away with them. We always used to find them again, but sometimes we had to look for them."

"When we had had the crow a few months, he got to going down to the village, about half a mile from where we lived. The first we knew of that was when he began bringing home whole hard boiled eggs from a restaurant there. He would jab one point of his beak into an egg, so as to impale it, and then he'd shut the other point down on the egg, to steady it and help hold it, and then fly away with it. He must have had to rest more or less on the way home, but he used to bring whole boiled eggs in that way."

"At first they liked him in the village and used to pet him and make a good deal of him and be glad to see him. He was a quaint, queer sort of chap, friendly and good natured, but sly, and he would carry off things, and after awhile the very traits that had at first made people laugh at him brought him into disrepute. People got tired of him, and instead of being amused they were irritated by him. Of course the crow couldn't understand this, but if it could have done so I don't suppose it would have made any difference. It was the crow's nature to do things that way, and then, like man, the crow is perverse. Anyhow, it kept right on just the same, and finally somebody poisoned it."

One Legged Ducks.

Once a gentleman reproved his negro servant for serving a duck for dinner to which there was only one leg. He suspected Sam of having eaten the missing limb.

"Oh, no, sir," replied Sam. "These ducks have only one leg."

"Indeed!" said the master. "I must see them."

So the next morning he told Sam to show him the one legged ducks. Sam conducted his master to the poultry yard and pointed to half a dozen ducks, each standing on one leg near the pond.

"There, sah!" he exclaimed.

The master waved his arms and cried out, "Shoo, shoo!" and the ducks scampered away.

"How about that?" he said, turning to Sam.

"That's right, sah," returned Sam calmly, "but why didn't yo' shoo de oder duck las' night?"—New Orleans Picayune.

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DON PACIFICO.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

children, all that angry crowd rushed headlong shouting through the battered doors, intent upon immediate revenge. Some dragged the false Antonio along with imprecations and repeated blows; while others hastened to the woods to save the gentle pastor from his fate. Formost among them, leaping like a boy, the aged hermit hurried toward the glen, with many a prayer beseeching Heaven to stay the assassin's purpose ere it prove too late.

Down by the road they found the mangled form of loved Pacifico; and every man knelt down beside it and, with hands uplifted, swore that never sleep should close the eyes again until

the cursed keeper of the Inn had dearly paid the penalty of this foul crime.

Much time they tarried, lovingly employed in gathering up the scattered particles, and, when the task was done, they formed a sad procession, two and two, to bear the sacred burden back to town.

But as they neared the village wall, behold! a scene more fearful than they could have dreamed was open to their eyes. Amid the trees, that cast deep shadows down the path, before the accursed Inn, a hundred lights from torches borne by hordes of desperate men, gleamed like a funeral bonfire in the night, and from the boughs of all the lofty trees, with hands behind them bound, the brigands hung, and struggled in the agonies of death.



FINIS.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

SUCCESS ACHIEVED BY A YOUNG SONG WRITER AND COMPOSER.

Advantages of Spinster Homes—Defeated by the Women—Woman Protecting Woman—Taxation and the Suffrage—A Place For Dress Waists.

Myra Angur Chisholm, the young composer, who has within a few months sprung into such prominence, is a Chicago girl, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Chisholm. The father, James Chisholm, one of the oldest of Chicago journalists, has held positions on all of the leading papers of the city. He is a graceful writer, with strong poetic and artistic instincts.

A story is told which indicates his tendencies. He had been induced to join a party of gentlemen and ladies to witness the races. The grand stand was crowded and enthusiastic, but Chisholm was watching the clouds, which had a beautiful appearance. When the horses were coming home, the crowd cheered and cheered, but he was still gazing. His wife, much excited over the race, grasped his arm and said, "Wasn't it grand, Jim?" "Yes," he replied calmly, "the glinting of the sun on those great rolling masses of white and black clouds makes the most gorgeous of spectacles. Gorgeous rather than grand."

Mrs. Chisholm has written much for the press and was considered one of the best art critics in Chicago.

The only daughter, Myra, has had no special musical training, and therefore



is not a composer "to the manner born." Her tunes and melodies are hummed and then played on the piano and changed until they suit her fancy. Then she plays the air, and it is taken down in musical shorthand and written out by an educated musician for the printer.

At an early age Myra rhymed. When about 7 years of age, she printed out in a little album something which ran along like prose, but on reading was found to have both measure and rhyme. Her first printed poem appeared in a Hinsdale paper and was copied into the Chicago Evening Journal and many eastern papers.

Miss Chisholm is slight in figure, her hair is light brown, with a glint of gold, and inclined to fall upon her high, broad forehead in little rings. Her eyes are blue and large and inclined to seriousness rather than to mirth. She is retiring in manner and simple in dress, but always attracts notice, particularly at the Woman's Press League of Chicago, which she attends in company with her mother. Her ambition now tends toward a volume of stories and verses for children, but her success in musical composition leads her friends to hope that she may have a thorough musical education.—Banner of Gold.

Spinster Homes.

A hundred cases have been at work to make these homes possible. First of all there had to come among both men and women complete submission to the fact that all the women of one generation could not marry, there not being

men enough to go round, and polygamy having ceased to exist as a fashionable institution. Then there had to follow a conviction, which took a long time to grow, that those women who seemed to have been left quite out in the cold when marriages were settled might have staid out of their free wills, and that therefore they were not to be judged as those who had been tried and found wanting. But the most potent of all causes lay in new conceptions of what individuality might mean—that individuality which is irrespective of privilege and independent of tie and condition—with a growing belief in the necessity for the development of this individuality and the right of its free expression. Through all the upheavals of homes and societies which have sometimes alarmed us a recognition of what this involves for women, as for men, has been slowly born. The fact of her being married or unmarried weighs little if a woman be equipped in every way for the part she is to play in life.

In a home of her own the spinster gains both the table and the fireside. When presiding over the one or welcoming to the other, she acquires as hostess a certain dignity and sureness of position which once were supposed to belong only to her married sisters. She becomes a fact, the dispenser, and in giving she gets her own independence, for there is more in giving, even in the way of hospitality, than we altogether know.

For the working spinster, too, there is another invaluable gain—she gets a place in which to conceal her make-shifts and poverties, all her ups and downs of fortune.

Your possessions, too, will grow. It is a law of life that never fails, that to the things that one has others will always be added. Your possessions will grow also by the hundred unexpected and never failing kindnesses of friends—those kindnesses which are constant factors in all success, and which help to make the richness of all lives. In a material way you will be better off, though you may have spent more money and expended more strength. Your place in life, too, will be better established. You will have a greater number of ties, as well as a recognized position. You will have had greater opportunities for helping other people and find yourself in every way better equipped for all emergencies.—Harper's Bazar.

Defeated by the Women.
B. L. Short, city clerk of Kansas City, Kan., who was a candidate before the Republican primary election for mayor of that city, was beaten in the race on account of a love affair.

Mr. Short has been city clerk for six years and is known as a good official. Many expected him to win easily.

But he didn't. The women beat him. They voted almost solidly against him, and they did it because of his fickleness in love.

The "crime" for which the women voted against Short was a unique one. It seems that he had been attentive to Miss Sadie Parsons for over 12 years and had been engaged to marry her. According to her story, they were to have been married last fall. Mr. Short called on her one evening, and they talked over their engagement and had the date fixed. The second evening thereafter Mr. Short was quietly married to Mrs. Grace Firestone, who had been divorced from her first husband.

The first intimation Miss Parsons received of her lover's unfaithfulness was from a published notice of the marriage. She was almost beside herself with grief at Short's unfaithfulness and told her story without reluctance.

It proved splendid campaign material for Mr. Short's opponents. The women began talking of it as soon as Short's candidacy was mentioned, and did not let up until the polls closed. It proved particularly effective among 120 of Miss Parsons' teacher friends, and it is said they voted solidly against Short. Thirty-five more votes would have elected Short if he could have secured them. Never in the history of Kansas City,

Kan., have the women shown so much interest in an election as they did in this one. The whole feminine population was aroused. Many women went about in hacks and buggies and hauled other women to the polls and urged them not to vote for Short.

The defeat of Short opens up a new feature in the women's suffrage female voting scheme. It drags a new element into the political arena and adds more uncertainty to the already doubtful career of the man in politics. If every candidate is opposed by his slighted sweethearts, the path of the would-be officeholder will be a thorny one, indeed, and as one of the men said yesterday: "It all comes of trusting the women with something that few men can handle properly—the ballot. We'll regret the day we gave it to 'em more than once."—Kansas City Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

Woman Protecting Woman.

It was a windy night, with the rain falling in torrents. "Spectator" of the New York Outlook was one of five passengers in a Third avenue cable car going down town. It was half past 6 in the evening. The other passengers were two women and two children, one a baby such as the "Spectator" has heard his women friends call a "long baby," meaning one in a long dress. The other child could just walk. The mother was a small, half starved, discouraged looking woman. The other woman passenger was strong and well dressed. The poor woman motioned for the car to stop as it approached the bridge. The conductor immediately brought the car to a stop north of the bridge road, over which trucks and carts were passing in an almost uninterrupted line, with a like procession crossing diagonally across the tracks toward the south roadway. The rain was falling in torrents, the confusion of men, horses, vehicles, bewildering. The mother of the two babies gave a despairing glance out of the window and rose. Immediately the well dressed woman rose to her feet, and with a commanding gesture said, "Sit down!" then to the conductor, "Stop at the bridge, please."

Aggressively impudent, the conductor responded, "This is the bridge."

"I beg your pardon, this is not the bridge. Stop at the crossing."

As she said this the woman looked pointedly at the conductor's number and took out her notebook and pencil. "I am not doing this for myself, but for that woman. I can get through this crowd, she cannot. To me your uniform means service, to her authority. Stop this car at the crossing to the bridge."

The conductor pulled the bell with a muttered oath.

"Have you a wife and children?" was asked softly. "Treat that woman as you would want your own wife treated."

The car stopped at the crossing, and the "Spectator" occupied the car alone. There are battles to be fought to secure the right of the people that demand the courage of recognized war.

Orange Woman's Club.

The Woman's club of Orange, N. J., held a most interesting session on March 24, when its annual election occurred. This marked the quarter century of the club's existence. It is one of the oldest clubs for women in the country. There were but four others in existence at the time of its founding. It organized with 15 members, now it has a membership of 300 and a long waiting list. The club has become a department club, and the recording secretary, Mrs. Stanley, read a brief review of the year's work, which was followed by reports from the chairmen of each department. Each department in turn furnishes the club programme for general meetings. The department of education furnished a programme upon education, also one upon the education of the Indians.

The election of officers for the coming year gave the presidency to Mrs. Cushman, who has filled the place in a most able manner during the last year. The other officers were re-elected with the exception of Mrs. Stanley, who was not eligible for recording secretary, having held the place for the limit allowed by the club.

Old, but Active.

Mrs. Susan E. Parker, the only sister of the late Samuel F. Smith, D. D., author of the national anthem "America," celebrated her ninety-first birthday on March 17 at her home in Roxbury, Mass. For several years Mrs. Parker has been unable to leave her home, but with mental forces unabated she keeps informed in regard to all matters of public interest. Born in Boston and living here during all her many years, she has witnessed the wonderful growth of educational and reform movements graded in this city. She has been a generous contributor to many good causes, but the education of the colored race seems to lead all others. During the past year she has made over 300 garments for the children of a mission school in Georgia.—Boston Letter.

Opals and Peacock Feathers.

These are certainly the days of short shrift with superstitions. Opals have become one of the most fashionable of stones, the widely spread and long existing idea that it was ominous to own them even, much less wear them, having quite passed away. An advantage possessed by these gems over all others is that they cannot be imitated. A paste or any other sort of falsified opal does not exist. With the passing of the opal bogie has gone, too, the ban under which peacock feathers have long lain. Decorators delight in the rich colorings of these plumes and have done much by their persistent use of them in carrying out effects, to do away with the non-sensical belief that they are unlucky to have about.

Needle workers have discovered that the threads of Madagascar grass curtains, pulled out, and used in place of embroidery silk, produce excellent results. This is the foundation of the new grass embroidery. These threads never fade or fray and will stand washing.

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ADAMS BUILDING, QUINCY.



RESIDENT CORRESPONDENTS.

Interesting Original Biographical Sketches of the Wide-awake and Clever Gentlemen who Represent the Metropolitan Press in This City.—All Young Men and Skilled in Their Profession.

[WRITTEN FOR THE QUINCY MONITOR.]

The average mortal, when he opens his morning paper at the breakfast table, seldom, if ever, stops long enough for a philosophical reflection of the evolution of the paper which his eye so eagerly scans.

He is content with a hasty perusal of his favorite journal; he will perhaps, allow his mind to be diverted long enough to find fault with something which would have been different if the editor had known his business; and he may conclude the morning meal with an aftercourse of self-satisfaction that he is eminently fitted to conduct a newspaper that would be a paragon of perfection.

There are such people in the world; there are many of them in fact, but their knowledge of the making of a newspaper is vague and premature, while their literary productions, if ever they obtain public recognition through the columns of the much-abused press, generally appear over such convincing titles as "Citizen" or "Pro Bono Publico."

Between the public in general, though and the press, there exists a common bond of friendship. Nor could this happy condition of circumstances be different in a free country where a free people and a free press are directing their efforts towards a common result. The acquaintance which exists between the press and its readers consists mostly of an everyday greeting as friend to friend, but unfortunately, most readers never venture beyond this limit of conventionality, so that an intimate acquaintance with the newspapers or the men who make them is scarcely ever gained by the public at large.

Quincy, situated as it is, in close proximity to Boston, is dependent considerably upon the Hub for many of her necessities. Despite the fact that Quincy has a daily, a semi-weekly and a weekly newspaper, there are many of our citizens who depend to a great extent on the Boston papers for the news of their own city. Quincy, being a city and the seat of the District Court of East Norfolk, which comprises six towns besides this municipality, becomes a news centre of considerable importance, and as such, it becomes necessary for the important newspapers to have reporters stationed here who will supply them with the current events of the day. All of the leading Boston papers employ men who represent their interests in this "City of Presidents", and it is with these gentlemen that this article is concerned. Scarcely anybody outside of the journalistic profession realizes what work and time is often employed on some news items that may seem insignificant in print. Oftentimes the hardest work that a reporter is obliged to perform is the least remunerative as far as a "showing" in his paper is concerned, either on account of the insignificance of the item itself or on account of the opinion as to its worth that is held by the editor through whose hands it passes and who is supposed to cut off all the unnecessary "frills" with which it may be adorned.

Many people cherish the notion that the life of a newspaper reporter is a continual round of enjoyment; they regard him as a person who is privileged to go anywhere without interruption from anybody; a favored individual who has nothing to do from "rosy morn to dewy eve" but bask in the sunshine of gracious Fortune and find fault because others have not the same advantage. If such was the real state of affairs, our morning papers would oversleep themselves and journalism would soon be reckoned among the lost arts.

The reporter who is employed on a great metropolitan daily newspaper must be wide-awake, quick to act and must be ready to devote his whole time to his work if the occasion demands it. He must be willing to accept all sorts of conditions, to sacrifice all endeavors; in fact deny himself any and all pleasures when the call of duty sounds. The scene of accidents, the hospital, the fire, the church and the prison; each in turn claim the attention of the reporter in his daily rounds and to his eye, life in all its varied realities is constantly exposed. The city reporters of a newspaper are divided into day and night staffs, but the district men, as the correspondents outside of the city staff are called, are supposed to represent a combination of both. Their hours of labor know no beginning and no ending, unless, perhaps, when the last mortal edition has gone to press. If the news could be conveniently kept within reasonable bounds the reporters could, with Francisco in Hamlet, exclaim: "For this relief much thanks," but so long as news continues to suit its own convenience when making its debut, then so long will the eagle eye of the press be compelled to maintain an eternal vigilance. In this connection it may be interesting to note that at the great railroad accident which occurred in this city seven years ago, the reporters were obliged to work continually for two days and two nights before they were able to obtain a moment's rest. The morning editions of the Boston papers go to press at about 2.30 o'clock. The next edition makes its appearance about noon, and after that, editions appear mostly every hour until the last city edition which is printed at 3.30 p. m. Thus it will be seen that the man who undertakes to keep his paper informed on the news of his section, and as soon after it happens as possible, whether it be night or day, has a contract on his hands that no one need envy.

The busy day, bustling with life and motion, must be watched with care, and the lonely night, when the majority of the great reading public is at rest, also claims its attention from the press; nor will it deign to say *adieu* until the golden streaks of rising morn shine forth to tear aside the clouds of darkness and kiss the stars good-night. There are dangers, too, that beset the reporter in his path of duty, and more than one has sacrificed his life to duty as did "Joe" Barker of the Boston Transcript at a conflagration in that city a few years ago, while Kellogg, the famous correspondent of the New York Herald, fell by Custer's side while reporting the battle of the Little Big Horn, and was disfigured in death by the Indians as were the brave boys in blue who fought with such desperation against that human malefactor of maddened Sioux.

Though such dangers may not beset the newspaper men who are stationed in the Quincy district, there are some of them who could relate exciting adventures and "close shaves" in the performance of their duty. Reporters must, necessarily, get within the danger lines whether it be at the scene of some catastrophe or conflagration and to enable them to work uninterruptedly at such places, the city of Quincy has issued press badges to the reporters which entitles the wearer to admittance within the fire and police lines throughout the city. The city has done a handsome thing in this respect for the badges, are without doubt, the prettiest issued by any municipality in the country. The badges are made of gold and are handsomely engraved. In the center of the badge is engraved an inkstand resting on a notebook and surmounted by two crossed quills. Across the top of the badge in enamel is the word "Press" and underneath the letters, "Q. F. D.," signifying Quincy Fire Department. As this is the official reportorial badge of the city, its authority is never questioned and the reporter wearing this badge is admitted to places, oftentimes dangerous, where the general public is not allowed.

THE MONITOR regrets exceedingly that the inherent modesty of most newspaper men, and their unwillingness to burden the public with their own personality has worked to its disadvantage in gaining the material for this article. Though the faces and forms of the scribes are well-known to most people in the centre of the city, to the large number in the outlying wards, who are seldom brought into personal contact with these gentlemen, the diligent scribe is quite unknown, and though deserving of marked attention in any gathering will, in many cases pass without recognition. We had hoped that we might be able to reproduce portraits of the Quincy correspondents, but we learn upon search and investigation that the photographer's revenue has not been great from this source, in fact many of the correspondents have not been "taken" since boyhood's days. But the newspaper men, though not claiming the plaudits or attention of the world as Adonises or Apollos, are yet a pretty good looking set of men, with many personal graces, and above all a sufficiency of good manners, with enough tact, perhaps, to occasionally as a bit of by-play, hoodwink and baffle the officials of a public character.

And now to the men who represent the Boston press in this city:

WILLIAM M. MARDEN.

[THE BOSTON HERALD.]

Mr. William M. Marden, who represents the Boston Herald, may, from his long years of service in the newspaper profession; be rightly called the dean of the journalistic corps.

Mr. Marden is a native of Weymouth and was born in that town January 31, 1855. His father, Lewis C., (now deceased) was a native of New Hampshire and his mother is a native of and always has lived in Weymouth. On his mother's side through the Pratts and Bicknells he traces his ancestry back to Pilgrim days.

He was educated in the private and public schools of his native town and took one term at the old commercial college of French & Chamberlain in Boston. He first applied himself to the cooper's trade and for three years worked in the cooper shop, where the keys for holding the nails cut by the Weymouth Iron Co. were made.

At the age of 19 he entered the employ of Bicknell Bros., who then conducted the largest general country store in East Weymouth. After spending nine years behind the counter he gave up his position as clerk and entered the employ of the Boston Globe as correspondent for the South Shore district, covering the towns of Quincy, Braintree, Weymouth, Hingham, Cohasset and Hull, with a roving commission to cover anything between Quincy and Provincetown.

After a few years of general work over this territory he was given charge of the entire Southeastern district, which included the whole territory in Southeastern Massachusetts except the cities of Brockton, New Bedford and Taunton, and comprised within its limits some fifty odd towns. The territory was divided into districts and a local correspondent was appointed to each, it requiring about eighteen men to properly cover the district.

After serving the Globe for some seven years he became connected with the Boston Herald in 1890, first as the local correspondent for the town of Weymouth, and subsequently as the correspondent for Quincy, Weymouth, Hingham, Cohasset, Hull, and including the summer beach work at Nantasket and Downer Landing.

He is a member of Pilgrim lodge, 485, K. of H., and a member of the Grand Lodge, K. of H., of Massachusetts; of Safety lodge, 96, N. E. O. P.; James L. Bates camp, 36, S. of V., and has served as an aide-de-camp on the staff of Col. D. B. Purbeck; the Massachusetts Press association and Merrymount lodge, 127, A. O. U. W. In connection with his work on the Herald it might be mentioned that he was instrumental in having that paper devote a portion of its space in the Sunday Herald to the interests of the Sons of Veterans and has edited the department since it was introduced some seven years ago.

Mr. Marden is a tireless and energetic worker. His district, which includes

Nantasket beach, is an extensive one. Reporting on the Nantasket beach circuit in winter time is not the most pleasant business imaginable, but Mr. Marden from attending to his duty on this lonely coast line, and the readers of the Herald have read many thrilling descriptive tales of shipwreck and life-saving from Mr. Marden's able pen.

He is married and has five children living. He resides at the corner of Washington street and Maple place.

JOSEPH F. COSTELLO.

[THE BOSTON GLOBE.]

Mr. Joseph F. Costello, who represents the Boston Globe in Quincy, is another reporter who is well known throughout the Granite City.

Mr. Costello is a Quincy boy and was born on the 25th of September, 1865. He received his early education at the Washington school, and on being graduated from that school, he entered the High school as a member of the class of '83. During his course at this institution of learning he displayed those qualities which afterwards marked him as a successful newspaper man, and at the graduation exercises of his class, he was selected as class poet and class historian.

His first regular newspaper work was done for the Quincy Advertiser and his work for this paper soon began to attract considerable attention. Soon afterwards he received and accepted a position on the Boston Morning Advertiser and Boston Evening Record as their South Shore correspondent and about the same time he accepted a position with the New England Associated Press as its representative in Quincy, Braintree and Weymouth.

Later he did special work for the Boston Herald, and in 1890 he accepted a position with the Boston Globe, which he still holds. Mr. Costello is also correspondent and advertising agent for the Monumental News of Chicago. He possesses an agreeable and florid style of writing and has the happy faculty of making most interesting reading out of the dullest items.

Mr. Costello is a member of the Boston Press club, the St. John's C. L. and A. A., the Knights of Columbus, and other organizations.

He is unmarried and lives at Quincy Point.

GEORGE T. MAGEE.

[THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.]

Perhaps of all the reporters, none are more intimately known to the citizens of Quincy than Mr. George T. Magee of the Daily Ledger and the Boston Transcript. Mr. Magee is an indefatigable worker and when he starts out to get an item of news he is always successful, no matter how many obstructions may be in the way. As head reporter for the Daily Ledger, his work carries him throughout the entire city every day, so that he is well known all over Quincy.

Mr. Magee was born in Hingham, August 9, 1860. He moved to Quincy with his parents when a child and has resided in this city ever since, with the exception of three years in the seventies when he resided in the town

CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR.

HELP

Who wants it? Those who are Enervated, Run down, Flaccid, Enfeebled, Debilitated, Fatigued, Exhausted, Unnerved, Unstrung, Tired, Overwrought, etc., need the help that is afforded by

Vitamalt

the most valuable extract of malt. Most druggists and Grocers sell it. If you don't, send \$2.50 for a case of 12 bottles, express paid.

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Book on Dreams and Superstition mailed FREE on receipt of name and address.

THE MAGNETIC HAMMER.

A Traveler's Tale of an Uncommon Epi-
sode in a Country Store.

"Standing one day in a country store," said a traveler, "I saw drive up a traveling dealer who carried his stock with him, his turnout being of a kind more commonly seen years ago than now, in these days of easier railroad communication and more frequent drummers. The wagon was big and heavy, but the body hung gracefully on platform springs, the rear hanging a little lower than the forward end. The running part was stout, but well designed and finished. The body of the wagon was like a long, deep box, the top being fixed and permanent. For a space of perhaps three feet forward from the rear end the body was built up a little higher, with a vertical face at the front, down to the roof. It was as though the rear end of the wagon had been carried up a low story higher than the rest. Midway between the face of this higher rear part and the driver's seat there was another high, or section extending across the roof from side to side, but narrow.

"The sides of the wagon body were paneled off. The moldings marked the spaces into which the interior was divided, and access to the compartments was had by doors at the sides and the end. The seat at the forward end of the wagon was spacious and comfortable, and there was over it a substantial leather top that would keep out any weather. Attached to this wagon there was a pair of big, good looking, well fed horses that could haul it anywhere. Take it all together, the outfit had an air of solidity, combined with no small degree of rakishness. It was an outfit such as any man might reasonably be proud of.

"I don't remember what he was selling, but it was something packed in boxes. He brought in a sample—he was a rather tall man, with a beard, with a good humored eye and a quiet manner—and the merchant bought some. Then he went out to his wagon again and brought in the goods, and he brought with him a cardboard placard which evidently he intended to put up in the store.

"Rising in the center of the store was a large, square wooden pillar supporting overhead a big cross beam, upon which, I suppose, the inner ends of the floor beams rested. When he had laid the goods down on the counter, he picked up the card that he had brought in with him and turned toward the square pillar in the center of the store. He had located it when he came in, or I guess he knew it. He and the storekeeper didn't talk very much, but I thought they seemed to know each other. No doubt he had been there before.

"The big, square post was covered with just such cards as he had brought in, tacked on all over, all around as high as a man could reach, and I couldn't see where he was going to get his card in, but he walked over to the post just as though there were plenty of room there. He took a paper of tacks out of his pocket and lifted out four into the palm of his left hand and then put them into his mouth. Then he placed his placard against the side of the post and pushed it up until the bottom of it was clear of the top of the highest card on that side. He could do this because he was pretty tall, and he was simply holding on to his card at the bottom. But I couldn't see yet how he was going to reach up to tack it at the top.

"But he tried it up on the face of the post with both hands calmly, and then, holding it with one hand, he reached into his outside coat pocket for his hammer. It was just a small tack hammer with rather a long handle. He carried the head of the hammer up to his mouth, and when he withdrew it there was a tack sticking to the face of it. The head of the hammer was magnetized, and the smooth, flat top of the head of the tack stuck to its face, the point projecting in line with the hammer's head. All he had to do was to reach up. With a single tap he drove the tack through the card at one corner away up at the top easily. Then he drove a tack through the other upper corner in the same manner, and then he drove in a couple of tacks at the bottom and dropped the hammer in his pocket. Then he went out and got on his wagon and drove off."—New York Sun.

Zanesville's Joke.

Here is a choice bit of humor which is believed to be an original product of Zanesville: A Terrace car was "wending its way" toward the zenith ward late the other afternoon through a tremendous downpour of rain. The attention of some passengers who were gazing idly through the windows was attracted to a woman who, out in the midst of the shower, was struggling to get a tub beneath a rain-spout. "Well now," exclaimed one of the passengers, "do look at that fool woman trying to catch soft water when it's raining hard." This may not be new, but no person to whom it has so far been related recalls having seen it in any of the almanacs.—Exchange.

IT IS NICE FOR PEARY

HE DRAWS GOVERNMENT PAY FOR
PRIVATE EXPLORATIONS.

Men Whom Uncle Sam Treats Generously.
A Scandal Which Secretary Herbert Ex-
posed—Science at Government Ex-
pense—Literary Men in Public Life.

[Special Correspondence.]
WASHINGTON, May 11.—We who sit here through many changing administrations and study the men at the head of the executive departments are sorry to see Secretary Long yielding to the Peary pull. Mr. Long is possessed of such a splendid independence; he is so free from all petty influences which have made many people contemptible that a great cabinet officer could not but be disappointed when the secretary rescinded his order assigning Lieutenant Peary to duty at San Francisco and permitted him to continue at the Brooklyn navy yard with the avowed intention of making another arctic voyage this summer. Great is the pull in the navy department. No naval secretary has been able to resist it.

When Senator Chandler was secretary of the navy, he used to say that there was only one thing in his department which he could not control, and that was the Walker pull. Admiral Walker held his own up to the day of his retirement from active service a few weeks ago. He always had the pleasant assignments in spite of mighty protests from other officers and



LIEUTENANT PEARY.

their sponsors in congress. The Walker pull lost its potency when the admiral went on the retired list. He made an effort recently to obtain the appointment as assistant secretary of the navy and he failed. The charm is broken. The Walker pull no longer works.

Peary's Coming Outing.
But the Peary pull is in good working order, and this summer, unless conditions change, Lieutenant Peary will go away on leave once more to make one of his private polar expeditions.

Now a polar expedition may be an excellent thing in its way, but the interest has the government, the United States in a polar expedition that it should pay one of its naval officers for 12 months' work every year and give him six months of that time for a private enterprise? Lieutenant Peary has been in the government service for 16 years and one-half of that time has been spent "on leave." When Lieutenant Peary is not on leave, he devotes a great part of his time and attention to preparing for his next excursion into the far north.

It is not a very serious matter, this salary of Lieutenant Peary, but the principle is all wrong. Lieutenant Peary's recall has stirred up a great deal of feeling among the less favored officers of the navy. One of them is at work on a new gun which will be of much more value to the navy than either the north or the south pole could ever be. Another has a design for an anchor in mind. Still another is inventing a new engine for marine use. Why not give each of these men six months out of every year to pursue his private work? Why wasn't indefinite leave given to Captain Mahan, so that he could pursue his literary work unhampered? Captain Mahan resigned his commission within a few months of the time when he would have gone on the retired list because his official duties interfered with his literary work. It would have been far more appropriate, it seems to me, to have given an indefinite leave of absence to Captain Mahan than to release Lieutenant Peary from active duty. Mahan's books have a greater value for the navy than all of Peary's contributions to our knowledge of the Eskimo.

Greely's expedition to the north was made under the auspices of the navy department. Greely's mission was to establish a station at Lady Franklin bay in accordance with the plans of the international polar conference held at Hamburg, Relief expeditions sent in 1882 and 1883 failed to reach Greely, and congress authorized the secretary of the navy to organize a third expedition regardless of expense. Commander Schley had charge of the third expedition. He found Greely and a few of his men almost dead from starvation. The expedition cost \$25,000 had been offered to any one not in government service who would find Greely.

When James Gordon Bennett fitted out the Jeannette expedition, the government gave no aid, but congress had to appropriate \$75,000 in the following year to fit out a relief expedition. The government also sent a relief expedition to find Sir John Franklin in 1850, but almost all the expense of the enterprise was borne by Henry Grinnell, a New York merchant.

Government and Science.

After the Schley expedition congress appropriated money for presents which were taken by an officer of the navy across Siberia to be delivered to the persons who had been kind to General Greely and his men in their hour of need, but with that the government washed its hands of polar expeditions, and the direct government aid has been made without the capital and the government printing office. Some persons have an idea that the government ought to encourage all scientific research with liberal appropriations. One of these is Professor Langley of the Smithsonian who wants \$20,000 for his visionary flying machine. But if the government is to support science, why should it not subsidize music and art? Some persons will tell you that music and art are as valuable in the work of civilization and enlightenment as science is.

Of all the abuses which have grown up

and been suppressed from time to time in the last century one of the worst was the granting of leaves of absence to navy officers who wanted to engage in private business. Just four years ago this matter was reformed the general practice of the department, though he did not succeed in overcoming the Peary pull. Mr. Herbert found that Commander Folger, who was then at the head of the bureau of ordnance, had got leave of absence for two years on the ground of ill health and was working for the owners of the Harvey process for hardening armor plates. He was even calling at the navy department in the interest of his outside employers. Lieutenant Commander Swift had been on leave since August, 1896, in the private employ of a Philadelphia concern which sold a great many supplies to the navy. Lieutenant Commander Symonds and Chief Engineer Robinson were on leave doing private work at the World's fair. Lieutenant Commander Cornell had been on leave and drawing two-thirds pay for two years, and in that period he was employed by a copper and nickel company which was doing business with the navy department. His pay from the government was \$2,000 and from the contractors \$2,500 a year. Lieutenant Wood had been on leave for more than two years and during that time he was in the employ of the Carnegie company, which was furnishing armor plate to the government. Lieutenant A. V. Wadhams was delivering lectures on the navy for his private profit. Lieutenant Driggs had been on leave for five years, looking after the manufacture of a private corporation was manufacturing to sell to the government. Lieutenant Clason was off on leave, settling up an estate. Lieutenant Seabury was working for a company which was making ordnance for the army. Chief Engineer Towne was working at the Cramps' shipyard at \$6,000 a year supervising the making of machinery whose designs he, in his official capacity, had approved. Lieutenant Wood had been drawing \$1,500 a year from the navy department for 3½ years, and in all that time he had been managing the affairs of a projectile company which did business with the government. Naval Constructor Armistead was representing the interests of some Boston contractors against the government while drawing government pay. Chief Engineer Merrill had been on leave for four years looking after the interests of the Nicaragua Canal company, of which he was the chief engineer.

And well up on the list of favorites was Robert E. Peary, to whom the secretary of the navy had granted leave from March 1, 1891, to Nov. 2, 1895, for arctic explorations. Some years ago all the naval constructors were appointed from civil life. There was no course at the Naval academy which would give the cadets for naval duty and improve their work. The English government permitted two students from each foreign nation to attend the naval school at Greenwich. The secretary of the navy determined to send two of our brightest cadets there for a three years' course. In the following year two were sent to Glasgow, and a year later two to Paris. These students had opportunities they could not have had under any other conditions. They came home better equipped than any of the civilian naval constructors, whom they soon displaced. After a few years the builders of ships began to work on government contracts learned how valuable the services of these men were, and offered them large salaries. Several of them resigned their commissions to accept private employment, and one is running a shipyard of his own today.

It is very easy for these bright young men to better their condition, though it is difficult for you and me to see where the government gets its return for the costly education given to them. However, I hold them in higher respect than the officers who accepted service against government payment while they were drawing government pay.

A great many of the men who are here after office now say they want "sinecures." They want pleasant places in which there will be little to do. They want the place held by Buchanan Schley of Maryland under Secretary Carlisle would suit them very well—a place they would not have to visit more than once a week, or better still, would be the place of the auditor just removed by Secretary Gage, who staid at his home in the south and kept up the communication with his pay. Many men want consultancies because they think consultancies have little to do. Perry Carson, the colored representative of the District of many Republican conventions, says frankly that he wants a sinecure because he has asthma, and the climate of Washington does not agree with him.

A great many men want consular places because they think they will have plenty of leisure for literary work abroad. The government has been very kind to writers. There are many consular cases of literary men who have held places in the consular service. William Dean Howells did his 'prentice work at story writing while holding an Italian consularship. He won his place by a novel, not by a consularship. John Bigelow was sent to Paris, and later he was made minister to France. Hinton Rowan Helper was sent to Buenos Ayres by Lincoln. George Perkins Marsh was made minister to the United States by Lincoln. He had been in the diplomatic service, though, for many years before Lincoln made him minister to Italy.

Literature and Office.
Bret Harte was consul at Crefeld, Germany, for two years and at Glasgow for five. He was appointed by Hayes, and Hayes also sent Andrew D. White minister to Germany. The place Mr. White is going to fill again. Garfield sent Lew Wallace as minister to Turkey. Sunset Cox was another literary man who went to Turkey, though Mr. Cox was more a politician than a litterateur. James Russell Lowell, John Lathrop Motley, George Bancroft and Edward Everett were the literary predecessors of John Hay at London. Nathaniel Hawthorne and Donald Grant Mitchell held consulships, the first at Liverpool and the second at Venice.

The list of literary men in the service of the state department is long. This administration furnishes its full quota. After Mr. Hay comes General Horace Porter, our ambassador to France. General Porter told me recently that he was urged to enter literature when he left the army, but he saw no promise of reward in it, so he entered business life. Now that he is wealthy, literature is a recreation for him. Andrew D. White is another litterateur whom this administration has honored, and the Swedes of the northwest are urging President McKinley to name for the Swedish mission that splendid story teller and eloquent lecturer Paul B. Du Chaillu and eloquent lecturer Paul B. Du Chaillu and eloquent lecturer Paul B. Du Chaillu.

AMONG THE PUEBLOS.

THEY ARE ABOUT HALF CIVILIZED,
ESPECIALLY IN "BUNKO" GAMES.

The Geography of Water and Soil—Hunting Strange Game—Indians Who Prefer Raising Corn to Raising Scaips—Mr. Ober in New Mexico.

[Special Correspondence.]
ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., May 7.—If that old Yankee skipper who could always tell his exact position by tasting the mud brought upon the lead when on "soundings" should take a journey across the continent he could easily locate himself by the color of the earth in the water he had to drink. Now, for instance, in Cincinnati the sediment in your tumbler is yellow, showing the washings of the Ohio. In St. Louis it is black, betraying the rich soil along the banks of the "Big Muddy." In Kansas the water is limy, reminding you of the great fossil monsters for which the bed of that vast inland sea was once famous.

When New Mexico is reached, the whole aspect of scenery, soil, water, and even of speech, changes as by a miracle. You have leaped at once from the accident to the Orient. Our Yankee skipper, unless he had voyaged to Egypt or North Africa, would be entirely "thrown out of gear" by the radical changes in his surroundings. He would see mountains with sharp, snow capped, toothed like ice crystals, and all glistening beneath a sky of brilliant azure. The soil, too, has changed. In fact, the natives of Kansas or Missouri would aver that there was no soil at all. It is thin, that is a fact, and the grass seems so scanty that, as a Chicago man once said, a "cow will have to hustle to find enough to chew." Even the crows, it is said, have to "nose their rations" when they are in New Mexico. But, like many other things seen from a distance, the New Mexican soil pans out better than it looks. In the mountain it is rich in many a mineral, and on the plains it is valued for its own sweet sake. It is here that the civil Engineer Merrill had been on leave for four years looking after the interests of the Nicaragua Canal company, of which he was the chief engineer.

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Naval Instruction.
Some years ago all the naval constructors were appointed from civil life. There was no course at the Naval academy which would give the cadets for naval duty and improve their work. The English government permitted two students from each foreign nation to attend the naval school at Greenwich. The secretary of the navy determined to send two of our brightest cadets there for a three years' course. In the following year two were sent to Glasgow, and a year later two to Paris. These students had opportunities they could not have had under any other conditions. They came home better equipped than any of the civilian naval constructors, whom they soon displaced. After a few years the builders of ships began to work on government contracts learned how valuable the services of these men were, and offered them large salaries. Several of them resigned their commissions to accept private employment, and one is running a shipyard of his own today.

It is very easy for these bright young men to better their condition, though it is difficult for you and me to see where the government gets its return for the costly education given to them. However, I hold them in higher respect than the officers who accepted service against government payment while they were drawing government pay.

A great many of the men who are here after office now say they want "sinecures." They want pleasant places in which there will be little to do. They want the place held by Buchanan Schley of Maryland under Secretary Carlisle would suit them very well—a place they would not have to visit more than once a week, or better still, would be the place of the auditor just removed by Secretary Gage, who staid at his home in the south and kept up the communication with his pay. Many men want consultancies because they think consultancies have little to do. Perry Carson, the colored representative of the District of many Republican conventions, says frankly that he wants a sinecure because he has asthma, and the climate of Washington does not agree with him.

A great many men want consular places because they think they will have plenty of leisure for literary work abroad. The government has been very kind to writers. There are many consular cases of literary men who have held places in the consular service. William Dean Howells did his 'prentice work at story writing while holding an Italian consularship. He won his place by a novel, not by a consularship. John Bigelow was sent to Paris, and later he was made minister to France. Hinton Rowan Helper was sent to Buenos Ayres by Lincoln. George Perkins Marsh was made minister to the United States by Lincoln. He had been in the diplomatic service, though, for many years before Lincoln made him minister to Italy.

Literature and Office.
Bret Harte was consul at Crefeld, Germany, for two years and at Glasgow for five. He was appointed by Hayes, and Hayes also sent Andrew D. White minister to Germany. The place Mr. White is going to fill again. Garfield sent Lew Wallace as minister to Turkey. Sunset Cox was another literary man who went to Turkey, though Mr. Cox was more a politician than a litterateur. James Russell Lowell, John Lathrop Motley, George Bancroft and Edward Everett were the literary predecessors of John Hay at London. Nathaniel Hawthorne and Donald Grant Mitchell held consulships, the first at Liverpool and the second at Venice.

The list of literary men in the service of the state department is long. This administration furnishes its full quota. After Mr. Hay comes General Horace Porter, our ambassador to France. General Porter told me recently that he was urged to enter literature when he left the army, but he saw no promise of reward in it, so he entered business life. Now that he is wealthy, literature is a recreation for him. Andrew D. White is another litterateur whom this administration has honored, and the Swedes of the northwest are urging President McKinley to name for the Swedish mission that splendid story teller and eloquent lecturer Paul B. Du Chaillu and eloquent lecturer Paul B. Du Chaillu and eloquent lecturer Paul B. Du Chaillu.

They were discovered, it is related, by a Spanish soldier bearing the euphonious name of Cabeza de Vaca, which in English means the "head of a cow." Old "Cow Head" had been wrecked on the coast of Florida, having been a member of the ill fated expedition of Pineda de Narvaez. After his sufferings he was rescued by Mexico, where his tale of wonderful cities in the great northern desert incited the Mexicans to come up this way and explore. The result was that Captain Coronado came and conquered, and in the city of Santa Fe is shown the very house in which he is said to have lodged in the year 1540.

The Pueblos, as they were called because they were found living in towns and not discovered wandering about, like the fierce Apaches and other nomads, at first submitted quietly, but rebelled in 1680 and drove all the Spaniards from the country. In 1692, the year in which New England was in the throes of the witchcraft delusion, a Spanish army came up from Mexico and re-enslaved the Pueblos, reducing them to that condition of semicivilization in which they were found by the Americans 60 years ago.

The various pueblos are found scattered over the area of New Mexico and Arizona, most of them distant from the railroad but a few within sight of it. Only ten miles from this thriving city of Albuquerque is one of the smaller ones, known as Isleta, and 66 miles west of this city is Laguna, which is a most interesting village to study. But the most picturesque of them all, and a pueblo which may be taken as a perfect type, is that of Acoma, which is perched upon a mesa, or table rock, 350 feet high and 7,000 feet above the sea. When I first visited it, there was no other white man in the pueblo, yet I was received hospitably and entertained with the best the Indians had. The top of the mesa is reached only by three steep trails, all but one being inaccessible to any but Indians. Fierce battles took place here when the Spaniards attempted to take Acoma, and at one time the fighting lasted three whole days. Acoma is about 12 miles from the railroad, which is left at a point near Laguna. Another and very famous pueblo is that of Zuni, about 40 miles south from Fort Wingate, where some 600 Indians occupy a 200,000-acre reservation. All these Pueblos are good Indians, who prefer agricultural pursuits to fighting and the raising of vegetables to lifting a white man's scalp. FRED A. OBER.

SUNDAY IN ANTWERP.

Phases of Life in a Famous City of the Netherlands.
[Special Correspondence.]

ANTWERP, May 4.—At the Cafe Flora, the Delmonico of Antwerp, I sat down at a table in the middle of the street. I might have stuck out my foot and had it crushed by a passing motor car. And yet the Place de la Mer is very wide. The cathedral opposite, spire and all, could lie there outstretched like a fallen tree without seriously blocking traffic.

On the other side of the street were all sorts of shops, wide open, all week days. This side of the place, all the way to the big railroad terminus to the market place, people were sitting around little iron tables like ours. Forth from the portals of that long series of cafes the human mass spread across the sidewalks and out upon the Belgian streets. Whole families were there, and sweethearts, all chattering French, laughing and drinking. Beer, wine, cafe noir and sugared water were the favorite drinks. Glasses clicked gleefully and waiters with long aprons chased each other like white caps on a merry sea. And like unto this was Sunday in Antwerp.

Fresh from New York, I sat there like a greenhorn. Drinking on Sunday, and brazenly—in the open streets! Amid this license, this Sunday holiday making, a citizen of Gotham felt like a child just out of school.

The Place de la Mer was gay with Belgium's national colors—yellow, black and red. The pedestrians and vehicles filled the place with a sort of happy hubbub; market carts drawn by dogs or donkeys; peasants with grotesque bonnets; soldiers in red coats, policemen with swords, men and boys riding bicycles with stockinged legs, flower girls, messenger boys, a pest of beggars and a sprinkling of monks with sandals over bare feet.

Suddenly there was a roar of laughter and a sound—shipped it off while he was running to catch a tram car. Some one had thrown the sandal over among the tables. Instantly it had been rent into pieces and the sole hurled back at the monk. But on toward the vanishing car ran he, and the faster ran the monk the harder the tram driver whipped his horse. Just as the car swung round into a side street, some one tripped up the baffled monk and he fell sprawling.

"The people hate the clergy," explained the waiter. "They have been grinding us underfoot long enough."

Then several carriages drew up where we sat, almost grazing our tables.

"A bride," I said to the waiter.

"And a ruined wedding gown," I added, as, led by the groom, with her train dragging yards behind her, a bride with a faded gown, a faded headscarf, and a faded veil, came toward us. The bride walked a very young girl, a heavy black cape veil hanging from her bonnet to her feet—the widow.

Later I crossed the Place to one of the many bicycle shops.

"There are 60,000 bicycles in Antwerp," said the obliging man in the doorway, "and many more American wheels. In the city and all through Belgium indeed there are shops where wheels are repaired, sold or rented. Belgium is a cyclist's paradise, it is so level, and our roads are as good as those in France."

For dinner I drove across the holiday making city to the zoological gardens, the finest in Europe. Here was music, and in all directions, under arching trees, fathers and sons, mothers, daughters and little children were feasting, drinking and making merry. A boy in uniform laid a poster on my table. It was a list of Sunday evening attractions at the various amusement places—theaters, music halls and two circuses.

THE SUMMER STYLES.

IMPORTANCE OF KNOWING HOW TO
PUT MATERIALS TOGETHER.

Not Goods, but Their Development, That
Creates Real Value—Pretty Dresses For
Young Girls—Silk Warp Barges and
Japanese Crapes.

[Special Correspondence.]
NEW YORK, May 11.—I was at the Professional Woman's league and heard one lady make a remark to another. Both were behind me. A lady had risen to sing or recite, when the woman behind me said: "Oh, what an ugly woman! She should not be allowed among others, for fear they might catch it." I went outside so I could laugh to myself and not interfere with the programme. The first



thing I knew I had drifted into a grand and swell establishment where they take pretty but inexpensive goods and make them up with much style, and then charge \$1,000 or perhaps a little less for them. This place is noted for its style. I think there is usually more style than anything else but price. Still, it seems to me that the designs are not quite as stylish as those for herself. The materials are not so expensive, but the way they are put together makes them elegant.

A boating gown really ought to be of such material and color as will bear much hard usage, but singularly enough the average young lady prefers something that can be ruined in ten minutes. A model boating dress was of white serge, the skirt bordered with one wide and one narrow row of dark blue sashette. The waist was an odd jumble of striped flannel in blue and white, as an underdress in jersey style. Over this was a wrap of the serge, with the shoulders cut away to allow a bertha shaped sailor collar. This was of dark blue serge, with white braid. At the bottom of the waist the blue serge was arranged to represent a figaro. Little ruffles of the serge were very much out of place at the shoulders, while the blue cuffs at the wrists, with white braid looked neat and pretty at the wrists. I think if the color was reversed—that is, the dress of the dark blue and the trimming white—it would be more profitable. A sailor hat of navy blue, with a very large double bowed bow, and a stiff little bunch of loops or quills gives it a naughty, if not nautical, air.

The prices asked for these dresses would stagger any one who knows anything about the prices of the goods. Another very stylish but equally perishable suit of knickerbockers reaching the knees and buttoning snugly. The skirt reached to the ankles and was closed in front, but divided in the back. It was of pearl gray venetian cloth. The basque was very English, and therefore to be desired. All the seams were curved to fit the figure, and over each seam was a wide black and gold sashette, ending at the bottom in a curved trimming. There were no darts in this jacket, all the fitting being done by the seams. There was a shirt front of most astonishing plaid, with a very large double bowed bow to match and a white linen collar. The neat little sailor straw was slightly fluted all around the brim and had a double bow and a band of the same plaid silk as that in the waist. With this the wearer may choose between gaiters and thick, dark ribbed stockings.

They make such pretty dresses now for young girls. I notice much plaid in them, though, either as full costume or as trimming. In itself plaid is rarely pretty, but it becomes so when used in combination with plain goods. There was a mahogany brown serge dress, plain as to skirt, but with a wide sailor collar, tie, cuffs and draped belt and bow of a pretty plaid with much green in it. The waist was a blouse with a V opening to the belt and filled in with cream white surah. Another dress was of gray and brown plaid, with a faint suspicion of green in the twill. The skirt was to match and the plaid silk as that in the waist. With this the wearer may choose between gaiters and thick, dark ribbed stockings.

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Silk warp barges will be largely employed for dainty afternoon dresses for young girls, and the pretty silk and linen tissue seems especially designed for them. For evening and for graduation gowns the exquisite Japanese crapes are much liked. These have a wrought figure on the surface, but more often they are quite plain. It takes lace and a very little ribbon to trim these. They hang beautifully.

OLIVE HARPER.

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MAY, 1897.

RESIDENT CORRESPONDENTS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

of his birth, and five years in the eighties when he resided in East Weymouth. He was educated in the public schools of Quincy and Hingham and at the private school of Mrs. Saville in this city.

Upon leaving school he was employed by the Telephone Dispatch Company, now the New England Telephone and Telephone Co., until 1886 when he accepted a position as local reporter on the staff of the Weymouth Gazette. He remained with the Gazette until 1890, when that paper was sold to a syndicate, and in the fall of 1890, he returned to Quincy and accepted a position on the staff of the Daily Ledger and Quincy Patriot, which positions he now holds.

In the fall of 1892 he accepted a position with the New England Associated Press, which was the New England branch of the United Press, as its representative in Quincy and Milton. Mr. Magee worked faithfully for the interests of this association until the organization was absorbed by the Associated Press last April. He was then offered a position on the staff of the Boston Transcript as reporter for Quincy and Milton, a position he still holds. Mr. Magee was married June 15, 1887, to Miss Fannie, daughter of Charles G. and Mary Frances Jackson of Boston. He resides on Newcomb place. Mr. Magee is affiliated with several well known secret organizations.

TIMOTHY J. COLLINS.

[THE BOSTON JOURNAL.]

Mr. Timothy J. Collins, the Boston Journal representative, is a Quincy boy and was born at South Quincy, April 2, 1872. His parents being James (now deceased) and Mary Collins. When a child he moved with his parents to the point district and received his early education at the Washington school. After being graduated from school, he entered Boston college. While a student at this institution he showed an aptitude for literary work and, when Stylus, the college journal was rejuvenated in 1892, he was appointed one of the editors, a position which he held till he left college. In 1893, at the commencement exercises of the college, he was presented with a testimonial, *cum laude*, for excellent work in English.

During the years '91 and '92, Mr. Collins, in addition to his college work, served the Boston News, a morning newspaper, as its representative in Quincy. He remained on the staff of the News until that paper ceased to be. The following year he left college and accepted a position on the Boston Journal, shortly after Mr. Stephen O'Meara succeeded to the general management of that paper, a position which he still holds. Mr. Collins has done some good work for the Journal and many of his descriptive pieces in that paper have been reproduced in country newspapers, and it is only a short time ago that he had the satisfaction of seeing one Boston paper reproduce in its editorial columns, in an editorial on the bravery of the life-savers, his description of the gallant acts of the Hull life-savers at the wreck of the Ulrica on Nantasket beach.

When the St. John's Literary society was organized, Mr. Collins was one of its early members and, in the first public debate of that society which took place in the St. John's hall, he won the gold medal.

When the Quincy Advertiser and West Quincy Enterprise were merged into a semi-weekly some two years ago, Mr. Collins was offered the position of city editor, which he accepted.

He is unmarried and lives with his mother on South street.

The Board of Sewerage Commissioners has engaged Mr. Earnest W. Branch as engineer at a salary of \$1800 per year. Mr. Branch's engagement dates from last August. The new engineer is the right-hand man of Whitman, and for a number of years has had charge of the Whitman interests in Quincy.

DRAFTS ON IRELAND.

Passage Tickets
to and from the

OLD COUNTRY

for sale by
JOHN O. HOLDEN,
154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

The MONITOR will have many interesting articles in the June issue. Many matters stood in our way this month, the preparations for the minstrel taking all our spare moments, and in consequence the paper was neglected. We will make up for this neglect next month, however, and all our readers will find much of interest in the June issue.

True to their custom, the Redemptorist fathers will renew the mission of last year, and on the same lines. The mission will open at St. John's church about May 23.

Confirmation will be conferred on June 24, in St. John's church by Most Rev. John J. Brady, auxiliary bishop of Boston.

In a future issue we shall endeavor to tell a few facts concerning the newspapers of Quincy and the gentlemen who conduct them.

We do not think it necessary to say much concerning the minstrel show to be given on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of this week. The programme printed in this issue will readily show that a rich, rare treat has been prepared, and this in connection with the many favors which the society has shown the public, should ensure a large attendance on both evenings. By all means come to the minstrel show, and take our word for it you will be well satisfied.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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The Poorest Kind.



Fatigued Freddie—Say, does yer beeve in de old sayin dat it's a pore rule dat won't work both ways? Languid Lawrence—Nitt. It tink it's a pore rule dat'll work at all.—New York World.

MINSTRELS

St. John's Hall, School Street, Quincy,
—ON—
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY EVENINGS,
MAY 19 and 20,
AT 8 O'CLOCK.

PROGRAMME:

Opening Chorus.—Kings of the Ebony Swells.
Overture.
Solo.—"Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." John J. Phelan
Solo.—"Dark Brown Lou." Gondolo, Snowball
Solo.—"Honey, Does You Love Your Man?" George H. Norris
Solo.—"My Gal is a High Born Lady." John Ross
Solo.—"Rose, Sweet Rose." Eliza Jane Nard
Solo.—"In the Baggage Coach Ahead." John J. Keenan
Solo.—"All Coons Look Alike to Me." Cornelius Sughrue
Solo.—"Hush, My Little Coon." Miss Maud Welsh, Soloist
Solo.—"Nigger and the Coon." John Denward
Finale.—Patriotic. Circle
THOMAS F. SHEA, Interlocutor.

OLIO. Part 2.

Buck and Wing Dance.
Messrs. Finnegan and Donohue from the "Corner."
Tenor Solo.—"Mollie My Own." A. F. Murray of Dorchester
Recitation. Miss Nellie T. McCarthy
Barytone Solo.—"Take Back Your Gold." R. T. Callahan, West Quincy
Humorist. John J. Crowley of Neponset.
Barytone Solo.—Selected.
Edward Lindsay of Dorchester

MISS BERTHA TRIPANIER, Pianist.
The evening's entertainment will conclude with the uproariously laughable farce, entitled:

"A MANAGER'S TRIALS."

The entertainment, exclusive of this piece, will be pleasurable enough to suit even peculiar mortals, but if such there be whose resiliencies can only be tickled by something extraordinary, we commend the bearing and seeing of this piece.

The preparation which the members of the troupe have given to this coming entertainment warrants belief that all previous successes will be eclipsed. Everything has been done with the determination to please the public, and the society asks in return that a generous response be made to reward its effort.

Admission, 35 cts.

Tickets for sale at door.
Come to the Minstrel Show.

TO WAR ON LOCUSTS.

PROFESSOR LAWRENCE BRUNER'S
MISSION TO SOUTH AMERICA.

The Grasshopper Expert of Nebraska University to Conduct a Lively Crusade Against the Pests Which Have Been Devastating Argentina and Uruguay.

The Argentine Republic and Uruguay have declared war on the grasshopper, and Professor Lawrence Bruner of the University of Nebraska has gone down there to take command of their agricultural forces during the coming campaign. It is going to be a war to the death.

For the past eight or nine years both countries have suffered almost untold damage from the invasion of great hordes of green grasshoppers or locusts. They have destroyed crops at an alarming rate and threaten to devastate the entire country. Last year the pest increased in numbers and was more destructive than ever before. The disaster was so great that public action was demanded by the farmers in the ravaged districts. Several wealthy men in Buenos Ayres and Uruguay organized a commission, but they had accomplished little or nothing when United States Consul Bancroft was applied to for help. He suggested that some of our expert entomologists who had successfully combated the grasshoppers when they threatened to ruin the agricultural prospects of Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas from 1873 to 1878, be employed. The consul recommended Professor Bruner, and the commission lost no time in acting upon his advice.

Professor Bruner is now on his way to Buenos Ayres to engage in mortal combat with the locust of the Argentine. It is a much larger and more ferocious insect than he has ever tackled before, and he is not entirely confident of the outcome of the struggle. Still, he intends to win or die in the last ditch.

It is estimated that the locusts have eaten in the Argentine alone more than 28,000,000 bushels of wheat annually, and the crop is decreasing each season. In Uruguay the situation is even more discouraging. The locusts have not only eaten all the vegetable and grain crops, but they have devoured all the green grass, so that there is not even pasture for the flocks of sheep which constitute so much of the wealth of the country. In some provinces the only green thing which can be seen is the alfalfa, which for some reason they do not seem to relish.

The locust which does all this mischief is of a peculiar species which was



unknown to the South American entomologists until its sudden appearance a few years ago. It is about twice the size of the far famed and much dreaded Rocky mountain locust and has a correspondingly big appetite.

Professor Bruner's plan of campaign will be to spend the first season in studying the life, habits and peculiarities of the locust. When he finds out what the natural enemies of the pest are, he will endeavor to encourage them, thus enlisting native allies on his side. He is to have an abundance of means at his disposal for his experiments, and if he succeeds will probably be richly rewarded for his work.

"I am inclined to believe," said Professor Bruner just before his departure, "that the methods employed in the western states can be successfully used in South America, although they may have to be varied radically to suit the changed conditions. Birds are the most active natural enemy which the locust has, and they should not be killed with in the afflicted district. The common meadow lark, it has been discovered, eats as many as 50 hoppers at a meal.

"There are other enemies of the locust which, while not so large, are very effective. In the west we have successfully combated the locust by the cultivation of a small flesh fly, commonly known as the hopper killer. This fly is a parasite of the hoppers, and when a swarm attacks an army of hoppers it is astonishing to see the larger insects fall. The havoc which these little flies make among the locusts is remarkable.

"Another weapon which has proved very effective is the growth of a fungus mole. This is about the only natural disease which disturbs the life of the locust, and it is to it that the bubonic plague is to the inhabitants of India. I have known it to destroy countless millions of hoppers in one season. It can be cultivated and thrown on the leaves of plants in the infected districts. I am taking a large supply of this fungus with me and expect it will have the same effect on the South American locusts as it did on those in the west."

Professor Bruner admits that if the climate is very dry in Argentina and Uruguay neither of these methods may prove successful, for even he will not be at an end of his resources. He has several other plans and will endeavor to first kill the eggs which have been deposited. If he fails to do this, he will attack the locusts while they are young. It may be a long siege, for the pest has a strong foothold in the country, but Professor Bruner will do his best.

SENATOR DEBOE.

Career of the Successor to Senator Blackburn.

William J. Deboe of Kentucky, who takes his seat in the United States senate as the successor of J. S. C. Blackburn, began his political career in 1888 as a delegate to the national Republican convention which gave General Harri-



son his first nomination. Two years later he held office for the first time, being elected superintendent of schools in Crittenden county. It was a modest beginning, but Mr. Deboe was promised better things by his party. In 1892 he was nominated for congress. At that time his district was overwhelmingly Democratic, but he made a good race, as he did on a subsequent occasion.

In 1893 Mr. Deboe was elected state senator and was honored in the session of 1894 by being chosen chairman of the joint caucus by the Republican members. In the meantime he had become a member of the state central committee and took an active part in several exciting and hard fought campaigns. All this gave him a good training for the hotly contested senatorial election which the Kentucky legislature has been involved in for months past and which finally ended in a victory for Mr. Deboe.

Mr. Deboe was born in Crittenden county 47 years ago. He was educated in the local schools and studied at Ewing college in Illinois. Then he attended the Medical university at Louisville. He was graduated and for two years practiced his profession, but finally concluded to abandon it as not suited either to his tastes or his talents.

At this stage he began to study law. He was admitted to the bar and has been practicing this more congenial profession with great success for eight years.

A MAMMOTH BOWLDER.

Connecticut Boast a Rock That Weighs Ten Thousand Tons.

In Connecticut, midway between New London and Norwich, is a huge bowlder which is one of the largest, if not the very largest, to be found anywhere in the country. Its summit is 78 feet above the ground, and its total length is 80 feet. It is estimated that this rock contains about 70,000 cubic feet of stone and weighs 10,000 tons.

It rests on the summit of a hill which slopes gracefully down to the river Thames, and it looks as if it might have been tossed there by some playful Titan standing in the valley below. The position of the rock is totally unlike that of any other stone found in Connecticut or any other part of the country. Geologists have studied it, and, while all agree that it must have been left there by some glacier in a prehistoric age, yet none of them can determine from what part of the world it originally came. It is surmised that it was once a part of the earth's crust in a region near the north pole and now buried underneath thousands of feet of never melting ice.



COCHEGAN ROCK.

Borne on the bosom of some great ice, this great bowlder must have drifted down across the country during the glacial era and have been deposited where it now rests. Some parts of its surface are as smooth as if polished by human agency, while others show grooves of fantastic shape, as if they had been cut by some primeval worker in stone. This, the geologists say, was done by glacial influences before it found its final resting place.

The bowlder stands on land now owned by Alexander Atchinson, but a bill has been proposed in the Connecticut legislature authorizing the purchase of the bowlder by the state so that it may be made more accessible to tourists.

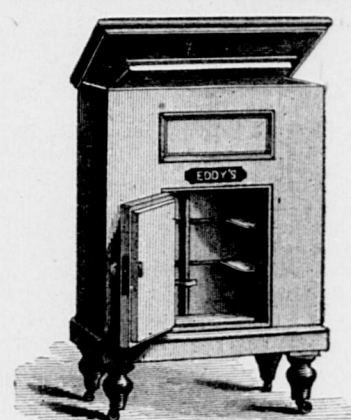
It Stops Pedal Slipping.

A New York bicycle supply house is marketing a very simple and useful arrangement to keep the soles of shoes from slipping on the pedals. It consists of a small oval shaped piece of rubber corrugated on one side. It is easily fastened to the sole of the shoe, the corrugated surface outside. This rubber allows the wheelman to obtain a better foothold and minimizes the chance of losing the pedals.—New York Journal.

Foreign Born Congressmen.

Our present congress has 27 members who are of foreign birth.

Worthy Refrigerators



Built by men with a conscience. Not an experiment, but the greatest of all ice saving refrigerators. That's not everything, for back of the name stands a guarantee of satisfaction from the oldest and most reliable refrigerator manufacturers in the country. Every size and style manufactured. 25 per cent. discount. A catalogue for the asking.

HENRY L. KINCAIDE & CO.,

Dealers in Reliable House Fittings only.

Long Distance Telephone. Hancock Street, Quincy.

Headquarters Paul Revere Post 88, G. A. R.

Department of Massachusetts.

QUINCY, MAY 10, 1897.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 1.

COMRADES: Once more the solemn day is near when we place grateful garlands upon the graves of the honored dead, who fell in battle or perished since the war from disease or wounds received in serving their country. It is fitting at this time to dwell upon the sacrifices they made and the lessons of fortitude and patriotism they taught in their lives and their death. Though generations pass from the stage in varying succession, here can man forget the glorious days of 1861-65. History can but record their great deeds, their unselfishness. Immortal fame was won by the doers, and as the years roll by and fresh garlands replace the withered bloom of past years, the nation raises higher and still higher the honored roll of its gallant defenders.

Day by day the darkness of the grave covers one and another of our gallant comrades who rode out of the battle storm when the Angel of Death held high carnival, and soon mastered out will be written against the name of the last survivor of the War of the Rebellion, and the Grand Army of the Republic will be known only in history. Our comrades' graves are hallowed spots, worthy the flowers we this day bring as a loving tribute to their loyalty and patriotism. Let us gather around these sacred places and perform this beautiful and touching ceremony while a survivor of the war remains to honor the departed comrades.

ON SUNDAY, MAY 30.

The Post will assemble in full uniform at Headquarters at 6:30 P. M., for the purpose of attending Memorial Service at Christ Church, Rev. W. R. Breed, Francis L. Souther Camp, No. 27, Sons of Veterans, Paul Revere Woman's Relief Corps, No. 103, and all soldiers and sailors and the public in general are invited to be present.

Contributions of food and flowers from our many friends will be gratefully received and can be left at the following residences: Mrs. F. P. Lond, Ward 1; Mrs. H. O. Souther, Ward 2; Mrs. Edward Richardson, Ward 3; Mrs. John Farrell, Ward 4; Mrs. G. A. Stokes, Ward 5. The principals and teachers of the schools are invited to request their pupils to bring flowers to the schoolhouses on the morning of May 25, when they will be collected for the purpose of decorating our comrades' graves Memorial Day. Bring flowers, that no soldier's or sailor's grave may be unremembered by this beautiful tribute.

MAY 31, ORDERS OF THE DAY.

1. The Post will assemble at Headquarters in full uniform at 7 A. M.
2. Senior Vice Commander J. D. Williams will make a detail and accompanied by the Chaplain of the Day proceed to the National Sailors' Home and deposit a floral offering.
3. Junior Vice Commander W. Dunbar in command of a detail of 25 men will proceed to Mount Wollaston cemetery and decorate the graves of comrades sleeping there.
4. Officer of the Day W. B. Munroe will make a detail of ten comrades and proceed to the Hancock and English cemeteries and decorate the graves of comrades.
5. Comrade James W. Pierce will proceed to Mount Auburn and decorate the grave of Col. Paul J. Revere.
6. Comrade W. W. Penniman will have charge of the invited guests.
7. Comrade J. D. Cain will decorate the graves of our late comrades, Geo. W. Collier and Geo. F. Cleverly at North Weymouth cemetery.
8. Comrade Aaron Leavitt will proceed to Woodlawn cemetery and decorate the grave of our late comrade, John Cole.
9. Officer of the Day W. B. Munroe is hereby detailed to have charge of the Band and Escort.
10. Comrade Edward Richardson is hereby detailed to have charge of Hancock Hall.
11. Paul Revere Woman's Relief Corps, No. 103, will have charge of the collection at Hancock Hall and also the arrangement of flowers for Memorial Day.
12. At 9:30 A. M. the Post will form at Headquarters and with the City Band, and escorted by Francis L. Souther Camp, No. 27, Sons of Veterans, will march to the junction of School and Franklin streets, where barges will be taken for Hall cemetery, West Quincy, where appropriate ceremonies will be held and the graves of our late comrades decorated.
13. At 9:30 A. M. the command will proceed to the Catholic cemeteries where services will be held by Rev. Francis A. Friguglietti, after which the members of Post 88 will decorate the graves of our comrades dead. Upon the completion of the exercises the command will proceed to Headquarters and partake of a collation served by the Woman's Relief Corps, No. 103.
14. At 2 P. M. the line will be formed as follows: Detail of Police, Chief, Comrade J. W. Hayden; Officer of the Day, W. B. Munroe; City Band; Francis L. Souther Camp, No. 27, Sons of Veterans; Capt. W. C. Hart; Paul Revere Post 88, G. A. R.; W. H. Warner, Commander; H. S. Honor C. F. Adams, 2d. Mayor, and city officials in carriages; invalid comrades in barges; Paul Revere Woman's Relief Corps, 103, Mrs. F. P. Lond, President; and will proceed by the following route: Hancock street to Greenleaf street, to Valley street, to Sea street, to Mount Wollaston cemetery, where services will be held at Soldiers' Monument by Paul Revere Post 88, G. A. R. Francis L. Souther Camp, No. 27, Sons of Veterans, will decorate the grave of our late comrade, Francis L. Souther, with fitting emblems, after which the command will assemble at the G. A. R. lot, where memorial services will be held by Paul Revere Woman's Relief Corps, No. 103, in memory of the unknown dead. The line will then reform and return via Coddington street, City square, Hancock street to Hancock hall.

Past Commanders are requested to parade on the staff of the Commander.

Per Order, W. H. WARNER, Commander.

[OFFICIAL] I. M. HOLT, Adjutant.



There is
Joy in
Every Home

where there is nutri-
tious, light, healthy,
uniform bread such as can be obtained
by using

King Arthur Flour

It is the acme of the modern miller's art, because the best wheat and most modern methods only are used in its manufacture. A single trial will convince you of its superiority.

Sold in Quincy

BY

JOHN F. MERRILL.

A. J. RICHARDS & SONS,
Quincy Grain Store.

ALL KINDS

GRAIN, HAY and STRAW,
BRICK, LIME and CEMENT,
DRAIN PIPE, Etc.

Prices are the Lowest in the City.

Our Specialty is Flour:

Washburn and Crosby,
Imperial Duluth,
Gold Heart.

In Quality and Price we invite Competi-
tion. Try them.

SWITHIN BROS.,
REAL ESTATE.

Having opened a Real Estate office in Durgin & Merrill's Block, we are prepared to show plans and give prices on some of the finest house lots offered for sale in this city in recent years. These lots are embraced in the following tracts of land:

President's Hill,
Cranch Hill,
Dell Estate,
WEST QUINCY.
Hillside Terrace,
GROVE STREET,
Wollaston,
BATES AVENUE.

Will be on land at Presidents' Hill every afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring lots or any information on the above properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin & Merrill's Block.

The
Old
Clothes
Man

Would not pick up many bargains if it were for moths.

Extra Refined
Tar
10 CENTS
MOTH MARB

Those who do not buy one of the at soon have a bargain in Old Clothes. We liberal offer. Does the old clothes man?

A. G. DURGIN,
DRUGGIST.

WHEELS

THE
Celebrated Boston

WHEEL

Had a ready sale last year at \$75

It has been improved and now sell

ONLY \$50.00.

FULLY + GUARANTEED

See Them at Our Store,

104 Hancock Street.

WILLIAMS, the Jeweler.

WHEEL

WHEEL

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WHEEL



a conscience. Not an experiment, but the thing refrigerators. That's not everything, for a guarantee of satisfaction from the oldest and best manufacturers in the country. Every machine. 25 per cent. discount. A catalogue.

L. KINCAIDE & CO.,
A Reliable House Fittings only.
Hancock Street, Quincy.

ul Revere Post 88, G. A. R.
ent of Massachusetts.

QUINCY, MAY 10, 1897.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 1.
When day is near when we place grateful garlands upon a man who fell in battle or perished since the war from his country. It is fitting at this time to dwell upon the valor and patriotism they taught in their generations pass from the stage in varying succession, never to be forgotten. History can but record their great deeds, their lives won by the sword, and as the years roll by and fresh generations rise, the nation raises higher and still higher its standards.

Grave covers one and another of our gallant comrades who when the Angel of Death held high carnival, and soon against the name of the last survivor of the War of the Republic will be known only in history. Our duty, worthy the flowers we this day bring as a loving tribute to the dead, and as the years roll by and fresh generations rise, the nation raises higher and still higher its standards.

SUNDAY, MAY 30.

at Headquarters at 6:30 P. M., for the purpose of attending the funeral of the late Francis L. Southern, Camp, No. 103, and all soldiers and sailors to be present.

From our many friends who will be gratefully received at the funeral of the late Francis L. Southern, Camp, No. 103, and all soldiers and sailors to be present. The funeral will be held at the residence of the late Francis L. Southern, Camp, No. 103, and all soldiers and sailors to be present.

ORDERS OF THE DAY.

Headquarters in full uniform at 7 A. M. D. Williams will make a detail and accompanied by the National Sailors' Home and deposit a floral offering. D. Williams will make a detail and accompanied by the National Sailors' Home and deposit a floral offering. D. Williams will make a detail and accompanied by the National Sailors' Home and deposit a floral offering.

Donor in command of a detail of 25 men will proceed to the graves of comrades sleeping there. D. Williams will make a detail and accompanied by the National Sailors' Home and deposit a floral offering. D. Williams will make a detail and accompanied by the National Sailors' Home and deposit a floral offering.

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will proceed to the Catholic cemeteries where services will be held, after which the members of Post 88 will proceed to the graves of our late comrades, Geo. W. Collier and others. D. Williams will make a detail and accompanied by the National Sailors' Home and deposit a floral offering.

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A. J. RICHARDS & SONS, Quincy Grain Store.

ALL KINDS

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Gold Heart.

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GROVE STREET,
Wollaston,
BATES AVENUE.

Will be on land at President's Hill every afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring lots or any information on the above properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin & Merrill's Block.

ENAMELED BRICK.

As a Building Material It Far Surpasses the Ordinary Kind.

The true enameled brick is equally as good for exterior as for interior use. It stands the most severe and sudden climatic changes and may be used in any climate and in any situation.

It is a surprise to any one visiting England to see the variety of purposes for which enameled brick is being used in that country. The approaches to their railway stations, exterior of buildings surrounding the platforms, booking offices, waiting rooms, toilet rooms, etc., are worked out in patterns and beautiful designs of different colored enameled bricks. They are used also in the large hotels and stores, postoffices, banking and insurance offices, factories, engine rooms, cemetery vaults, stable interiors and also in the underground railways. Enameled brick has won such favor in England that the municipality of London requires that all courts and alleys be lined with this material. It reflects light, is fireproof, acquires no odor, is impervious to moisture and forms a finished surface which is highly ornamental.

The use of them is increasing each year. Heretofore many millions of English enameled bricks have been shipped to this country annually, but that should no longer be necessary, as it is within the reach of architects to satisfy themselves beyond all doubt that the American product is equal if not superior to the best imported brick and saves the delays incident to distant transportation.—Exchange.

PARSONS, Thorough Tailor . .

Hancock Street,
QUINCY.

GALILEO.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR.]

Down to the seventeenth century the world had motion of the sun around the earth, the geocentric or Ptolemaic astronomical system, as it was called.

"For," as an eminent French savant says, "all the researches which have been prosecuted with the most scrupulous exactness have failed to bring to light any other astronomy than that of Ptolemy," and it was in accordance with this theory, natural to the un-instructed senses, that the Bible addresses itself to its readers.

One of the first to perceive the error of such a system was a certain Nicholas Cusa, a priest, the son of a poor fisherman, in the beginning of the fifteenth century. Thus almost two centuries before Galileo he had "boldly laid it down as his conviction that the earth, and not the sun, is in motion, and that the true system of astronomy should be called not geocentric, or earth central, but heliocentric, or sun central." For his strange discoveries he was called to Rome by Pope Nicholas V, who loaded him with every honor, crowning all by conferring upon him the cardinal's hat and appointing him Bishop of Brixen in the Tyrol.

Much more distinguished for his astronomical researches than Cusa was the celebrated Copernicus who, in the year 1500 was already a professor in the Pope's university in Rome, lecturing upon his famous theory to more than two thousand pupils. "Copernicus enjoyed the friendship and confidence of the highest dignitaries of the Church, and when he was about to return to Germany, a pension for life was given him. When he was unable, out of his slender income as canon of Trutenburg, to give to the world the great work on which he had devoted the labor of his life, Cardinal Schomberg, with princely munificence, came forward and undertook the entire expense of the publication. No wonder then, that when the great work appeared, it should have on its title page a tender and grateful dedication to the reigning Pontiff, Paul III."

Now why was it that ecclesiastical authorities should have proved themselves so generous in the cases of Cusa and Copernicus, and yet have seemed harsh in the matter of Galileo when all three were engaged in the same speculations? The principal reason lies in this; that the former philosophers in demonstrating their theories made use only of arguments deduced from astronomical or mathematical facts or assumptions, nor did they endeavor in their studies to intermeddle with the things of Religion, while Galileo had endeavored to bolster up his theories by infringing upon a ground with which he could not be supposed to be sufficiently acquainted, and which after all was entirely foreign to his undertaking.

Without going into unnecessary details it will suffice here to make two observations gathered from the writings of two Protestant authorities which will serve to put the whole question in a true light. These observations taken from such writers as Brewster and Malet du pan refer to the charges made against Galileo and to the mode of his punishment.

For what reason, therefore, was the philosopher cited before the supreme tribunal? It certainly was not because he taught the theory as to the motion of the sun around the earth, otherwise how can we explain the fact that the Church had already approved that theory in the teachings of Cusa and Copernicus upon whom she showered the most brilliant honors. The tribunal condemned Galileo not as a bad philosopher, but as a bad theologian. It is true it was moved to its action in part by the disobedient defiance of the man, but its reproval of his words was referred in reality only to his assertion that the Scriptures would be wrong if they did not agree with his theory.

In the second place, how did the Inquisition treat the philosopher? Was there anything of cruelty or excommunication in its punishment? Not at all. In a letter which he himself wrote, in January, 1634, he gives us an idea of his imprisonment. "Let me tell you," he says, "that I have not enjoyed better health for years, thank God! than since my citation to Rome. I have been kept five months in confinement in the house of the Tuscan ambassador who, with his wife, has visited me and treated me with such exhibitions of friendship that he could not do more in regard to his own kindred. After the expedition of my case I was condemned to a liberal prison at the will of the Holy Father. For some days that prison was the palace and gardens of the Grand Duke, on the Frineta del Monte. Then I was transferred to the palace of the Archbishop of Sienna, where I have passed five months in the company of Father Saint Ire, and in continual visits on the part of the nobility of that place." The severest part of his punishment was the penance imposed on him of reciting the Penitential Psalms once a week, no doubt as a curb to his pride.

These two observations ought to show the absurdity of those numerous assertions as to arbitrary action on the part of the supreme tribunal, or to cruelty in the mode of his punishment. And these facts become more and more evident in reading the case in all its details which may be found in a little book entitled, "Catholic Belief" or in the more particular work entitled, "Mensonges Historiques."

BICYCLES OUT OF AIR.

An Indian Juggler Makes Them, and He Has Mystified Paris.

Paris is being mystified by an Indian juggler who apparently creates a bicycle out of nothing. The individual who does this calls himself the Nawab of Jellabad. He performs in a loose costume, which will not, however, permit the concealment of an assembled bicycle. An assistant now produces a folded muslin sheet. This is spread out and thrown over the juggler. The audience now watches eagerly to discover if any aid is rendered to the juggler.

Presently a sound is heard within the sheet. The audience is breathless with excitement. The sheet widens. The form of a bicycle is observed. Suddenly the sheet is lifted into the air. The Nawab of Jellabad darts from under it, riding away on a silver mounted wheel. After making a circuit of the stage he smilingly dismounts before his spell-bound audience.

If the juggler could produce a bicycle out of nothing, he would be a great man. But he doesn't do it. He carries the parts of a complete wheel in the folds of his cloak. As soon as he is enclosed in the sheet he uncoils the tires, which are around his waist, and blows them up. The spokes are folded in three places. The saddle hangs over the breast. The frame folds into five sections and fits together as if it were cast in one piece. Other parts of the wheel hang on the inside of the cloak. The Nawab of Jellabad is a star performer, and people are mystified.—Exchange.

THE FAST RIDERS.

Harry Terrill, the western rider, will spend the summer among the French racing men.

"Kid" Wheeler, the star of the old Cash Prize league, has quit the racing path for good and is now selling wheels in Newark, N. J.

W. Alexander is one of the speediest of Scottish riders. He is a member of the champion team of Scotland and won 27 prizes last year.

Edward Lister, a century rider of some note of Toledo, will endeavor to break the New York-San Francisco record some time in June or July.

Arthur Zimmerman does not appear to be nearly as anxious to return to the cycle path as has been reported, and he has practically declined several tempting offers.

Dave Shafer states that Fred Loughhead, the Canadian champion, is in better condition now than he has ever been and gives promise of being in the front ranks this year.

Princeton is to have a new third of a mile track, the gift of Robert Garrett of Baltimore. It will be made of a composition of cinders and clay and will cost about \$1,200.

An Unpaced Contest.

A form of race which may be called an unpaced contest, and which will be seen on several of the larger tracks in this vicinity, is a "blind unpaced race." Two racers are placed at opposite sides of the track, both facing in the same direction. They are not told the distance to be ridden, but at the pistol shot they each try to overtake the other. The two marks from which the men start are connected by electric bells with the timers' stand. Every time a competitor crosses the tape the gong rings. It will be seen that if the men are to get the gongs will sound at one, but as soon as a gain is made the race ahead will ring his bell first. The distance to be traveled is placed in a sealed envelope by the meet promoters and is not known by any one except the referee, who gives the signal to the judges at the expiration of the time or distance. The element of uncertainty in this race will add greatly to its interest. The scheme, too, should prevent leading tactics, as neither man can afford to let the other make a gain at any stage of the game, for he does not know when the race will end.—Providence Journal.

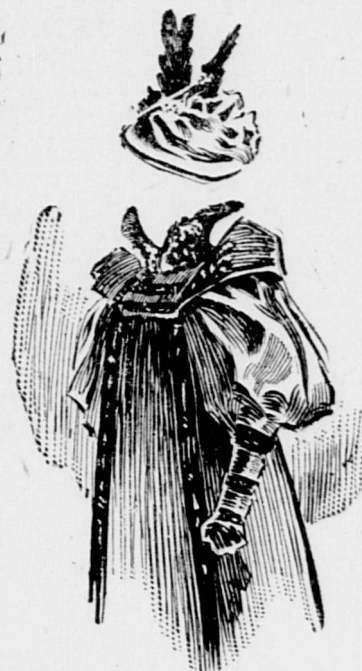
In the Postal Service.

The introduction of the bicycle into the postal service of England has made it possible for letters to reach the hands of persons living some distance from postoffice towns with much less delay than formerly, and there is no sphere of work in which the bicycle has proved more valuable than that of the postal service. In Munich a municipal postal delivery by bicycle was established as long as two years ago. To prevent theft, the carriers are provided with light blue wheels, different from any used by civilians, and any nonuniformed person found riding one of these wheels is at once arrested. The stamps for special delivery, unlike those of our postal system, cost 7 pennings (1½ cents) less than the red 10 pennning stamp, equivalent to our 2 cent stamp.

Reason For Severe Accidents.

Astonishment is often expressed that pedestrians who are run down by cyclists should receive such severe injuries. A man of 150 pounds weight and moving at the rate of ten feet per second (about seven miles an hour) has a momentum of 1,500 pounds, without counting the weight of his wheel. This is sufficient to have surprising effect on the ordinary pedestrian. A collision between two 150 pound riders, wheeling at the moderate rate of seven miles an hour, would result in a smash up with a force of 8,000 pounds. No wonder bicycle accidents are often serious.

The Unimportant Face.



The way a woman sees a woman.—Truth.

A Frightful Vengeance.



Maggie—Say, Chimmie, dere's a mug round de corner wat sez I puts on too many lugs, an he's all de time makin' snoots at me.

Chimmie—He do, eh! Well don't say noddin', Maggie. I'll jist skate round dere an hit me name in his neck.—New York Journal.

Striking For a Raise.



—Up to Date.

A College Note.



CHARLIE AT THE GAME WITH HIS "TUTOR."—Truth.

A Slang Term.



"NOT SO WARM."—New York Journal.

Willing to Oblige.



Conductor—Can you squeeze a lady in there?
Chorus of Delighted Males—Certainly!—New York World.

PROVERBS OF THE BIKE.

A bicycle can do almost anything save climb a tree.

A drop of oil in time may save many a gallon of perspiration.

It shall be said of all bicycles that their way is the way of the crank.

It is a wise cyclistometer that shows its master an extraordinary day's run.

It cannot be said of a bicycle rider that he begins in the way he should go.

As the handle bar is bent, so shall the spinal column of the rider be inclined.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but a soft tire fillet a man with evil thoughts.

The man who looketh behind him in a crowded path would better be a pillar of salt.

The rider who pursueth his way with his head bowed runneth to his own destruction.

As the spoke is bent, so shall the path of the bicycle deviate from the straight and narrow way.

The bicycle hath wisdom which submitteth to the charge that it is at fault, and not its master, for running no two days alike during the week.

It is not meet that bicycles should greet each other with clapping of hand. Rather let them pay a formal, distant greeting one to the other.—New York Journal.

THE BICYCLE INVENTORS.

A submarine tricycle to enable divers to move more quickly along the bottom of river or sea is said to be the latest invention.

A Grand Rapids man has invented a pedal that is adjustable to any wheel and is so arranged as to permit the lowering of the seat at least six inches on a lady's wheel.

A new metal named alcolithe has been unearthed. It is claimed that bicycles made of it will weigh only about half as much as they do now, but at the same time will be as strong if not stronger.

A Binghamton (N. Y.) cyclist has invented a signboard that can be read at quite a distance on a dark night, and has arranged for such boards to be erected on the roads in the vicinity of his native city.

A Michigan inventor has devised a flat milk can which can be attached to the frame of a bicycle. Milk is drawn from a faucet at the bottom. It is objected that on most Michigan roads the milk would be churned to butter before it could be delivered.

SOME FAMOUS RIDERS.

Mrs. Langtry is the possessor of a solid silver bicycle.

Miss Grace McKinley, the niece of the president, is one of the prettiest riders in Washington.

Mrs. Barney Barnato rides her cycle in fine weather and uses it as a fire screen in wet weather. As a fire screen it is decorated with flowers.

Alfred A. Rothschild has a private cycle track, six laps to the mile. It is situated directly opposite his residence at Hulton, near Tring, England.

Carter H. Harrison, mayor of Chicago, is an enthusiastic wheelman. He has ridden 13 centuries, for which he has the Century Road club's bars.

One of the latest converts to the bicycle is Dr. Nansen, the arctic explorer, to whom belongs the distinction of having reached "farthest north." He recently placed an order with an English firm for an up to date machine.

Dismounting on Both Sides.

All wheelmen who ride in the streets of the city should learn to dismount on either side of their machines with equal facility. The most natural way to get off is on the left side, and most wheelmen can dismount in no other way. Taking into consideration the fact that a bicycle travels from 15 to 20 feet at each revolution of the pedals, it can easily be seen that there will be times when to wait for the left pedal to get in the proper position before getting off would involve the rider in a serious accident, while if he is equally proficient on either side he can always alight immediately. Dismounting on the right side will seem rather awkward at first, but with a little practice one can learn the trick in a short time.—Brooklyn Citizen.

For Screws and Bolts.

There are few riders who have not at one time or another experienced a difficulty in loosening the nuts and screws of their bicycles owing to their having become fast through rust. A mixture of oil and graphite applied to the bolts and nuts when new will prevent them from becoming fixed and will protect them for years from rust. The mixture facilitates tightening up and reduces the friction of the screws.—New York Advertiser.

For Inflating Tires.

A bicycle dealer in Hockensack, N. J., has a novel arrangement for inflating tires. He has placed in his shop a tank, such as is used for heating water, which is kept full of air under pressure and connected with a hose running to the outside of the building. Bicyclists by connecting the valves on their wheels with the hose and turning a stopcock may quickly inflate their tires without pumping.—New York Post.

Will Compete With Cabs.

Berlin capitalists are to establish a system of cycle stands in that city, to be conducted in opposition to the cab stands. The machines will be placed in the streets for general hire. A novelty will be tandems for women riders. For a small sum a woman may be piloted from one end of Berlin to the other by one of the company servants.—Exchange.

The Old Clothes Man

Would not pick up nearly so many bargains if it were not for moths.

Extra Refined Tar Camphor,
10 CENTS.

MOTH MARBLES, 5c

Those who do not buy one of the above will soon have a bargain in Old Clothes. We make a liberal offer. Does the old clothes man?

A. G. DURGIN, DRUGGIST.

Moths Moths Moths

WHEELS.

THE Celebrated Bostonian

WHEEL

Had a ready sale last year at \$75.00. It has been improved and now sells for

ONLY \$50.00.

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thur Flour

of the modern miller's art, wheat and most modern are used. A convince city.

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BY
JOHN F. MERRILL.

DOCTORS ALL AGREE.

WILL MEET IN PHILADELPHIA TO HAVE A JUBILEE.

Semimemorial of the American Medical Association—A Large Attendance Expected—Interesting Features of the Programme—A Festival of Physicians.

Philadelphia has come to be regarded as the American center of medical science. At ordinary times she has a large number of resident physicians and each year turns out from 1,500 to 2,000 young men, while at no time are there less than 3,000 men and women studying in her medical schools. But during the first week of June there will be a larger gathering of doctors in the City of Brotherly Love than has ever been seen there or in any other metropolis in the country before.

The American Medical Association is to hold its annual convention in Philadelphia at that time, but the occasion is also the semimemorial of the founding of the organization, and it is to be duly celebrated. It was in Philadelphia, just 50 years ago, that the association was formed. Since then it has been increasing in numbers and influence, until today it is one of the most important professional organizations in the country. Its annual sessions are devoted to the exchange of information and ideas, and they are attended by every physician who wants to keep in touch with the march of progress.

It is expected that fully 3,000 delegates from all parts of the country will attend, fully twice the number that ordinarily go. For a full week the various branches of the organization will be in session, but for a week previous and a week after annual attractions will be held out to the visiting physicians to lengthen their stay in the city. The general committee of arrangements has planned that for three weeks clinical courses will be held in all branches of medicine at the various medical colleges and hospitals. All visiting physicians will be invited to attend these and some of the most distinguished members of the profession have volunteered their services. At one place the uses of the Roentgen ray will be elaborately demonstrated; at another there will be lectures and examples of the most modern methods of fighting contagious diseases, while at others the latest surgical methods will be performed, unusual and interesting operations. Elaborate preparations have been made for this feature of the work and more than 5,000 physicians have been asked to report curious cases and arrange to have them present. Another feature will be the performance of two Caesarian operations.

Besides the regular meetings of the main organization there will be held daily sessions of the 12 sections, at which papers on



PRESIDENT NICHOLAS SENN, a great variety of subjects will be read. The delegates will attend the sessions where the topics to be taken up are of special interest to them, and thus each physician will have a chance to brush up on his specialty. The addresses will be on such cheerful and lively subjects as "Cleft Palate and Valve Formation as a Cause of Pyloric Obstruction" and "Ligation of the Carotid Artery For Trifacial Neuralgia."

Any layman can appreciate what a high old time the doctors will have with such a treat in store for them. But besides having an opportunity to study all sorts of strange diseases and weird afflictions they are to be entertained in other and unprofessional ways. There will be banquets, teas, receptions and theater parties almost by the dozen. It is not often that the physicians find time to get together, but when they do know how to enjoy themselves. On the first day, June 1, there will be an organ recital and reception to the delegates at the Drexel Institute. On the second day a tea will be given at the Belmont Cricket Club. A trolley party and tea at the Belmont mansion is also on the programme. There will be a number of lunches at which the various societies will fraternize and the different societies will each hold a banquet. On Saturday of the convention week the visitors will all go to Atlantic City to spend Sunday.

To accommodate all the separate sessions the Academy of Music, Horticultural hall, South Broad Street theater and large rooms in two principal hotels have been engaged. Governor Hastings will probably extend a welcome to the visitors on behalf of the state, and the local physicians will do their best to entertain their families along.

The sessions of the main body will be influenced by some historical reference to the organization and growth of the society, and there will be various features to remind the delegates of the golden jubilee of the organization. The officers of the American Medical Association are as follows: President, Nicholas Senn, Illinois; vice presidents, George M. Sternberg, Washington; Edmund Souchen, Louisiana; T. D. Thomas, Pennsylvania; and William F. Westmacott, Georgia; treasurer, Henry P. Newman, Chicago; secretary, William B. Atkinson, Philadelphia; assistant secretary, T. B. Schneidman, Pennsylvania; librarian, George W. Webster, Illinois.

President Senn is one of the most distinguished surgeons in the country. He is a native of Switzerland, but emigrated with his parents to Wisconsin when but 9 years old. He was graduated from the Chicago Medical School with high honors, and after serving as house physician for a year and a half in the Cook County hospital, returned to Wisconsin, where he practiced for several years. In 1878 he visited Europe to take a course of lectures at Munich and other universities. Upon his return he settled in Chicago, where he has for several years held professorships in various colleges. He is a member of many medical societies and is surgeon general of Illinois, having held a similar position in Wisconsin. He has written several books which are counted as standard works, and he has the largest private medical library in the United States.

S. R. MACDONALD.

COMMISSIONER TO CUBA.

William J. Calhoun is a Lawyer of Experience and Ability.

Mr. William J. Calhoun, who has been sent to Cuba as a special commissioner for the purpose of investigating the case of Dr. Ruiz, is one of the leading lawyers of eastern Illinois and a personal friend of President McKinley. At one time in his youth he was looked upon almost as a member of the McKinley family.

Mr. Calhoun was born in Pittsburgh about 48 years ago. He was left an orphan



WILLIAM J. CALHOUN.

at an early age, and at 17 he was working as a farmhand near Poland, O. For awhile he attended the academy at Poland and there met the younger McKinley children. Although the president's brother, was his special chum, but William, who had but recently returned from the army, was a young lawyer at that time.

In 1869 Mr. Calhoun went to Arcola, Ill., where for several years he managed his uncle's farm. Although he had the advantage of refined surroundings, he was not satisfied with this life, and so he removed to Danville, where he began the study of law. In 1875 he was admitted to the bar and formed a partnership with Joseph B. Mann, now of Chicago. He built up a most extensive practice and was made general attorney for the Chicago and Eastern Illinois railroad. Besides this he has acted as regular counsel for several large corporations and institutions.

Mr. Calhoun's political career began in 1882, when he was elected to the state legislature. The session of 1883 was a most turbulent one, and Mr. Calhoun took an active part in the election of Governor Cullom as senator. When his term expired, he declared that he had had enough experience as a member of the legislature and that he would never again be a candidate. In 1888 he moved to Minneapolis with his family on account of the health of his wife, but he returned to Danville after an absence of a year. He was elected state attorney of Vermont county, but resigned before the expiration of his term because of the increasing demands made on his time by his private practice.

During the last presidential campaign Mr. Calhoun did yeoman's service in his district in behalf of Mr. McKinley and it was through his efforts that the Illinois delegates went to St. Louis under instructions for McKinley.

TALES OF A TRAVELER.

Professor Lumboltz is a Globe Trotter Who Sees Things.

Professor Carl Lumboltz has recently returned from an extended tour of exploration in the remote parts of Mexico and he undertook on behalf of the American Museum of Natural History at New York. The professor is a Norwegian by birth, but for years has been a globe trotter and has become thoroughly cosmopolitan. He has made a business of exploring, and wherever he goes he always comes back with startling tales of hairbreadth escapes and weird stories about strange people. A dozen years ago he explored the wilds of Australia and claimed to have discovered a race of cannibals, and the yarns he told about their bloodcurdling customs made him the hero of many an afternoon tea when he returned to civilized capitals.

This time Professor Lumboltz has his usual quota of "shockers." He asserts that he discovered a strange tribe who live in an almost inaccessible valley and who make their livelihood by the sale of human beings. He also in his travels has seen a prehistoric Aztec. Dr. Lumboltz says he lived for three years among them and that their very existence is "only vaguely known, even to the Mexican government."

The Huicholes is the name which Dr. Lumboltz gives this queer tribe. According to his account they are veritable pagans, worshipping strange gods and performing mystic rites before their shrines. One of their queer practices is an annual pilgrimage to the outer world. Every



spring a company of from 12 to 18 Huicholes sets out for the neighborhood of San Luis Potosi, 600 miles to the north, in quest of a strange herb which has marvelous properties. The herb resembles a mushroom and is said to have the effect of destroying hunger and thirst when eaten.

The pilgrims must walk the entire distance and are allowed to eat nothing but unsalted corn cakes. The journey is undertaken in order to appease the gods, and the pilgrims are said to have no rain unless the pilgrimage is made. The trip occupies 42 days, and often some of the pilgrims die of exhaustion on the way. When the travelers return with mules laden with the herb, there ensues a week of riotous feasting. The Huicholes brew an intoxicating liquor from the herb, and a grand orgy takes place during which murders are of common occurrence.

Dr. Lumboltz has brought back a great quantity of ethnological specimens, including many cases filled with the skeletons of ancient Mexicans. The latter he is unpacking at the museum; the stories he has constantly on tap.

FASHIONS OF NEW YORK

Ox Blood Red a Favorite Color of the Season.

SAMPLES OF SPRING MILLINERY

Numerous Happy Thoughts in Headgear. The Eton, Figaro and Bolero Continue in Favor—Tasteful Gowns Described. Styles For Little Girls.

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Ox blood red is one of the favorite colors of the season. Seen alone on the counter or with a background of other tints it is rather pronounced, but when made up into a gown with the care and taste displayed by the fashionable modistes of today it becomes really an elegant thing and far from looking flashy or reminding one of the traditional adventuress in the play. I saw one such gown today on Fifth avenue, and it was very handsome. The skirt was not quite to the ground, nor was it over full, but it had five rows of narrow black soutache around the bottom, with the upper row in pleated loops. On each side of the front breadth and covering up the seams was a very intricate pyramidal design in narrow black soutache. The front breadth was left untrimmed. There was a full blouse of white satin, with black chenille dots about as large as half a silver dime. An eton jacket was made of the red cloth and had a rolling collar, red on the outside and faced with the satin. The sleeves were medium gigots, and they and the jacket had a close all over design wrought in the soutache, completely covering the red, allowing it to show but rarely through the braiding. A pointed belt went across the front, and this, too, was braided. A red straw hat with great tufts of black ostrich plumes completed this handsome costume.

Black and red, no matter how red, go well together. A hat of rough black braid was trimmed with large bows and rosettes of cherry red velvet and scarlet velvet geraniums. That reminds me of another hat I saw. There were bunches of Parma violets and between them two close clusters of coral pink velvet geraniums. The hat they trimmed was high crowned and made still higher by long, stiff loops of black ribbon. Another hat of black straw had wide double black plaiting of black tulle

on into the summer fashions, and will be worn quite extensively, though perhaps not quite as universally as they have been. They add quite a little piquancy to an otherwise plain gown. I remember thinking that today as I was wandering around the stores in search of the picturesque. The gown referred to was of a soft, frosty cadet blue broadcloth, the skirt plain and rather fuller than usual. The sleeves were long save for a humplike puff at the top. The waist was laid in folds, both front and back. In front there was a plastron of rich dark enamel blue velvet, with frosted silver buttons on each side at the top. There was a tulle leaf collar of the dark blue velvet and a stock of the same. The belt and drooping cuffs were also of it. A jabot of lace fell down the front. The dainty little figaro was of the velvet, with two lines of narrow silver braid.

The richest and most tasteful gown I saw anywhere was made of ash gray crepon, the skirt having a footband of bottle green velvet, edged with narrow silver and gilt tinsel braid, one row on each side. There was a deep eton jacket of the crepon, with a wide sailor collar in the back and revers of bottle green velvet, pink, green and gray edged with notched silver braid. The hat made and provided to wear with this elegant suit was of mixed straw, green and gray. The edge was fluted, and pretty pink hepaticas were scattered all over the crown. The crown was of white beaver with pink hepaticas. It was, as one enthusiastic saleswoman said, "a dream."

Very lightweight mixed chevrot was the material employed to develop another really elegant outdoor and visiting costume. The colors were the soft heather mixtures in broken lines and cloudy look. The skirt was plain, but exquisitely made and lined with changeable tulle. The belt was pointed and made of dark pine colored velvet. The waist was blouse shaped, open in front. The open edges had a gold passementerie braid, and this continued on over the square, severe collar, which was of the same velvet. The cuffs were pointed and of velvet trimmed like the rest. The vest was of white lace over blue satin. It would be difficult to find a more refined costume. The design could be developed in any of the season's goods and even in the lightest stuff it would be pretty.

Many ladies will be glad to know that the shoulder cape is not to be altogether t



NEW VISITING AND STREET GOWNS.

Against this was a line of clover blossoms, with leaves and long stems, which completely encircled the hat. There was an alternate spray of white clover slightly tinged with pink, and one of purple, and they stood up at least ten inches. Blues were massed upon another hat in quite as lavish profusion. Roses appear to be cut from the parent bush and are stood upright and left to nod in the breeze.

The lace straw hats are very fanciful in shape and also in ornamentation. One of black lace straw had dots and edge of natural straw color, looking like gold. On the crown, or place where one ought to be, were four large pink roses. There was a stiff wire round with changeable silk in blue and yellow. This had two twisted rosettes on it and a large ostrich tuff curling over toward the back. Numbers of pretty pompons are seen, particularly on children's and evening bonnets. A child's hat was made of lavender colored straw and dented in like a wooden one. On the left side was a rosette bow of green velvet, with a silver buckle and three pheasant quills above. The band was of green velvet.

The toques are especially pretty. They are made of almost everything, but those best liked are made of very coarse black or dark brown or green braid, with loops and bows made of the same. A pair of black knits and perhaps some velvet flowers or close rosettes to match the color are added. The bolero hat is pretty and generally becoming. This has the brim turned up like those worn by the bullfighters, and the crown is covered with flowers. A black straw hat has apple blossoms or roses and generally small flowers. Still larger flowers are quite as popular in their place. Violets in masses and pink roses are put together. Pansies in all their marvelous beauty and variety are massed in wreaths, and, in fact, almost all flowers are proper.

I saw one hat with a crown ten inches high and made still higher with a ruffle of straw. On the brim was a flat little bunch of arbutus. On the other side of the brim there were four immense ostrich tips with extra large flues and of the glossiest black. The straw was of a rich golden yellow, or, as it is called, "sunburned." A dainty little bonnet was made of a row of upright tan straw braid bent in flutes. There was no crown, save what was made by a bunch of purple wisteria. A cluster of loops of tan ribbon was set at the back. There were strings to this bonnet. I might go on all day and yet never finish with the recital of all the beauties and novelties in the new millinery. There is everything suited to everybody. One thing of special utility is that one can purchase set bows, tufts or other arranged garnitures, and all that one has to do is to sew them to the foundation to have a stylish hat.

The eton, figaro and bolero have gone

WALTER H. RIPLEY

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Granite Tools of All Kinds.

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FOUR ELEGANT MODELS, \$85.00 AND \$100.00.

ART CATALOGUE FREE.

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Indianapolis, Ind.

NAKE UNDER HIS SHIRT.

Interesting Feature of Sleeping Out of Doors in Colorado.

It was in the San Juan country, Colorado, in 1876, that I had an experience that few men would be likely to forget in a lifetime," said Lantry in the office of an up in hotel much frequented by stern men. "A party of five of had gone in there to prospect ad of the rush that we knew old come next year. It was one ht toward the end of September t we were in camp in the open every man lying rolled up in his nkets, for the nights were getting d and frosty. Next to me was a n named Adams, from Illinois ginally, I believe. About the ide of the night he woke me by ling my name.

"What's the matter, Bill?" I ask-

"He answered me in a most peculiar tone—it was as if he were trying to speak without breathing or giving a muscle of his body. "For God's sake, help me, Lantry," he said. "There's a snake awling up under my shirt!"

"I came up on my elbow and looked at Adams. The moon was shining brightly, so that I could see everything almost as well as if it had en daylight. Adams was lying on a sack as still as a stone, and his ce was like the face of a corpse. e had taken his boots off before rning in, and his stockinged feet ack out below the bottom of his anklets. Alongside one of them, assing inside his trousers leg, was e last 12 inches of a rattlesnake— a big one—curling to and fro, like e end of a whip, as it went up out sight.

"For God's sake, hurry!" said Adams. "His head's on my chest ow, and he's coming higher all the me. Cut my clothes off me and on't waste time!"

"Keep still, Adams, and don't ake the camp," I cautioned him. f there gets to be a racket round, I'll start the snake up. He won't et hostile if he's let alone. Now e's quiet, and let me work."

"It was an easy matter to pull the anklets off Adams. That left him ying in shirt and trousers, with the nake next his skin. Then I set to rork to cut away his clothes. Of ourse, before I began I located the nake, but that was an easy thing to lo, for under the clothes the reptile elt as big as a barrel. My hunting nife was as keen as a razor. I began at the trousers leg, ripping it up at the side. Then I cut the shirt pen on the side, working from the ottom up. Adams was standing the racket well, all things considered. He lay there, not moving a muscle, scarcely venturing to breathe, with that heavy, gold reptile on his chest and its head at his throat. But in that still tone that he had used before—something as if a dead man were talking—he would say now and again, "Hurry up! for God's sake, hurry!"

"Up round the neck, where the band was tight, it was ticklish business to cut the shirt loose without cutting Bill; and then, again, I realized that I was working with my hand mighty near a rattlesnake's head. But I got the shirt cut clear from top to bottom. Then I went round to the other side of Adams.

"Now, Bill," I said and pulled shirt and trousers leg over to me, leaving Adams' body bare, with the snake in full view. The reptile was a big, dark colored mountain snake, fully 5 feet long. As it lay in something of an S shape, its tail was at Adams' knee, while its head rested in the hollow of his throat.

"At sight of me the snake drew back its head and went half into coil on Adams' stomach. Then, seeing that I did not move or offer to attack it, the snake turned and crawled off from Adams and made for the shelter of a plant a half dozen steps away.

"All right, Bill; he's gone," I said.

"It was like touching a spring. I believe that when Adams came up from the ground he went four feet straight into the air, and the yell he fetched made the boys think as they woke that the Utes were upon us. The sight of a half naked man, jumping and yelling, without there seeming any cause for it, was rather startling as it was; but Adams quieted down in a minute or two, about the time I had matters explained. Two of us went out and killed the snake—his rattling gave him away—and the rest helped Adams get his clothes patched together to do till morning."—New York Sun.

Lightning Arresters.

Telephone wires seem to have an important influence in preventing lightning from striking, according to the investigations of the German telegraph department. Three hundred and forty towns with telephone systems and 500 towns without them were under observation. In the former the lightning struck three times for every hour of storm, in the latter five times. Moreover, the violence of the lightning was much less in the former case.

THE MATHEMATICAL

His Wonderful Feats of Calculation.

Almost every move proves the mountain race. Its powers of extraordinary and num to be believed. I h clamber on slippery almost perpendicular ry to places which seem ble to reach without the ladder, or the clinging claws or fingers. I rem seeing a pair of kids run up and down the shafts of farm roller which were to an angle of about 45 degrees extreme ends of the shaft the air, the little creature stand, one on each, and t as on a pivot, with the four hoofs close enough to rest on a penny piece.

Such feats on the are far more artistic skill in climbing than can be done by a c for he does everything ing his distance with titude and by an im power of adjusting his to maintain his balance such finish to the perform sublime confidence in h the extraordinary prec which every movement is. His judgment is so per scarcely ever makes a necessity has been his master, for it is, of course that when leaping from ledge along the face of the least error in calculation his distance or the amount ular force to be exert instantly prove fatal.

This is a branch natural history which fascination for me more I think of it, miration and amaz mathematician the if he could only te by means of which feats! A senior wrangler prize man would be now him. Let me endeavor point out the nature of cor lems which he is in the solving with absolute ac moment's notice:

Supposing a goat, new path, has to take a le alight on a pinnacle or n overhanging some abyss all he must estimate the be traversed and, hav whether by trigonometry capricious method has next to comput of an ounce how force is required to (the exact weight of taken into account distance and not a q farther. Moreover, to calculation when wishes to reach is ab his starting point, and brain, when it sends forth pulses to the numerous volved, must beforehand apportion to each its task. At the same moment also estimate the exact amount of muscular force will be required in each to stop and balance his new and precarious foot

Of course one need so that the whole process out reaching the goat or anything by courtesy be call nevertheless it is some way or other made and is compl with an unerring completely put to matical triumphs of tect.—Blackwood's.

The Sort Coachman

This is the sort of which may be expected v carriages come into use: "You advertised for a sir?" said the applicant. "I did," replied the. "Do you want the place. "Yes, sir." "Have you had any ex "I have been in the b my life." "You are used to line, then?" "Yes, sir." "And you are w ity?" "Thoroughly." "Good! Of cot chnist also!" "Certainly." "Then I presume y gineer's certificate?" "Of course."

"Very well. You may to the outhouse and get cles ready. My wife t wishes to do a little shop ledo blade.

She Was In Earn "What became of the girl that Pottersby was last summer?" "You mean the girl th by thought he w She married his Bits.

IC HAMMER.

an Uncommon Epi
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Telephone wires seem to have an
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turning in, and his stockings feet
stuck out below the bottom of his
blankets. Alongside one of them,
passing inside his trousers leg, was
the last 12 inches of a rattlesnake—
a big one—curling to and fro, like
the end of a whip, as it went up out
of sight.

"For God's sake, hurry!" said
Adams. "His head's on my chest
now, and he's coming higher all the
time. Cut my clothes off me and
don't waste time!"
"Keep still, Adams, and don't
wake the camp," I cautioned him.
"If there gets to be a racket round
it'll start the snake up. He won't
get hostile if he's let alone. Now
be quiet, and let me work."

"It was an easy matter to pull the
blankets off Adams. That left him
lying in shirt and trousers, with the
snake next his skin. Then I set to
work to cut away his clothes. Of
course, before I began I located the
snake, but that was an easy thing to
do, for under the clothes the reptile
felt as big as a barrel. My hunting
knife was as keen as a razor. I be
gan at the trousers leg, ripping it
up at the side. Then I cut the shirt
open on the side, working from the
bottom up. Adams was standing the
rack well, all things considered.
He lay there, not moving a muscle,
scarcely venturing to breathe, with
that heavy, cold reptile on his chest
and its head at his throat. But in
that still tone that he had used be
fore—something as if a dead man
were talking—he would say now
and again, "Hurry up! for God's
sake, hurry!"

"Up round the neck, where the
band was tight, it was ticklish busi
ness to cut the shirt loose without
cutting Bill, and then, again, I re
alized that I was working with my
hand mightily near a rattlesnake's
head. But I got the shirt cut clear
from top to bottom. Then I went
round to the other side of Adams.

"Now, Bill," I said and pulled
shirt and trousers leg over to me,
leaving Adams' body bare, with the
snake in full view. The reptile was
a big, dark colored mountain snake,
fully 5 feet long. As it lay in some
thing of an S shape, its tail was at
Adams' knee, while its head rested
in the hollow of his throat.

"At sight of me the snake drew
back its head and went half into coil
on Adams' stomach. Then, seeing
that I did not move or offer to at
tack it, the snake turned and crawl
ed off from Adams and made for
the shelter of a plant a half dozen
steps away.

"All right, Bill; he's gone," I
said.
"It was like touching a spring. I
believe that when Adams came up
from the ground he went four feet
straight into the air, and the yell he
fetched made the boys think as they
woke that the Utes were upon us.
The sight of a half naked man,
jumping and yelling, without there
seeming any cause for it, was rather
startling as it was; but Adams quiet
ed down in a minute or two, about
the time I had matters explained.
Two of us went out and killed the
snake—his rattling gave him away
—and the rest helped Adams get his
clothes patched together to do till
morning."—New York Sun.

Telephone wires seem to have an
important influence in preventing
lightning from striking, according
to the investigations of the German
telegraph department. Three hun
dred and forty towns with telephone
systems and 500 towns without
them were under observation. In
the former the lightning struck
three times for every hour of storm,
in the latter five times. Moreover,
the violence of the lightning was
much less in the former case.

THE MATHEMATICAL GOAT.

His Wonderful Feats of Calculation In
His Saltatorial Exercises.

Almost every movement of a kid
proves the mountain origin of its
race. Its powers of climbing are ex
traordinary and must be witnessed
to be believed. I have seen them
clamber on slippery roofs and up the
almost perpendicular face of a quarry
to places which seemed impossi
ble to reach without the aid of a
ladder, or the clinging power of
claws or fingers. I remember once
seeing a pair of kids running races
up and down the shafts of a disused
farm roller which were tilted up at
an angle of about 45 degrees. On the
extreme ends of the shafts, high in
the air, the little creatures would
stand, one on each, and turn about,
as on a pivot, with the tips of all
four hoofs close enough together
to rest on a penny piece.

Such feats on the part of a goat
are far more artistic exhibitions of
skill in climbing than anything that
can be done by a cat or a monkey,
for he does everything by calculat
ing his distance with absolute ex
actitude and by an infinitely delicate
power of adjusting his weight so as
to maintain his balance. What gives
such finish to the performance is his
sublime confidence in himself and
the extraordinary precision with
which every movement is executed.
His judgment is so perfect that he
scarcely ever makes a mistake. Nec
essity has been his grim school
master, for it is, of course, easy to
see that when leaping from ledge to
ledge along the face of a precipice
the least error in calculating either
his distance or the amount of mus
cular force to be exercised would
instantly prove fatal.

This is a branch of the study of
natural history which has a peculiar
fascination for me and which, the
more I think of it, fills me with ad
miration and amazement. What a
mathematician the goat would make
if he could only tell us the process
by means of which he performs his
feats! A senior wrangler or a Smith's
prize man would be nowhere beside
him. Let me endeavor briefly to
point out the nature of certain prob
lems which he is in the habit of
solving with absolute accuracy at a
moment's notice:

Supposing a goat, following a
new path, has to take a leap so as to
alight on a pinnacle or narrow crag
overhanging some abyss. First of
all he must estimate the distance to
be traversed and, having got it,
whether by trigonometry or by some
capricious method of his own, he
has next to compute to the fraction
of an ounce how much propulsive
force is required to project his body
(the exact weight of which has to be
taken into account) precisely that
distance and not a quarter of an inch
farther. Moreover, he must take in
to calculation whether the spot he
wishes to reach is above or below
his starting point, and plainly his
brain, when it sends forth motor im
pulses to the numerous muscles in
volved, must beforehand reckon and
apportion to each its share in the
task. At the same moment he must
also estimate the exact proportionate
amount of muscular force which
will be required in each of his limbs
to stop and balance his body on his
new and precarious foothold.

Of course one need scarcely say
that the whole process goes on with
out reaching the consciousness of
the goat or anything that could even
by courtesy be called his mind. But
nevertheless it is obvious that in
some way or other the calculation is
made and is completed in a time and
with an unerring accuracy which
completely put to shame the mathe
matical triumphs of the human in
tellect.—Blackwood's.

The New Coachman.

This is the sort of an interview
which may be expected when motor
carriages come into use:

"You advertised for a coachman,
sir?" said the applicant.
"I did," replied the merchant.
"Do you want the place?"
"Yes, sir."
"Have you had any experience?"
"I have been in the business all
my life."
"You are used to handling gaso
line, then?"
"Yes, sir."
"And you are well up in electric
ity?"
"Thoroughly."

"Good! Of course you are a ma
chinist also?"
"Certainly."
"Then I presume you have an en
gineer's certificate?"
"Of course."
"Very well. You may go around
to the outhouse and get the motor
cycle ready. My wife tells me she
wishes to do a little shopping."—To
ledo Blade.

She Was In Earnest.
"What became of that Samuels
girl that Pottersby was flirting with
last summer?"
"You mean the girl that Potters
by thought he was flirting with?"
He married him."—London Tit
Bits.

HOMEMADE MICROSCOPE.

How to Manufacture a Magnifying Glass
For 5 Cents.

To make a microscope for a nickel
or less is a comparatively easy task
and an interesting one. The first
step is to buy some little hollow
glass balls with stems to them; they
are used in the manufacture of arti
ficial flowers. As they are sold for
a song, buy several, in order to have
a choice—one that is free from
scratches or bubbles. Make a tem
porary handle for the little globe
by cutting a slit through the middle
of a flat stick, about as thick as a
match and four times as broad, in
serting the stem of the little globe
in the slit.

A candle and a cup of perfectly
clean, boiled water are next needed.
Hold the globe stem upward, about
three inches above the candle, until
it is very warm, then plunge it down
ward into the cup of water and hold
it there for a few seconds, or until it
is filled with water. Wipe the outside
perfectly dry and hold the globe
again over the candle until the water
boils.

You must now plunge it once more
into the cold water, when, if the
water is boiling, the little apparatus
becomes completely filled as it cools.
If any air remain in the globe, re
peat the boiling and plunging into
water. Then at once fill up the end
with beeswax and touch with seal
ing wax, to make it water tight.

The next operation is to fit a hold
er to the lens, for such it is now that
it is filled with water.
Take a round, smooth cork—one
from a wide bottle. Cut off from the
best end a piece a trifle larger than
the diameter of the little lens. The
two flat faces of the cork should be
quite parallel, otherwise the image
formed by the lens will be indistinct.
Next bore a hole through the center
of the cork cylinder, to make it into
a tube. The best way to do this is
to commence the hole with a red hot
wire and then enlarge it with a tiny
penknife.

Having made the cork cylinder to
your liking, enlarge the hole at
one end and cut a slit in the flat por
tion to admit the stem of the lens,
so that the surface of the globe is
almost, but not quite, level with the
other flat surface of the cork.

The lens must first be blackened
so as to destroy the "false light,"
which would have the effect of blur
ring the image. This is done by
painting the lens and its stem, with
the exception of two circles, which
must be exactly opposite each other,
with a mixture of India ink, water,
gum arabic and sugar. When dry,
insert the lens in its place and fix it
in its position by a slight touch of
gum here and there.

A neat slip of cork should be gum
med into the slit formed for the in
sertion of the stem. Now the lens
holder must be fitted with dia
phragms. Cut from a thin card
board two circles the size of the ends
of the lens holder and cut from their
centers holes about the size of a pea.
Paint them black and glue them on
each end of the lens holder.

A paper tube and glass slides, for
use in examining the objects to be
magnified, are made by twisting pa
per into a tube, which is glued to
the lens holder. About an eighth of
an inch from one end of the tube
cut two slits, exactly opposite to
each other, a quarter of an inch in
length and in breadth equal to the
thickness of two of the slips of glass,
which must be of the thinnest qual
ity, a quarter of an inch wide and
an inch and a half long.

After these labors are completed,
behold, a little microscope which
magnifies objects about 25 times! To
examine a fly wing, for instance—
and of course only very small ob
jects are adapted to this microscope
—put it on one of the glass slides, cov
ering it with the other, fastening
the edges all around with sealing
wax. Place the slide in the object
holder so that the object is exactly
opposite the hole in the diaphragm
and hold the whole apparatus up to
the light, sliding the object holder
back and forth until distinct vision
is obtained.—Eleanor Lexington in
Chicago Inter Ocean.

How He Was Fined.
When Washington Hising of Chi
cago was devoting all his energies
to the conduct of his paper, The
Staats-Zeitung, there was a big fire
in Chicago which his paper failed to
mention. "Why didn't we have a re
port of that fire last night?" he asked
next morning of a fresh reporter
who had been assigned to it. "My
dear Mr. Hising," replied the young
journalist in surprise, "there was
nothing new to print about it. Ev
ery one in Chicago was there and
saw it." "Young man," said Mr.
Hising, "if any one asks you if you
work for The Staats-Zeitung, tell
him no."

Toeing the Mark.
"If I'm not home by 11, Bessie,"
said a husband to his better and big
ger half, "don't wait for me."
"That I won't," said Bessie sig
nificantly. "But I'll come for you."
He was punctual, as usual.—
Household Words.

CELLULOSE.

A Preparation That May Take the Place
of Celluloid.

The Cantor lectures on cellulose
recently delivered before the Soci
ety of Arts by C. F. Cross have
served to call public attention to the
remarkable discoveries recently
made in connection with this ma
terial by Mr. Cross and his partner,
E. J. Bevan. Up till recently there
were several methods known of ob
taining cellulose in a soluble form.
Zinc chloride, both in neutral and
acid solution, and also cuprous am
monia, have the property of form
ing soluble saline compounds with
cellulose, and the first mentioned
solvent has been largely applied in
dustrially in preparing the fila
ments for incandescent lamps. The
cost of all these solvents is, however,
very high. Another method of get
ting cellulose into solution consists
in nitrifying it, when it becomes
soluble in alcohol ether, forming the
collodion of the photographer and
the basis of the different celluloids
and xylonites now so common.

The production of artificial silk,
an industry of much commercial im
portance, is also based on this nitr
ified cellulose, though the nitrogen is
removed from the product before it
is finally woven. The above meth
ods of dissolving cellulose are all
old, but some little time ago Messrs.
Cross and Bevan discovered another
method of dissolving the substance,
giving a solution having truly re
markable properties.

"Mercerized" cellulose is treated
with bisulphide of carbon; a sulpho
carbonate of cellulose is produced
which is soluble in water, forming a
remarkably viscous solution, which
has been named "viscose." On
standing, this sulpho-carbonate de
composes again, cellulose being de
posited in a dense, textureless con
dition. Added to the pulp in a paper
beater, the quality of the product is
remarkably improved, its wet
strength in particular being im
mensely increased. Flowed over
glass, the viscose, on drying, sets to
a tough, textureless film of cellulose,
which can be rendered quite pure by
washing.

The cartridge belts used for the
maxim gun are now treated with vis
cose to render them weatherproof,
shrinkage of the woven fabric being
thus absolutely prevented. By suit
able methods the viscose can be
made to deposit its cellulose in dense
cylinders (specific gravity 1.5),
which can be turned like ivory and
made into buttons, billiard balls and
all similar articles for which cellu
loid is now used. In addition to
viscose, Messrs. Cross and Bevan
have discovered quite another meth
od of getting cellulose into solution.
This they have accomplished by
forming cellulose acetate, which in
many respects resembles the cellu
lose nitrates hitherto known, but
has the advantage of being unin
flammable. Spread over glass, like
collodion, it gives a perfectly trans
parent and textureless film, while,
as it is fusible at about 230 degrees
C., it should prove well adapted for
the preparation of molded articles
now commonly made of celluloid.—
Engineering.

Reading a Library to Write One Novel.

The amount of labor that goes to
the making of a good historical novel
is rather deterrent to the writer
of fiction who is used to turning out
regularly two novels a year. It is so
much easier to make over again,
with a little imagination, the char
acters and incidents that one has
picked up in the ordinary course of
life and travel. Thackeray some
where tells of the tremendous
amount of reading that went into
the caldron before "Esmond" was
brewed, and a little while ago an
aged librarian related his surprise at
the research the great novelist car
ried on month after month in his ac
cumulation of historical details. A
whole chapter could be written in
the time devoted to verifying a
detail of costume or the turn of an
antique phrase. Moreover, the his
torical novelist realizes that he is
taking this tremendous amount of
pains for a very few people; that
hardly 1 in 1,000 of his readers cares
for more than the skill with which
he tells his story, but that one is
the man who will tell the next gen
eration, with authority, that the
book is worth preserving.—Droch
in Ladies' Home Journal.

Know What He Wanted.

A Swede went into a lawyer's of
fice at Signorey the other day to
get him to make out a conveyance
for some land which he had pur
chased. He said he wanted a mort
gage, but the lawyer said he should
have a warranty deed. "No," re
plied the Swede. "I once had a war
ranty deed to a farm, but another
man held a mortgage and got the
land. I want a mortgage."—Well
man (La.) Advance.

Butter and the Ancients.
The Roman writers on agriculture
allude to butter only in the most
incidental way, and there is reason
to believe that even in the third and
fourth centuries it was used solely
as an ointment.

A CANNIBAL BLACK SNAKE.

Caught In the Act of Swallowing a Tiger
Snake.

While hunting in the Orpuche dis
trict of Trinidad, says a writer in
the New Orleans Times-Democrat,
I made my way into the richest part
of the tropical forest, where a clear
ing several acres in extent was be
ing made preparatory to the plant
ing of a new cacao estate.

In the middle of this clearing, sur
rounded by the dark walls of the
primeval woodland on every side,
was an "ajoupa," or field hut, con
sisting of a roof of palm leaves
mounted on posts. Beneath this the
negro overseer had swung his ham
mock, and there I swung mine also,
regardless of the vampires which
every night fitted in and out at their
pleasure. Into the surrounding
woods and along the adjacent river
bank I made my daily hunting ex
peditions.

One day in the thicket near the
river I caught a young black and
white tiger snake (Spilotes vari
abilis) and put him into the usual
linen bag, hoping to find others be
fore sunset to keep him company.
Hungry and fatigued, I was return
ing unsuccessful in the evening with
only the tiger snake to console me.
Just as I was about to come out of
the woods into the clearing I stepped
into a thicket of young palms to re
connoiter. Seeing nothing from
where I stood, I moved out into the
open, making my way over the great
trunks lying prostrate across my
route. Coming to one of these of un
usually big diameter, I climbed upon
it and was about to jump down on
the other side when I noticed a long
black snake slowly making his way
among the clods and bits of charred
branches with which the ground
was strewn. I at once rushed at
him, pinned down his head with my
stick and took hold of his neck. He
was a surprise. I had never seen the
like of him in Trinidad. He was a
jet black colubrine snake and with
out a loreal shield—a telltale head
plate, the absence of which marks
the deadly elapidae. I pried open his
jaws, but found that he was not an
elaps, for he had no fangs, but four
rows of teeth in the upper jaw.

There was, however, a red spot in
the upper gums almost under the eye
in each of the upper teeth rows.
"Perhaps this is something entire
ly new," thought I to myself, as I
joyfully stowed him away in the
bag with the tiger snake and con
tinued my course toward the hut.

After supper the overseer and I
chatted and smoked for some time
and then threw ourselves into our
hammocks—he to dream of wood
cutting and I of snake hunting. The
snake bag was hanging under the
eaves of the "ajoupa" so as to be
well out of the way and safe from
any animal that during the night
might wander in from the woods. It
must have been somewhere about 2
o'clock in the morning when a voice
from my neighbor's hammock
awoke me.

"Get up," said he, "and light the
lamp. There's surely something
wrong with those snakes. There
has been a great scrapping and hiss
ing in the bag for the past half
hour."

Springing up and lighting the
lamp, I took down the bag and open
ed it. The negro was right; some
thing was wrong. The black snake,
my new discovery, was in the act of
swallowing my tiger snake. Indeed,
he had him already half swallowed,
and this must have taken consid
erable time, for the tiger snake was
at least 5 feet long and fully as thick
as the black one. Wishing to save
my tiger snake, I shook them both
out on the floor and made the swal
lower disgorge. I then put him back
in the bag, but the tiger snake was
dead. How the other had killed him
I was unable to learn, but he was
evidently a cannibal snake, and I
could store no more snakes in the
bag with him.

Discriminating.

Next to a difference of taste in
jokes an incompatibility of musical
appreciation is surely the greatest
strain upon the affections. Here is
a story to prove it. It is the story
of a musical daughter and an un
musical mother. The daughter is
barely more than 3 years old, but
she has already shown every sign
of the keenest musical liking. The
mother, on the contrary, can hardly
turn a tune. The other evening the
mother wanted the daughter to go
to bed. The daughter didn't want to
go. "Come, Ethel," said the mother
by way of final persuasion. "If
you'll go to bed like a good girl, I'll
undress you and sing you to sleep
myself." "Oh, no, mamma," the
daughter hastened to add. "You can
undress me if you like, but please
let nurse do the singing."—New
York Sun.

Hoodoo Lawn.
A meadow at Biddeford, Me., is
known as the hoodoo lawn, for the
reason that rain follows every time
it is mowed, before the grass can be
cut. It is said that this has oc
curred for 25 consecutive years.—
Boston Globe.

"TISS ME DOOD NIGHT."

"Peace, mamma, please tiss me dood night!"

My blue eyed love with sunny curls
Sood pleading 'twixt her sobe and tears.
I said, "I can't kiss naughty girls."

I led her to her snowy cot.
"Peace, mamma, please," she sobbed again.
"I won't be naughty any more."
I left her, all her pleadings vain.

I had been reared in Spartan school
And deemed it duty to control
With rigid rule, nor never knew
That love with love should sway the soul.

I heard her sob, my mother heart
With yearning love to soothe and cheer,
Yet I refrained, and in her sleep
My baby still lay sobbing there.

'Twas midnight when I felt a touch—
A fever'd hand lay on my brow.
My white robed baby pleaded still,
"Peace, mamma, please; I can't sleep now."

And through that agonizing night
Delirious she moaned in pain;
The little broken heart still plead
For kisses that I gave in vain.

At dawn the angels hovered near.
She nestled close and smiled and said,
"I won't be naughty any more,"
And in my arms my babe lay—dead.

And I am old. The passing years
Have brought no comfort in their flight.
My heart still hears that sobbing cry,
"Peace, mamma, please tiss me dood night."

—Kate Thyson Marr.

Not the Same Traveler.

Mme. Talleyrand was a striking
example of the time worn theory
that brilliant men usually marry
women of little intellect.

The diplomatist's wife was very
beautiful, but so utterly ignorant
that she frequently made the most
absurd mistakes. One day Talley
rand invited the famous traveler,
Denon, to dine at his house. Before
dinner he whispered to his wife:

"My dear M. Denon is a famous
person, and I wish you to be espe
cially polite to him. He may be
useful to me at court, so ask him
about his travels and make yourself
agreeable. His wonderful voyages
will interest you."

Mme. Talleyrand did her best to
please her husband and during din
ner devoted herself to the distin
guished guest, who was sadly puz
zled by her singular questions. The
amiable lady, whose reading had been
confined exclusively to "Robinson Cru
soe," had conceived the idea that
her guest was that hero and, much
to the astonishment of the company,
asked him at last "how he had left
his faithful Friday."

Denon, although naturally embar
rassed for his hostess, was neverthe
less so amazed that he could scarce
ly hide his amusement.

The story of Mme. Talleyrand's
blunder was known all over Paris
and became the subject of great de
rision. Even Talleyrand's diplomacy
could not conceal his mortification
at this unparalleled display of igno
rance.—Youth's Companion.

Anger.

The wholesale denunciation of an
ger never yet allayed, much less ex
tinguished it, for to one who is an
der its influence the causes that
gave it birth appear to be entirely
sufficient to warrant its existence.
There is in his mind a reason, a
cause, an excuse, perhaps even a
justification for what is so ruthles
sly condemned, and the criticism
which is blind to these is utterly de
spised. Anger indeed has many
causes, and to blame it in toto with
out examining them is manifestly
unfair. It may have had its rise in a
strong sense of justice, in a right
eous indignation at cruelty, in a re
sentment at selfishness and dishon
or, and may thus be a natural and
valuable means of resisting such
things. Even where the wrong is
not a real but a fancied one, there
is still the excuse of a mistaken
judgment. Whoever would allay
this passion in another must first of
all find out what gave rise to it, and
the spirit of sympathy that this
will induce will go far to establish
his influence.—New York Ledger.

Rest For the Feet.

A cushion for the feet will be
found exceedingly restful after a
day's shopping or sightseeing. Take
off the shoes, lie down on a couch,
with a cushion under the ankles, al
lowing the feet to hang over it. This
rests the heel. To rest the ball of
the foot the best way is to lie flat on
one's face, with the feet on the cush
ion.

Experiments are now being made
by some enterprising Britishers to
cultivate pearl shells and, by arti
ficially introducing the necessary ir
ritating substance in the flesh, to
produce the pearl scientifically, but
the success of such an enterprise has
not yet been demonstrated.

The United Kingdom has more
women workers than any other state
in the world in proportion to the
population, and among them no
fewer than 616,000 are set down as
dressmakers, an occupation which
may

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2 pounds White Sugar, (confectioner's)	.04
1 pound Raisins	.03
1 pound Pearl Tapioca	.03
2 pounds Rolled Oats	.06
1 pound Corn Starch	.06
1 can Tomatoes	.10
1 can Corn	.10
1 can String Beans	.08
1-2 pound Formosa or E. B. Tea	.20
1 bar Standard Soap	.02
1-4 pound Pure Black Pepper	.07
1 pound Best Laundry Starch	.05
1 quart Best Pea Beans	.05
1 pound Ginger Snaps	.05

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FACT AND FICTION.

John R. Spears Exalts In Both Styles of Writing.

One of the most delightful and fascinating short stories which have been written about sailors and the sea is the "Port of Missing Ships." It was written by John R. Spears, whose late has been very prolific in producing fiction, but who for several years has been known to the reading public as the author of a number of charming series of articles descriptive of his wide wanderings over the two western continents.

Mr. Spears began his journalistic career at an early age. Born in Van Wert, O., in 1850, he was a general utility boy in a country newspaper office during war times. He had learned a lot about the printing business in 1869, when he had an opportunity to exchange his ink stained apron for the neat blue uniform of a naval cadet. Spears stuck to the navy for three years and then resigned because he didn't like it.

After leaving Annapolis he drifted back into the newspaper business, and in 1875 he had become editor of a weekly published in East Aurora, N. Y. A year later he established another weekly, but after a six years' struggle he found there was more glory than remuneration in being a country editor, so he went to Buffalo and took a high private position as reporter on a city paper.

In 1883 Mr. Spears went to New York and became one of "the bright young



JOHN R. SPEARS.

"men" of whom the New York Sun is so proud. For the last dozen years Mr. Spears has been the star reporter on the staff of that great newspaper, and for it he has traveled over much of North and South America. Camera in hand, he has journeyed through the Central American republics, through Chile, Argentina, and even penetrated to the tip end of Patagonia. He has explored the arid wastes of Death Valley and fraternized with the Eskimos in Greenland.

About all his travels he has written entertainingly and instructively. He is not a heedless traveler, seeing only the things which are on the surface, but he has looked into the heart of things, and what his skillful pen could not picture his faithful camera has reproduced. Mr. Spears is still on the staff of the Sun and writes his fiction during his leisure moments. He spends as much of his time in the Adirondacks as he can, but even in camp he is not idle, for his stories about birds and animals are fully as interesting as those about people.

Mr. Spears is now engaged in writing a history of the American navy, and the Sun, with its accustomed generosity, has given him a four months' leave of absence for that purpose.

FATHER OF THE FAIR.

Captain William C. Smith Originated the Tennessee Exposition Scheme.

A great many patriotic men and women of Tennessee helped to make the state centennial exposition the great success which it has become, but a large share of credit should be given to the man who originated the idea and who is practically the father of the exposition. This man is Captain William C. Smith of Nashville.

Captain Smith had settled in the city when but a boy. He had grown up there and had gained the respect and affection of the citizens who grew up with him. He had inherited his full quota of elvish pride and watched the city's growth and prosperity with satisfaction. In the fall of 1890, after the financial life of the city had received a heart blow from the panic, he watched with personal solicitude the feeble throbbing in the commercial veins. Almost every business man was discouraged and despondent. Captain Smith saw that something was being done to give them new hope, to stir them to action. It was then that he conceived the idea of celebrating the state's centennial by an exposition.

After submitting his project to several prominent men and receiving their approval he prepared a paper outlining the scope and general character of the enterprise. This paper was read before the



CAPTAIN WILLIAM C. SMITH.

Commercial club, since merged into the chamber of commerce, in November, 1893. The idea was favorably received, and a committee was at once appointed to take the matter under consideration and report a plan of procedure. Upon recommendation of this body a committee of 25, representing some of the most prominent public organizations, was appointed. This made it a state affair.

From this point on the progress of the fair was not wholly an untroubled one. For a time interest lagged, but Captain Smith kept constantly at work, and finally enlisted the enthusiastic support of the citizens who have since carried the project through to such a successful beginning. Captain Smith was made director of works and in this position is still one of the busiest men about the exposition grounds.

POLITICS AS A BUSINESS.

Views of New York's Famous State Senator, Timothy (Dry Dollar) Sullivan.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, May 11.—Political leadership is not the bed of roses the average citizen believes it to be. Neither does it—nor politics generally for that matter—yield the financial returns people think. The same amount of energy, ingenuity and perseverance applied to any other field of effort, commerce, law, art or medicine, as is employed in party, disappointed or even subleadership, would make almost any man, unless he were a "Puddin'head Wilson," happy, healthy, prosperous, free of all care and on good terms with himself and the rest of mankind. That beset condition is not the lot of your politician. I don't care how high up or how fortunate he may appear to be. Almost invariably thwarted ambition—for every man who goes into politics is ambitious—casts into the past to the extent of pointing out how Webster, Grover, Cleveland, and others in their ambition to reach the presidency, went broken in heart and in purse to the grave, and how Conkling and Cameron were shown of power in the great states of New York and Pennsylvania by men they kept from the sweets of office and then got down to the trials and tribulations of present day politics.

"I sometimes wish I were dead," Thomas C. Platt once told that to the late John J. O'Brien, Chester A. Arthur's pet lieutenant in New York city. Senator Platt and O'Brien had been discussing the question of patronage, and the former was at his wits' end how to please the "boys" and yet satisfy, or at least pacify, the turbulent aristocrats of the Union League club, who supply the "sinews of war" in election times. Senator Platt could not solve the problem; hence his incoherent remark. He had been ailing, too (it was right after Harrison's election in 1888), and suffered from dyspepsia and insomnia. Everybody thinks Senator Platt is a stoic, impervious to all attacks, so I quote you that expression to show that he is human.

Mr. Platt is a business man of enormous ability, and out of business he made the little money, say, \$200,000, he has. He never made a dollar out of politics. The game is his recreation. He meant to quit it away back in the eighties, but when he and Roscoe Conkling were forced out of the senate and out of power by James G. Blaine in June, 1881, he resolved to stay in, play his hand through and get even with State Senator William H. Robertson, Speaker James W. Foster and others who downed him. He did too.

The late John Kelly, the great leader of Tammany Hall before Richard Croker, broke down after the election of Cleveland in 1884. He had labored so faithfully for Cleveland's success that his health gave way under the strain, but almost imme-



RON. TIMOTHY SULLIVAN.

diately after election he was confidentially informed by one close to the new administration that Tammany could not hope for anything from Cleveland. That broke his heart, and he died. Kelly was as honest as the day was long and never turned a penny out of pocket. Introduced as he was in power for so long a time, he could have made \$10,000,000 in secret ways were he so disposed, but he died leaving an estate of about \$800,000, every dollar of which was made out of business ventures. Richard Croker, leader of Tammany Hall after John Kelly, almost broke down in health immediately after the labors of the campaign of 1892. He suffered from indigestion and insomnia. He wisely, however, gave up all work and took a trip abroad, where he would be safe from political importunities. Later on, by the doctor's advice, to the deep grief of the organization, he resigned the leadership. He was comparatively out of power, and he took the power, and he took the former. Mr. Croker is credited with having a lot of money, but I will gamble on it he never made it out of politics.

There are a few men, very few men, who know when to quit politics. They are men who take up politics as a means to an end and do not plunge into its follies—the struggle for mastery, the playing of patronage and the like. Roscoe Conkling, ex-Governor George F. Hooley of Ohio and ex-Attorney General Russell are examples of this class, but they are lawyers, and all politicians are not lawyers.

Let me show you the reverse of the medal. A few years ago I saw two splendid looking old gentlemen in a cigar box of a law office in Broadway munching at cakes and coffee. They were in genteel, but absolute poverty. At the same time they were exceedingly proud, like the Pembrey twins, and kept their poverty to themselves. They were Levi P. Chatfield and Amos K. Hadley, respectively attorney general and speaker of the assembly away back in the fifties. Both had been prosperous and powerful politically in their day. They are now dead.

Another case in point: John F. Smyth, 20 years ago an opulent brewer at Albany, chairman of the Republican state committee and the Republican boss of Albany, postmaster of that town and the bosom friend of Roscoe Conkling, certainly seemed sure of a happy future. But no. Five years later he was shown of power and of wealth, and in another five years died in the most abject poverty in the cottage of a henchman within a stone's throw of his former mansion, where a banquet was being held that night and from which the strains of music reached his ears as he lay dying.

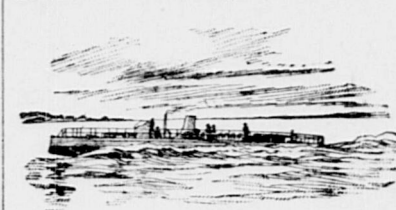
I could go on thus indefinitely, but these examples, I think, will suffice. Do you think that men in any other walk of life—bankers, merchants, lawyers or doctors—ever experience vicissitudes like these? I guess not. Therefore I say that a man is happier in any other vocation than that of politics. But, then, politics is a passion, like gambling, which it is hard to drop. I wish I could. T. D. SULLIVAN.

THE FASTEST BOAT.

Wonderful Achievements Claimed For the New Turbina.

An English built boat has attained a speed of 32½ knots, equaling 37½ statute miles, an hour. This is the fastest speed at which a boat has ever been propelled. The tests have been conducted in the presence of skilled experts, and there is no doubt about the correctness of the official report. The first statements about the remarkable speed which this boat was said to have made were very properly doubted in this country, but now the news has been confirmed.

The boat is called the Turbina, from the construction of her engines, which are of



THE TURBINA.

the steam turbine pattern. She was built by a syndicate in order to test the engine which had been invented by the Hon. Charles Algernon Parsons, an engineer of high repute and the youngest brother of the Earl of Ross. In a paper recently read before the Institution of Naval Architects Mr. Parsons described the boat, the experiments and the results which had been achieved. While the English and French built torpedo boats have reached a speed of over 31 knots an hour, they have been craft of from 250 to 300 feet in length and carrying massive engines which bring their displacement up to 300 tons or over. The Turbina, however, is only 100 feet over all and of only 44½ tons displacement.

It is not upon her model, but upon her engines, that the new marine wonder depends for her marvelous speed. There are several turbine steam engines in use, but none has ever before been used to propel a boat, because up to 1892 the turbine engine consumed so much steam in proportion to the power developed that it was deemed unavailable for marine purposes. Mr. Parsons succeeded in building a turbine engine that not only furnishes rapid motion, but economizes steam.

In the ordinary steam engine the rotary motion is first obtained by attaching the piston rod to an eccentric and then applying it to the propeller shaft by gearing in which the thrust block plays an important part. In the Parsons turbine engine the propeller shaft is run directly into the steam cylinder and forms the axis of the steam turbine wheel. This does away with the jarring and vibration.

In the first experiments it was found that the new engine involved the propeller with such great rapidity that the blades literally bored a hole in the water. This resulted in a loss of speed, and it was not until the experiment of revolving three propellers at once was tried that the remarkable speed was attained. The experiments are still being conducted, for it is alleged that the limit of speed has not yet been reached.

THE FRENCH PREMIER.

A Man of Great Power and Popularity in M. Hanotaux.

As an enthusiastic exponent of peace M. Gabriel Hanotaux, the French premier, has been recently very much in the public eye. About his prominence as a statesman there is no doubt. Not for many years has the French republic had a chancellor who has been so widely respected abroad and so generally trusted at home. Not all Frenchmen like Hanotaux, but most of them have great confidence in him.

This man, who now enjoys the friendship of princes, kings, emperors and statesmen, is the grandson of a peasant and the son of a humble notary. By his own efforts he has raised himself to the high po-



GABRIEL HANOTAUX.

sition which he now occupies. He was born at Beaufort, a village in the neighborhood of St. Quentin, in the Aisne, on Nov. 10, 1826. Hanging in the luxurious apartments which he now occupies on the Boulevard St. Germain is a photograph of the modest little cottage which he left when he went to Paris to study law. At the capital he was introduced to Gambetta, who took an interest in him and gave him a place in the department of archives. There he soon became chief clerk and it was while occupying that position that he undertook to write the history of Richelieu. This task occupied his spare moments for 16 years. It involved an immense amount of labor, which shows what an untiring worker he is.

When Gambetta became premier, he made Hanotaux subchief of his cabinet and he filled the same office under other ministers. Then he went into the diplomatic service, being appointed counselor to the French embassy at Constantinople. This was his first and only experience of life in any land but his own, for Hanotaux has never been a traveler. He returned home to enter more actively into politics by standing as a candidate for the chamber of deputies. He was elected and served for one term, but in 1889, when he sought reelection, conditions had changed. He opposed the Boulangists and was defeated after a hot campaign.

It was not long, however, before he was called to enter the cabinet and became minister of foreign affairs. In 1892 M. Hanotaux was made premier to succeed Casimir Perier and since that time he has remained constantly in charge with the exception of a period of six months during which the Radicals were in power.

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A MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

BY EDWARD H. AUSTIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE QUINCY MONITOR.

"Come, Arthur," said my friend, Walter Harding, one afternoon as we were discussing where we should spend our summer vacation, "why don't you go out to Lakewood. You know I have got friends there and I want you to meet them, especially Miss Goodale."

"Nonsense," I replied; "what interest could she have in a confirmed old bachelor like me?"

"There is no nonsense about it. Florence is a beautiful girl, and I think that you would like her. Come now, she'd like an author and you might not dislike an heiress, so I insist that you shall go."

"If you were only going too," I suggested.

"That's just the reason why I want you to start off ahead of me you see. I'd rather you would be there alone and study character a little for yourself. If you get acquainted with Miss Goodale without any interference of mine it may be a great deal better for you and her too."

I began to think seriously of the plan. I needed fresh air and a change of scene, and Lakewood was exactly the place for me.

"Go right off tomorrow," said Walter. "I shall be there as soon as you will care about seeing me. The fact is, I've a wonderful fancy that you and my friend Florence are going to just suit each other."

At length I yielded to my friend's solicitation and decided to go to Lakewood, with the understanding that he was to follow me in a few days.

It was a lovely morning in June. Summer was throwing her charms around everything, and all nature seemed to smile on me as I set out bright and early for the station. My spirits were high and all things promised happiness.

It was late in the afternoon when I reached Lakewood and I at once made my way to the only hotel in the place.

Having placed my travelling effects in safe keeping, I found it would be some time yet before supper, and so started out for a stroll.

About half a mile from the hotel I came to a small river that flowed through the outskirts of the town. A shady nook near by offered a cool and inviting retreat, for the day was intensely warm and I was considerably fatigued. Taking off my coat and hat, I threw myself upon the grass and gave myself up to my thoughts.

I recalled all that my friend Walter Harding had told me about Florence Goodale and wondered if I should meet her. The truth was, I was beginning to get tired of this life of single blessedness, as some people see fit to term it, and longed for a companion in life. As yet I had seen no one to my fancy, but Walter seemed to feel assured that in Miss Goodale I would meet my ideal. He had known the family for years, and Florence had been a schoolmate of his. He seemed to have a deep regard for the young lady, and I often wondered why they had never married. On the contrary, he wedded a wee bit of a girl who died in about a year after their marriage. Walter thought the world of her and took his loss very hard, and after her death I was about his only companion. He had told me repeatedly that he should never marry again, although he frequently spoke of Miss Goodale, and several times incidentally mentioned that she was heiress to a large estate. He had said so much in praise of the young lady that I confess I had quite a desire to form her acquaintance, but how to do so without a formal introduction from my friend was a perplexing question, and yet for some reason Walter desired me to meet her without any assistance from him.

For several minutes I lay there thinking of what would be the outcome of my visit to Lakewood, for somehow I could not get Miss Goodale out of my mind. The twitter of the birds in the branches above my head

and the soft murmur of the river below me soon had the effect of making me drowsy, and in a short time I was fast in the arms of morpheus. I slept soundly, unconscious of all that was transpiring around me, while the afternoon wore slowly away. At length I awoke with a start, nearly chilled through. The sun had sunk low in the heavens and the light penetrated but feebly through the thick foliage. I arose and stretched out my benumbed limbs.

"How stupid of me to fall asleep," I muttered to myself. "It must be long after supper time," and I felt for my watch. What was my astonishment at finding it gone. I turned and looked to where I had laid my coat and hat, and as I did so my astonishment increased to dismay, for they were both gone and in their place was a battered old felt hat, with the rim nearly half gone, and a ragged, dirty-looking garment that had evidently seen plenty of hard service.

"Some rascally thief has taken my watch and exchanged his old clothes for mine," I exclaimed, provoked at my own carelessness. I took up the coat and surveyed it critically. It was anything but a handsome article of apparel, but I could only make the best of it, and reluctantly put it on. It was not a bad fit and I would have made a fairly respectable appearance had it not been for the hat. I started back to the hotel, not in the best of humor, to express it mildly, and wishing for an opportunity to get even with the person who had so unceremoniously relieved me of my property.

Desiring to attract as little attention as possible, I concluded not to return by the way I came, but instead to make a short cut across the fields in the hope that I might reach my room unobserved. I climbed over garden walls, crept through back yards and around corners until at length I arrived at the hotel.

As I entered the hall I espied the landlord in earnest conversation with a number of men. The moment he caught sight of me he uttered an exclamation and sprang toward me, exclaiming:

"Here is the scoundrel now. I thought he would be prowling around here again."

Before I could recover from my surprise, I found myself suddenly dragged into the midst of the party of excited men, every one of whom charged me with being a thief. I was so confused at first that I could not speak, but in a moment had recovered my self-possession and demanded what it all meant.

"I am no thief, gentlemen," I said. "I am no more of a thief than any of you."

"Who are you?" asked several of the men at once.

I did not care to tell them that I was an industrious, hopeful and aspiring young author. Very few really promising young authors would have chosen to do so. I, therefore, only told them my name, where I came from, and why I came out to Lakewood, without mentioning the name of Florence Goodale.

"You needn't think to fool us in this way," said the landlord; "we've got you, old fellow, and you might as well give in."

Met by such a torrent of accusation, I thought it best to say as little as possible just then, so quietly waited developments, wondering what it meant. At length it occurred to me that the person who had taken my watch and clothing must have committed other thefts in the village, and the fact of my having on the real thief's hat and coat led the people to suppose that I was the guilty party.

Presently an elderly gentleman entered in company with two ladies, who appeared greatly excited. Imagine my mortification as I heard the gentleman accosted on all sides as Judge

Goodale. It took the courage out of my heart in an instant.

"Look here, sir," said Judge Goodale, "to begin with you are charged by these ladies with entering their houses and taking silver ware and other articles. Are you guilty?"

I tried to explain the situation but was cut short at the outset. They had not come there to hear long speeches, but to see justice measured out to one whom they supposed to be a thief.

While this conversation was going on a constable had thought to examine my coat pockets, and sure enough, from one of them he fished up four silver spoons with the initials of one of the accusers quite legibly engraved upon them. These were held up as a proof that I was the thief.

I told of the way in which I came not only by the stolen spoons, but by the clothes, also, but my words failed to make any impression upon my hearers.

The ladies testified to the property as being theirs, and to the identity of the prisoner. I was also identified by several of the men as the same fellow they had seen hanging around the town during the afternoon, and one man was positive that he had seen me entering the rear door of the house of a certain resident. It appeared that quite a number of articles of value were missing from several houses, and everyone expressed satisfaction that the thief had been caught; but one man did have the kindness to remark that I did not look like a hardened criminal.

I continued to protest, but of no avail. I was laboring under a mingled sense of mortification and confusion at thus finding myself arraigned as a thief and especially at having the case tried before the father of the very girl I had been so anxious to see. I thought of mentioning to Judge Goodale the name of my friend, Walter Harding, but on second thought concluded not to do so. I realized that I had gotten into rather a serious difficulty, but I resolved to get out of it if possible, without appealing to my friend. I insisted that I was innocent and explained how I came by the articles of apparel that had caused me this trouble, but it was to no purpose. They were convinced that I was the guilty party, and nothing I could say would change their mind an iota.

Judge Goodale, the father of beautiful Florence, found me guilty in due course of law, and I was sentenced to imprisonment in the County jail for thirty days.

A constable soon appeared with a team to take me to the jail, which was in the next town. I got into the carriage with an odd combination of feelings, in which the ludicrous was beginning to get mixed up. It all seemed like a huge joke, yet it appeared to be rather a serious one for me.

A ride of a few miles brought us to the jail, and in a short time I was safely housed within that institution. I passed a sleepless night and arose the next morning with a determination to do something. This affair had gone far enough. I paced back and forth in my cell in the vain endeavor to form some plan that would enable me to convince those stupid officials that I was innocent of all their charges. At last I gave up the idea and decided that the only thing I could do would be to write to Walter, tell him all, and ask him to help me out of the difficulty. I had commenced my letter when an unlooked for occurrence took place in the arrival at the jail of the man who had my coat and hat, the thief for whose crime I was now serving sentence. He was placed in the cell just across from mine and I could see him quite distinctly. There was no mistaking them, the coat and hat he wore were none other than my own. I at once charged the fellow with the theft and appealed to him, now that he was caught at last, to tell the whole truth about the affair in Lakewood, and to secure my release forthwith.

"Oh, that would be mighty nice, now, wouldn't it?" he said, with a cunning smile on his face. "Indeed it would, when we started on shares, you know, and now both of us have got to the same stopping place. Oh no, you wouldn't desert a fellow in such a strait as this, I hope. We began together, so we will carry it out to the end."

I was astonished at the presumption

of the scoundrel, and wholly unprepared for this attempt to make me out as his partner in crime. It was no use for me to bandy words with such a fellow, so I relapsed into silence. The only thing I could do now was to send the letter to Walter, which I did at once. I told him that I was in trouble and I wanted him to come and help me out. "Come at once," I said, "and bring Judge Goodale to the jail with you."

It is needless to remark that Walter was considerably surprised when he received my letter, although, as he afterwards told me, he could not help indulging in a hearty laugh at my expense.

He started at once for Lakewood and a few hours later was at the jail. As soon as I had regained my liberty I was introduced to Miss Goodale. Walter had told her the secret of my visit to Lakewood and insisted that she should accompany her father, and himself over to the jail to welcome the prisoner back to freedom again. I was quite confused, but not so much so that I could not discern through all the rare beauty and grace of the Judge's daughter.

The real thief's clothes were tried on him in the presence of Judge Goodale, the jailor and others and the fit was complete. He was tried for the theft and was sentenced, not to the county jail simply, but to the state prison.

Thus was my acquaintance with Miss Goodale begun, in a jail, but it proved after all the most efficient introduction I could have had. Her father, having already done me such injustice, hastened to show me friendship of no ordinary kind; while as for Florence—well to make a long story short, the result was that I took up my residence in Lakewood before long and devoted all my time to the pursuit of my profession and the happiness of—my wife.

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JACK, WHO SEWS HIS BUTTONS ON

Jack, who sews his buttons on,
Lives on the topmost floor,
An every day before he goes
We rap upon his door.
He holds a rod, "Come right in, kids!"
An laughs an says, "Take off your lids!"
An says that's silly, but an an Don
Likes Jack, who sews his buttons on.

Sometimes, to please us two, he plays
His yaller violin,
An, say, his eyes just seem to blaze—
I had my breath right in
An seem to be a death room
In some bright place above the ground,
A driftin way from little Don
With Jack, who sews his buttons on.

He does the awful queerest things,
He sleeps all day, nen goes
An writes about the folks what sings
An plays in actor shows.
He smokes a skull pipe, an his hair
Is always mussed, an he don't care
How much we pull it, me an Don—
Ole Jack, who sews his buttons on.

Ma says that he has sowed wild wheat
An's a prodigious son,
But wasn't a lady, dressed so sweet,
Went up stairs on the run.
An called him her'n an burst in tears,
An nen the door shut—but it 'pears
He wouldn't go, an me an Don
Kept Jack, who sews his buttons on.

One day last week a piece ma read
Near made her faint away.
It said 'at Jack, right from his head,
Had wrote a actor play.
An he was rich an famous too.
An ma says, "Here's a howdy do!"
Now all 'cept us says Mr. John
To Jack, who sews his buttons on.
—Arthur Chapman in Chicago Record.

VEREKER'S VAN DYCK

If you had been living in Bristol in the year 1890, you must frequently have run up against old Vereker, who then spent most of his time prowling about the streets of that west country metropolis. He was a man who could not fail to attract attention, by reason both of his striking, old fashioned attire—of the style which John Leech has made immortal—and of his disregard of such everyday amenities as barbers' scissors and soap and water, for a more unkempt and dirty looking old aristocrat than Jan Vereker was surely never seen in the public streets. He was a younger son of Sir Hudibras Vereker, seventh baronet, whose family was among the best in Gloucestershire, though, to be sure, this seventh baronet's lady and Jan's mother was a somewhat obscure foreigner, a native of Antwerp. And insular prejudice, which dissociates all foreigners indifferently from saponaceous applications, made no doubt that Jan Vereker inherited his uncleanly habits from his Dutch ancestors.

In his youth he had been a painter who, but for his desultory disposition, might have achieved great success, and he had studied in half the art schools of Europe. But he had now practically abandoned this profession and devoted his whole time and energies to his pet hobby—the collection of curios. No sort of rarity came amiss to him. Old paintings, old china, old coins, gems, furniture, what not, appealed to his antiquarian tastes. Indeed, at one time or another he had been over a great part of Europe in quest of such treasures, though latterly his efforts had been chiefly confined to his native land.

He never frequented the large shops or the emporiums of professional dealers, for his purse was not long enough to enable him to buy recognized articles of virtu at fancy prices. But he was ever exploring little old sort shops and the cottages of working men and country villages, where he stood some chance of picking up a good thing for next to nothing. With this end in view, he was perpetually traveling about and working from different centers, until he became conversant with half the towns and villages in Great Britain.

That he had an extraordinarily keen eye and an almost unerring judgment in these matters was beyond doubt, but the number of valuable curios that he had been able to pick up by the exercise of his superior cuteness was comparatively limited, for so many other collectors had been over the same ground, and even the country villagers had become so wide awake, that it was no easy matter to find a precious thing and no easy matter to get it for a song when found.

However, if his collection was small, it was very good as far as it went, and he guarded it with jealous care. Whenever he went away for a tour of exploration, he was always careful to transfer his most valuable articles—such as at least was likely to be stolen—to the safe custody of his bankers. These were chiefly in the way of old coins, gems and plate. But besides these there was one thing which always went to the bank and which he evidently regarded as by far the most precious of all his possessions—a small and very cracked and grimy portrait in oils.

His acquisition of this painting was a source of unbounded pride and self congratulation to old Vereker. He had picked it up at a little emporium of rubbish in Antwerp for a few florins. When he bought it, the canvas had presented a daring and abominable daub of the Madonna. But Jan Vereker's practiced eye had told him that this was only a secondary use to which it had been

put. He took it home. He carefully cleaned off the upper daub. Another painting—a landscape—appeared beneath. But even this was not the original, though apparently a hundred years older than the first, and he cleaned this also off. Then he came upon the real thing, and he understood that he had experienced a marvelous stroke of good fortune. There was no doubt about it. The painting which he had thus unearthed was an unmistakable Van Dyck.

But to make matters perfectly sure—though in his own mind he was already satisfied—he submitted the painting to half a dozen independent experts in London and Paris. All were agreed in one verdict. They unhesitatingly pronounced the piece to be a genuine Van Dyck. Old Vereker was on the tip of his tongue with elation. And well he might be. For to acquire a Van Dyck on any terms is nowadays hard enough. But to have picked one up for nothing, as he had done, constituted a simply phenomenal achievement.

He took it down with him to his home at Bristol, where he nursed and cherished it with extraordinary solicitude. It was the darling of his heart, the apple of his eye. No fond old husband ever doted more upon a fair young bride than Jan Vereker upon his Van Dyck. Profane people averred that he said his prayers to it. That he worshipped it in a metaphorical sense could admit of no dispute, and whenever he went off upon a collecting tour he not merely, as has been said, deposited this precious picture with his bankers for safe custody, but always accompanied it to the bank himself and with his own eyes saw it consigned to the security of the strongroom.

The firm with which he banked was a private house having many branches in the west of England and its headquarters at Bristol. They shall here be introduced as Messrs. Rosier & Sons. Mr. James Rosier, the head of the business, lived at Bristol and was chief manager of the bank. He was a personal acquaintance of old Vereker's, whose family had banked with Rosier & Sons for upward of a century. But besides this business acquaintance, he found himself drawn occasionally into Jan Vereker's company by their similarity of tastes, for James Rosier was himself something of a virtuoso and a collector of curios, and was enabled, moreover, by his wealth to gratify this taste pretty freely.

One morning, after an absence from Bristol of about three months, the old fellow turned up at the bank and asked to see his friend the manager. He was shown into Mr. Rosier's private room. When they had exchanged the usual greetings and a few mutual civilities, Jan proceeded to unfold the nature of his business.

"The fact is, Mr. Rosier," said the old gentleman, "I want some money."

"Most people who come in here do," was the half jocular reply. "I presume that you wish to overdraw your account."

"Yes. I have an opportunity of buying some extremely valuable works of art at a figure far below their real value, but it is necessary that I should pay cash down for them. Unless I can produce the money tomorrow I may very likely lose them."

"Umph! How much do you want to overdraw?"

"Two thousand pounds."

The manager whistled. From a man of old Vereker's means such a request seemed to him to border on the audacious.

"A tall order, my dear sir. We could not possibly allow such an overdraft without security."

"No, I did not suppose that you would. I propose to offer you security, though I admit that the security is of a somewhat unusual character. You already have my Van Dyck portrait in your custody. Whatever its value, it is considerably in excess of £2,000. Will you allow that to stand as my security for the overdraft?"

The manager screwed up his eyes and rubbed his chin. Then slowly, though not perhaps quite decidedly, he shook his head.

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Vereker. It is contrary to our practice to accept security of this description. If you could deposit scrip with us, now, or title deeds, or obtain a satisfactory personal guarantee?"

"I cannot," interposed old Vereker; "not at least at a moment's notice. Besides, this picture is worth as much as all the rest of my effects put together. Only four days ago a Bristol firm offered me £4,000 for it—the Messrs. —."

With this assurance the manager consented to interview Messrs. —, with the result that next morning Mr. Vereker had a note from Messrs. Rosier & Sons advising him that, on the strength of Messrs. —'s valuation of his Van Dyck, they were willing to hold the picture as security for the proposed overdraft of £2,000 and requesting him to call at the bank and comply with certain requisite formalities. This

he duly did, and the arrangements for the overdraft were completed. Now, Jan Vereker, as has been mentioned above, had named two months as the period of his overdraft. He made it good, however, within six weeks and took his Van Dyck back to his house. From a commercial standpoint his promptness should have been hailed with satisfaction by James Rosier. As a fact, however, it was not. Truth to tell, the banker had cherished a half hope that old Vereker might fail to repay the advance and that he, Rosier, would get the chance of obtaining the picture at about half its market value.

A month or so later Jan Vereker started off on one of his periodical journeys, having as usual deposited his Van Dyck again at Rosier's for safe custody. Soon after his return he paid another visit to the manager of the bank and asked for another loan of £2,000 on the picture, which was readily granted him for three months.

The three months went by without any communication from Jan Vereker being received at the bank. By the terms on which the overdraft had been allowed, Messrs. Rosier & Sons were empowered—did they so wish it—to deal with the security when 15 days after the specified term had elapsed. During these last 15 days the manager remained in a state of scarcely concealed restlessness and excitement. He was expecting a call or a communication from Vereker every day, and at the same time hoping that he should not receive either. He had determined to stand upon the letter of the agreement. To do so might no doubt be considered rather sharp practice.

And James Rosier's wish was actually fulfilled. The 15 days of grace elapsed. No communication arrived from Jan Vereker. On the morning of the sixteenth day the manager took his stand upon the strict letter of the agreement. He paid £2,000, plus interest, into the partnership account out of his own pocket. And thus he acquired old Vereker's Van Dyck at less than half its value.

There was no need, as it turned out, for the banker to have been in such a hurry. For days and weeks went by and still Jan Vereker remained absent and silent. Of this Rosier was glad, because now, when the old fellow came back, he could scarcely complain of his security having been dealt with; whereas, if he had turned up within a day or two of the limit, he might reasonably have been incensed at finding his Van Dyck already sold.

But it was not long before the true explanation came. Rosier & Sons one day received a rather startling letter from a well known banking firm in Manchester. They, the Manchester bankers, had learned a few days since, from something seen by one of the partners in the news-papers, that Mr. James Rosier had in the course of a business transaction acquired possession of the Vereker Van Dyck. This news was heard by them with astonishment, for they themselves, as they believed, held the picture in question as security for an overdraft to their customer, Mr. Jan Vereker. Their suspicions being thus aroused, they called in an expert, and he had at once declared that their present security was merely a cleverly forged substitute. They had therefore placed the matter in the hands of the police and had thought it their duty to communicate with Messrs. Rosier & Sons, in case they might have been similarly imposed upon.

James Rosier was in a fine state of mind after he had read this letter. He lost no time in dispatching a messenger to Messrs. —, the art publishers above mentioned, asking them to send up their Mr. —, who had previously valued the Van Dyck, to his private residence at the earliest possible moment. When he arrived, the painting was submitted to him. He unhesitatingly pronounced it a forgery.

In the course of inquiries it transpired that ten other banks in various large provincial towns had been similarly duped. In each case precisely the same method had been adopted. The first step was the depositing of the real Van Dyck at the bank for safe custody. The second, the advance made upon the genuine work, and duly repaid. The third, the depositing of a skillful forgery, so artfully executed as easily to pass for the original. The fourth, the advance obtained on the security of this forged substitute. The last, the disappearance of Jan Vereker with £24,000.

So far as could be ascertained, he had no confederates, and there was little doubt that all the 12 forgeries were the work of his own practiced hand. That and the fact that he had secured a long start enabled him to make good his escape. Perhaps, also, he disguised himself, as he might have done most effectually, by the simple process of a thorough scrub. At any rate, though every effort was made to run him down he still remains among the number of the "wanted."—London Truth.

THE TRAINED NURSE.

A Protest Against Her Superhuman Self Poise In the Sickroom.

A medical writer who asserts that in 20 years there will be no physicians, but only surgeons and nurses, maintains that the only advance that has been made in the practice of medicine in this century is the institution of the trained nurse. This is hard on the general practitioners, especially when it is considered that they did not voluntarily, but quite reluctantly, open the sickroom to the trained nurse, who is the discovery or invention of benevolent women with a mania for collecting funds and a passion for patronizing semipublic schools.

Even as to the trained nurse there are two points of view. In cases of severe and critical sickness and in households where there is no orderliness and no rational self restraint, the awful presence of this young woman is obviously necessary for the patient is to have a chance for his life. In other cases the patient, if a man, has a fierce desire to throw pillows or slippers at her head, to swear shockingly or do something to disturb her disciplined and eternal equanimity. Her fixed, eternal smile of simulated sweetness and patience is maddening. She has a quiet but pitiless air of absolute wisdom and superhuman self poise.

The precision with which her hair is brushed under her aggressively neat cap, her noiseless, ghostlike glide, her businesslike and automatic administration of drops and powders without the human possibility of a fatal mistake, and, above all, her set and practiced look of celestial goodness, are enough to irritate the most patient of sick men. The man is restrained by her painfully ladylike manners from swearing and throwing things, and the restraint is bad for his nerves.

She mars all the pleasures of sickness. The liberty to swear without being reproached which is accorded to a man by the members of his own family, the privilege of whining until the wife or sister or other related woman is moved to a display of sympathy, the liberty to plead for delay when the bitter dose is due, to work up a senseless grievance, distress everybody about the premises, find fault with the cooking and conduct himself generally like a spoiled child, these are the usual compensations of the sick man. All are impracticable and barred when a positive, unsympathetic trained nurse is in charge, and the women of the household gladly surrender all responsibility into her hands and can be heard chatting cheerfully with callers down stairs.

The sick man is disappointed too. At the first grateful suggestion of the trained nurse he has visions of a lovely young creature, whose feelings will be touched by his appearance of suffering, who will smooth his pillow with a soft and tender hand, which she will subsequently place on his manly, fevered brow, and that sort of sentimental thing. Able-bodied men are more sentimental than schoolgirls, even a bank president after business hours. When the expectant patient finds the self contained young woman as unsympathetic, as exact and methodical as a machine, as dead to his personality as if he were a hatterack or a graven image, the reaction makes him bitter and savage.

Considering everything, to the average man who, though sick, is not in a critical state, the trained nurse is quite as oppressive and unsatisfying as the red nosed, fat, old woman who preceded her and cheered him with accounts of the death of other persons who had been afflicted just as he is.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

New Odors For Flowers.

It is a fad in Paris to perfume flowers artificially. Experiment has proved that it is possible not only to take away the natural odor of a flower, but also to make it yield a perfume derived from some other vegetable product. Some violets, for example, are perfect in form and coloring, but without fragrance, while others, very insignificant to look at, emit a delicious fragrance. The transfer of the odor from one species to the other has been accomplished. Those who have been most successful in this branch of horticulture refuse to tell their secret. It is said that the African marigold has been robbed of its disagreeable odor and endowed with a perfume that makes it much sought. The fad has been carried to the extreme of giving to the sunflower the odor of the rose and to the chrysanthemum that of the violet.—New York Sun.

Moths.

When moths have once taken possession of flannel, its valuable property is destroyed. Any strong scent in the drawer in which it is kept, or bitter apples from the chemist's, cut in slices, sewed up in muslin bags and placed among the articles, whether woolen or furs, will preserve them from the attacks of the moth.

Matrimonial Divining Test.

I cannot recall ever having seen in my school days any matrimonial divining tests save one. It was this: A key was placed in the Bible at the second chapter of Solomon's Song, verses 16 and 17, and the book tied firmly together, with the handle of the key left beyond the edges of the leaves. The tips of the little finger of the charm tester and of a friend were placed under the side of the key, and then they "tried the alphabet" with the verses above named—that is, they began thus: "A. My beloved is mine, and I am his, He feedeth among the lilies. Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved." etc. At the word "turn" the Bible was supposed to turn around if A were the first letter of the lover's name. Thus could the entire name be spelled out. I am sure I was not more than 8 years old when I saw this charm tried, but I distinctly recall the uncanny chill I felt when the Bible slowly turned and fell from the fingers of the girls who were "trying the alphabet."

I have since learned that when we thus "turned the Bible" we were practicing theomancy—one of the 53 varieties of necromantic art enumerated in an old book—two others being pyromancy, charms through the use of fire, and botanymancy, through the use of herbs and flowers.—Alice Morse Earle in Lippincott's.

After the Battle.

A Washington lawyer's life is not entirely without agreeable features, although possibly the first syllable of that word is not always spelled f-e-e.

Recently one had as a client a very quiet, unobtrusive young market man who owned and conducted a market garden somewhere beyond the city limits. It seems that the young fellow had some trouble with his father-in-law, a meddlesome old man who had always imposed on the husbands of his daughters, and after it was over he came to consult the attorney, whom he had known for a long time.

"Um-um," said the attorney thoughtfully, after hearing part of the story. "Your father-in-law charged you with treating your wife harshly?"

"Yes, sir," was the brief answer.

"What did you do?"

"To her?"

"No. To him."

"I denied the charges from start to finish, and so did she."

"What did he do then?"

"Called me a liar."

"What did you do?"

"Hit him one—just one, sir."

"What did he do then?"

"Nothing, sir. The doctors done the rest."—Washington Star.

Chocolate.

In preparing chocolate, a paste should first be made. The proportion in making chocolate is one square of chocolate to one tablespoonful of hot water. This is stirred smooth in the double boiler, chafing dish or whatever utensil is used for making it, and then the milk or milk and water added. The proportion of half water to the chocolate makes it more digestible. Allow one cup or one-half pint of liquid to the square of chocolate. The water is first added to the paste and well cooked. There is not the oiliness to the chocolate, and it is much more delicate if the milk is not cooked after being poured in, but merely allowed to become thoroughly hot. No scum arises on the chocolate when the paste is first made. The paste is convenient. It can be made and kept on hand, packed in a small china vessel for two or three days and used when desired. The chocolate should be well beaten with an egg beater, the dish being placed on the back of the range, if convenient, before serving. To give additional nourishment, the white or the yolk and white of an egg well beaten can be stirred into the chocolate.—New York Times.

Maps as Ear Trumpets.

It has long been considered that a person can be more politely insulted in Paris than in any city in the world.

A gentleman who undertook to speak in public there recently expressed himself in such a low tone of voice that the audience were unable to hear him. He was lecturing upon a geographical subject, and copies of a map about three feet square had been generally distributed.

Presently one of the audience rolled up his map in the form of a very long and attenuated lamplighter, inserted the small end in his ear and turned the other toward the speaker.

It was a rather ludicrous performance, but not a laugh was heard among the polite assemblage. In two minutes, however, every map in the house was turned into an ear trumpet, and the speaker saw himself confronted with a sort of mammoth porcupine, whose noisome quills almost touched his lecture.

He at once spoke louder.—Pearson's Weekly.

WALLED LAKES.

Mysterious Constructions Supposed to Be Due to the Action of Ice.

When the western country was first settled, the newcomers, accustomed to the glacial lakes of the west, were astonished to find many of them walled along parts of the shore and some completely above their borders. These walls are everywhere, laid dry or bedded with earth, of more or less regularity with no regard to the size or shape of the stones, except that they are well and are so placed as to maintain their equilibrium—that is, standing firm. Several lakes are known whose shores are thus walled all around with the mechanical perfection of longings to the cyclopean period. The walls generally have a slope from the lake, and are banked up with earth on the land side. This bank frequently has trees growing on it. All this is very wonderful and excited the keenest curiosity among the early travelers. This curiosity is not yet dead. Only recently it has questioned the walls along a part of Elkhart lake, and the subject has gone into the local papers with a proper explanation.

In early university days, when the boys went in swimming instead of bathing in Lake Mendota, there were certain large boulders, from which they were wont to spring to the water. Some of these were of tons weight, some projected above the water and some were known to the swimmers. It was found the next season that they had to be located over again, having changed position during the winter. Weight made no difference. They all had to move. It was plain to see that the ice did it, crowding the shoreward whenever it could reach them. But as the bank there was steep, at the foot of the bluff, the sled or worked back more or less. In places, however, they were piled on the shore, as where University drive comes to the beach.

When the Milwaukee and Watertown plank road was made, it skirted Oconomowoc lake near what is now Gifford's. There was a low wall there of modest proportions, and this was made part of the holding the roadbed. The next season it was found the wall had been shoved under the roadbed so as to tilt the plank away from the lake. To a boy of an inquiring turn of mind the whole operation was plain. The expansion of the ice had done it. The bank there was sloping, so to speak, and it was easy for this great force to slide the wall along. At Madison, however much it might slide, boulders against the bluff, they backed into the water.

Now, suppose the slope to be the right angle between the shore and the lake. The force would lift the stones by sliding one under the other and yet not let them fall back. You will have the conditions for a lake wall. The stones in this process not rightly balanced will fall on side or the other. Those balanced will retain their places. Those falling into the water will have to be again until they are rightly placed and remain. Meanwhile the whole structure has been pushed back to tilt the force and resistance are equalized, making the bank of earth, which in turn helps support the wall. The water should slide slowly, so as to bring many more within reach of the ice. Time, then, only is necessary to build the wall, and the operation will cease when all the rocks have been worked back and the increased shoal provides friction enough to check the ice. The wall then becomes permanent, and the forest covers strange work with its glory.—Waukegan Journal.

Sir Joseph Banks' Card.

The visiting card of Sir Joseph Banks, P. R. S., opens up an amusing prospect. Fancy Nansen with a card of the north pole on his card, Henniker-Heaton with a post stamp, and so on ad nauseam. An ingenious effort of the inventor bore. Young Mr. Banks, who is lots of money, determined to accompany Captain Cook round the world. Soon after his return the young scientist visited Iceland and brought away with him a rich harvest of knowledge and specimens. He forgot Iceland, and he was determined that other people should forget it either. The little map of Iceland seen on Sir Joseph's card was printed in colors on a wax ground.—Strand.

Quite Easy When You Know How.

A new natural history says: "When a lion becomes old and unable to injure man, his mane falls out." This is very valuable information. Hereafter if a New Yorker injured by a lion it is his own fault. Whenever a lion approaches let him feel of his mane. If he hasn't any mane, the man is safe. If the beast has a mane, then the man can jump on a cable car. Dead Man's Curve and make his escape.—Tammany Times.

RICHES TOOK WINGS.

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF A BONANZA KING.

Jerome B. Wheeler's Sudden Success In the Colorado Silver Mines—How He Boomed the Town of Aspen—Reverses That Have Depleted His Fortune.

The life story of Jerome B. Wheeler is much more interesting than that of the ordinary individual, although the narration of the events in the life of any person can never be wholly dull. It is the story of the rise and fall of a multimillionaire and contains elements of the highest dramatic quality. Beginning life in an obscure and humble station, he reached a point where for several years he was known as a bonanza king. In four short years his immense fortune has crumbled away until today, while he is by no means bankrupt or in danger of becoming a pauper, he counts his remaining dollars by the thousands rather than by the millions and the glamour of great wealth has left him.

About 1875 Jerome B. Wheeler was an ambitious but impetuous clerk in a big wholesale house in New York city. Later he made the acquaintance of a Miss Valentine. It happened that Miss Valentine's uncle was one of the firm of one of the largest department stores in the metropolis. When he married Miss Valentine, Wheeler went into the big store on a salary. In the course of time the uncle died and left the former Miss Valentine an interest in the big store. That made Wheeler a partner.

In 1879 the Leadville mining fever struck New York and Wheeler caught it. He promptly sold out his interest in a good sum and went to Leadville. By the time he got there Aspen was just beginning to loom up as the big silver mining camp of Colorado. He was one of the few men on the ground with capital, and although he probably made many poor investments those which were good yielded such big profits that his capital rapidly multiplied. Finally he bought the Emma silver mine, which had begun to show good ore, paying \$35,000 for it. Soon after he came into possession of this property a rich vein of silver was struck, varying from 40 to 50 feet thick. The ore was enormously rich, and in some places a single ton of it was worth as much as the original purchase price.

The Emma began to prove a veritable Golconda and Wheeler found himself growing richer and richer every minute.

The Emma began to prove a veritable Golconda and Wheeler found himself growing richer and richer every minute.

Then he began to worry about the soundness of his title. It seems that the mine had been discovered by two poor prospectors who had been "staked out" by Colonel Archie Fisk, a Confederate veteran. One of the prospectors was William J. Wood, a Canadian, and the other was an old miner named Kilpatrick. Wood was killed in a Leadville saloon and Kilpatrick disappeared. Fisk had "advertised" both men out of it and by the terms of mining law had assumed full possession when he sold out to Wheeler.

Knowing this history of the mine, Wheeler took great pains to settle his title. He found that Fisk had no right to "advertise out" a dead man and that the advertisement lacked just three days of having been displayed for the proper time. Then he hired lawyers and detectives to trace down the Kilpatrick and Wood heirs. The former was found alive and relinquished his claim for \$25,000. Wood's heirs were found only after a long search and bought off for a small sum.

Then Wheeler was satisfied. He boomed things in Aspen at a rate that made him the talk of the country. He established a bank there and built one of the finest mansions in the west as a home for himself and family. He raised the place from the level of a mining camp to a city of 10,000 inhabitants. Then he went to Manitou and did almost as much for that town. He entertained in princely style and was held up as a model citizen throughout Colorado.

Then came the crash. One day a quiet little fellow walked into Wheeler's office and in the name of the Wood heirs demanded possession of the Aspen mine and a big share of the profits which Wheeler had been making for ten years. Wheeler ordered him out of the office. Preposterous as the claim seemed then, it would have been economy for Wheeler had he complied at once.

But he didn't. The quiet little man began suits, carried them from court to court, and in 1895 won a judgment which cost Wheeler nearly \$5,000,000 to settle. The case was won on the point that Wheeler settled the original claims of the Wood heirs with money which belonged to them and not to him.

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JOHN F. WILLOUGHBY.



JEROME B. WHEELER.

LARS A.

Be Captured.

Miss Inab announced marriage to Mr. Manti has the richest fortune of his own right. She

her mother's name. Her father's name. In September went abroad and of Mrs. Manti's daughter of Mrs. Elliott was the young lady's valid and unable to her services as a profession attracted to show her own European capital and funds great success for almost a year, instead of returned home at the of her parents to of the marriage months ago on to Anderson could change in the ceremony was Miss Perkins is inherited her father.

Mrs. Elliott is a professional of hopes that her in such a

SUCCESSFUL Political Career. John L. Senator in the of a prominent politician. He is only 37 years old and had quite an extensive Mr. McLaughlin county, S. C., at our schools and law at the University of the age of 23 he bar and began to in Bennettsville, rank at the bar traced much attention to recruit to the movement, and when governor he was in his behavior was elected by a large majority by his father he was elected

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WALLED LAKES.

Mysterious Constructions Supposed to Be Due to the Action of Ice.

When the western country was first settled, the newcomers, unaccustomed to the glacial lakes of the west, were astonished to find many of them walled along parts of the shore and some completely about their borders. These walls are constructed of the bowlders so common everywhere, laid dry or bedded with earth, of more or less regularity, with no regard to the size or shape of the stones, except that they fit well and are so placed as to maintain their equilibrium—that is, stand firm. Several lakes are known whose shores are thus walled all around with the mechanical perfection belonging to the cyclopean period. The walls generally have a slope from the lake, and are banked up with earth on the land side. This bank frequently has trees growing on it. All this is very wonderful and excited the keenest curiosity among the early travelers. This curiosity is not yet dead. Only recently it has been questioned the walls along a part of Elkhardt lake, and the subject has again been taken up with a brief proper explanation.

In early university days, when the boys went in swimming instead of bathing in Lake Mendota, there were certain large bowlders from which they were wont to spring into the water. Some of these were of tons weight, some projected above the water and some were under. The place of every one was known to the swimmers. It was found the next season that they had been located over again, having changed position during the winter. Weight made no difference. They all had to move. It was plain to see that the ice did it, crowding them shoreward whenever it could reach them. But as the bank there was steep, at the foot of the bluff, the slide or worked back more or less. In places, however, they were piled on the shore, as where University drive comes to the beach.

When the Milwaukee and Watertown plank road was made, it skirted Oconomowoc lake near what is now Gifford's. There was a lake wall there of modest pretensions and this was made part of the bank holding the roadbed. The next season it was found the wall had been shoved under the roadbed so as to tilt the plank away from the lake. To a boy of an inquiring turn of mind the whole operation was plain. The expansion of the ice had done it. The bank there was sloping, just so. It was easy for this great force to slide the wall along. At Madison, however much it might slide it bowlders against the bluff, they fell back into the water.

Now, suppose the slope to be the right angle between these two stones by sliding one under the other and yet not let them fall back. You will have the conditions for lake wall. The stones in this position not rightly balanced will fall on side or the other. Those balanced will retain their places. Those falling into the water will have to slide again until they are rightly placed and remain. Meanwhile the whole structure has been pushed back until the force and resistance are equalized, making the bank of earth a hind, which in turn helps support the wall. The water, should it slowly, so as to bring many rods within reach of the ice. Time, the only necessary to build the wall and the operation will cease when all the rocks have been worked in the wall and the increased shoal provides friction enough to check the ice. The wall then becomes permanent, and the forest covers the strange work with its glory. Milwaukee Journal.

Sir Joseph Banks' Card.

The visiting card of Sir Joseph Banks, P. R. S., opens up an amusing prospect. Fancy Nansen with a card of the north pole on his card, Mr. Hemmiker Heaton with a postage stamp, and so on ad nauseam. An ingenious effort of the inventors here. Young Mr. Banks, who has lots of money, determined to accompany Captain Cook round the world. Soon after his return the young scientist visited Iceland and brought away with him a rich harvest of knowledge and specimens. He forgot Iceland, and he was determined that other people should forget it either. The little map of Iceland seen on Sir Joseph's card was printed in colors on a white ground.—Strand.

Quite Easy When You Know How.

A new natural history story. "When a lion becomes old and unable to injure man, his mane falls out." This is very valuable information. Hereafter if a New Yorker injured by a lion it is his own fault. Whenever a lion approaches him let him feel of his mane. If he hasn't any mane, the man is safe. If the beast has a mane, then the man can jump on a cable car. Dead Man's Curve and make his escape.—Tammany Times.

RICHES TOOK WINGS.

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF A BONANZA KING.

Jerome B. Wheeler's Sudden Success In the Colorado Silver Mines—How He Boomed the Town of Aspen—Reveries That Have Depleted His Fortune.

The life story of Jerome B. Wheeler is much more interesting than that of the ordinary individual, although the narration of the events in the life of any person can never be wholly dull. It is the story of the rise and fall of a multimillionaire and contains elements of the highest dramatic quality. Beginning life in an obscure and humble station, he reached a point where for several years he was known as a bonanza king. In four short years his immense fortune has crumbled away until today, while he is by no means bankrupt or in danger of becoming a pauper, he counts his remaining dollars by the thousands rather than by the millions and the glamour of great wealth has left him.

About 1875 Jerome B. Wheeler was an ambitious but impetuous clerk in a big wholesale house in New York city. Later he made the acquaintance of a Miss Valentine. It happened that Miss Valentine's uncle was one of the firm of one of the largest department stores in the metropolis. When he married Miss Valentine, Wheeler went into the big store on a salary. In the course of time the uncle died and left the former Miss Valentine an interest in the big store. That made Wheeler a partner.

In 1879 the Leadville mining fever struck New York and Wheeler caught it. He promptly sold out his interest for a good sum and went to Leadville. By the time he got there Aspen was just beginning to loom up as the big silver mining camp of Colorado. He was one of the few men on the ground with capital, and although he probably made many poor investments those which were good yielded such big profits that his capital rapidly multiplied. Finally he bought the Emma silver mine, which had begun to show good ore, paying \$25,000 for it. Soon after he came into possession of this property a rich vein of silver was struck, varying from 40 to 50 feet thick. The ore was enormously rich, and in some places a single ton of it was worth as much as the original purchase price.

The Emma began to prove a veritable Golconda and Wheeler found himself growing richer and richer every minute.



JEROME B. WHEELER.

Then he began to worry about the soundness of his title. It seems that the mine had been discovered by two poor prospectors who had been "grubstaked" by Colonel Archie Fisk, a Confederate veteran. One of the prospectors was William J. Wood, a Canadian, and the other was an old miner named Kilpatrick. Wood was killed in a Leadville saloon and Kilpatrick disappeared. Fisk had "advertised" both men out of it and by the terms of mining law had assumed full possession when he sold out to Wheeler.

Knowing this history of the mine, Wheeler took great pains to secure his title. He found that Fisk had no right to "advertise out" a dead man and that the advertisement lacked just three days of having been displayed for the proper time. Then he hired lawyers and detectives to trace down the Kilpatrick and Wood heirs. The former was found alive and relinquished his claim for \$25,000. Wood's heirs were found only after a long search and bought off for a small sum.

Then Wheeler was satisfied. He boomed the mine in Aspen at a rate that made him the talk of the country. He established a bank there and built one of the finest mansions in the west as a home for himself and family. He raised the place from the level of a mining camp to a city of 10,000 inhabitants. Then he went to Manitou and died almost as much for that town. He entertained in princely style and was held up as a model citizen throughout Colorado.

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JOHN F. WILCOX.

LARS ANDERSON'S PRIZE.

Be Captured the Affections of a \$17,000,000 Heiress.

Miss Isabelle Perkins of Boston, the announcement of whose coming marriage to Mr. Lars Anderson of Cincinnati has recently been made, is one of the richest girls in America and has a fortune of more than \$17,000,000 in her own right. She is also heir apparent to



MISS ISABELLE PERKINS.

her mother's fortune of about \$20,000,000. Her father is Commodore George H. Perkins, U. S. N., retired.

In September, 1895, Miss Perkins went abroad under the protecting wing of Mrs. Maude Howe Elliott, daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Mrs. Elliott was to chaperone Miss Perkins during a three years' trip abroad, the young lady's mother being an invalid and unable to accompany her. As it was understood that Mrs. Elliott gave her services as chaperon for a consideration the establishing of this new profession attracted some attention.

If it was the intention of Mrs. Elliott to show her young charge the sights of European capitals and bring her back hand and fancy free she has not made a great success of the chaperone business, for almost the first thing Miss Perkins did after going abroad was to fall in love.

The first winter was spent in Rome, where Mrs. Elliott's husband has a studio. There Miss Perkins met Mr. Anderson, who was secretary of the American legation in the Eternal City. They became engaged and at the end of one year, instead of three, Miss Perkins returned home and obtained the consent of her parents to the match. The date of the marriage was set for about two months ago on the supposition that Mr. Anderson could leave his post. His resignation was delayed because of the change in the administration, so the ceremony was postponed until June 15. Miss Perkins is a petite brunette and inherited her fortune from her grandfather.

Mrs. Elliott is at liberty just now as a professional chaperon and probably hopes that her next charge will not be in such a hurry to marry.

SUCCEEDS SENATOR EARLE.

Political Career of John L. McLaurin, Senator Tillman's Colleague.

John Lowndes McLaurin, the new senator from South Carolina, is a member of a family of old time southern politicians, and his name has long been a prominent one in his native state. He is only 37 years old, but he has already had quite an extensive political career.

Mr. McLaurin was born in Marlboro county, S. C., and after attending various schools and academies he studied law at the University of Virginia. At the age of 22 he was admitted to the bar and began to practice his profession in Bennettsville. He soon took a high rank at the bar, for his eloquence attracted much attention. He was an early recruit to the Tillman reform movement, and when the latter was elected governor he made a canvass of the state in his behalf. In 1890 Mr. McLaurin was elected a member of the state legislature by a large majority. A year later he was elected attorney general of the



JOHN LOWNDES MCLAURIN.

state and served for two terms, being one of the youngest men who ever filled the office.

Then Mr. McLaurin was sent to congress, where he made a good record. He served as a member of the Fifty-second, Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth congresses and was re-elected as a member of the Fifty-fifth. In congress he has always been an enthusiastic champion of free silver, but on local issues he and Senator Tillman, who was at one time his strongest supporter and who considered McLaurin as his most trusted lieutenant, have often differed.

Senator McLaurin is one of the best looking men in the august body of which he has just become a member. He is tall, straight and of athletic build. He is considerable of an athlete. In fact, he has been ever since his schoolboy days. His education was somewhat interfered with by his fondness for athletics, and at one Quaker school near Philadelphia he is said to have given a professor who undertook to punish him a severe thrashing. The professor went to bed and the athletic young southerner was expelled.

A YEARLY PILGRIMAGE.

The Bascoms and the Spot That Was All Their Own.

It was the day for the annual journey of the Bascoms. At daylight they started from their Harlem flat—father, mother, two sons and three daughters—carrying with them a complete camping outfit. After crossing the river to Long Island City they rode 93 miles in the train. Then they hired a farmer's wagon, which took them 12 miles farther into the interior of the island. The road ended here. So the Bascoms continued their journey over hills and through swamps on foot till night came, when they put up their tents, crept in to them and slept. Next morning the journey was continued. At noon the party reached the top of a hill and Bascom uttered a cry of joy.

"I recognize that tree," he cried.

"We must be in sight of it." Lifting his fieldglasses to his eyes, he leveled them at the great stretch of swamp which began at the bottom of the hill.

"Alas!" he exclaimed, dropping the glasses. "We can't see it. Rain has fallen, and it is covered with water. We must wait till tomorrow."

They camped on the hill till next morning. At sunrise Bascom again brought his glasses to bear on the swamp. This time he was rewarded.

"I see it!" he shouted. "The sheet I hung on the pole last year is waving just above the water. Look, wife! Look, children! There is our corner lot. The pole is just in the middle of it."

There were screams of pleasure, and each took a turn at the glasses. Then Bascom turned to his family and said, in a tone that quivered with emotion: "I bought that suburban corner lot for my little ones. I may never enjoy it, but one day you may have your home here—when the water goes away or when a hill grows up. Then think of me."

Silently, with full hearts, the party started back for the Harlem flat.—New York Sunday Journal.

An Artful Photographer.



Photographer—I saw you at church last Sunday.

Miss Skeate—Oh, you did! Photographer—Yes, and also your friend, Miss Brown. (If you could raise your chin a trifle. Thanks.) And what an atrocious looking hat she had on. (After a pause.) There, Miss Skeate, it is over, and I think we have caught a very pleasant expression.—Punch.

Held Her Own.

"I have never seen your daughter," said the visitor, "but I have heard that she is very beautiful. Of course she gets her beauty from you."

The hostess glanced reflectively in the mirror opposite. "No, I think I am still holding on to my own."—Pick Me Up.

A Rare Chance.

Waiter—Very sorry, sah, but we haven't any veal. Veal is mighty scarce dis time of year, an we haven't had no veal for a week. Can I bring you anything else, sah?

Guest (hastily)—Yes, double order of chicken salad.—New York Weekly.

Rising to Emergencies.

First Thespian—Is your manager quite ready for the performance of that difficult piece he has advertised?

Second Thespian—Certainly. All the difficult parts have been stricken out.—Fliegende Blätter.

During the Fight.

Dr. Thirdly—Why don't you separate them?

Moriarty (surprised)—Phwat for? Me bye on top!—New York Journal.

It Must Be.

Laura—Have you read that new story, "They That Sit in the Dark?"

Flora—No. It's a love story, isn't it?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

As the Doctor Sees It.

Now the busy, busy doctor Gives his whiskers to the breezes, Speeding briskly through the byways Where the patient chokes and sneezes.

Now he glows as vagrant sunbeams Shake the dew with soft impacture, And the day is gently breaking In a comminuted fracture.

And he chuckles as he watches Brooklyn's leaping mad and merry, Every crystal shaking promise Of afflictions pulmonary.

Slender youths festoon the branches Where the cherry red and warm is, And in noble thought he severs An appendix vermiformis.

Little nests among the tree tops, Dewy ferns in rocky station, Bear themselves as silent pledges Of a future dislocation.

All day long the sweaty wheelmen Pass him by in each direction, While he shakes through all his being, Chattering, "Cardiac affection!"

Thus he ponders, pleased and perky, Where the zephyr in its flight is Spilling wine in checks of roses, Also helping on neuritis.

All day long so fits his fancy Till the dusk blows under the aster And the sun is slowly setting, In a bed of splints and plaster.

—Edwin Coullidge in San Francisco Examiner.

LIVES WITH THE INDIANS.

Miss Crawford Is the Advance Agent of Civilization to the Kiowas.

Mainly through the efforts of Miss Isabelle Crawford, a young missionary, the Kiowa Indians are gradually becoming civilized. They have advanced so far that the tribe is soon to hold a great Christian camp meeting, when those who have already been converted will promulgate the new doctrine among the unregenerate. The Kiowas live in the western part of Oklahoma, and the only missionary among them is Miss Crawford. She is the daughter of a Canadian college professor, and for 14



MISS ISABELLE CRAWFORD.

years has devoted her life to one long effort to better the condition of the Indians.

Miss Crawford soon found that the only way she could reach the savages was to go right among them, live as they lived and gain their confidence.

That is exactly what she has done. Saddle Mountain, where she has her missionary school, is 77 miles from a railroad and 57 miles from a postoffice. The nearest whites are 25 miles away. There, in the midst of the Indian village, she has her little cabin, which serves as schoolroom, chapel, kitchen and sitting room, and which must be shared with any Indian family, no matter how large, which happens to claim her hospitality. Her scant supply of food, too, must be shared on such occasions.

But this during young missionary lives in comparative comfort when at headquarters, as she calls her cabin, to what she does when she is traveling among the scattered camps. Then she shares the tepees of the Indian women and often sleeps under the same shelter with a whole big family. She lives on the coarsest and plainest food and is glad when she has enough of that. Besides doing her own housekeeping work she must cut her own firewood and haul her water, for the Indian bucks make their squaws do all such work.

But she has taught the Indians to plow and plant and harvest and has encouraged them to something approaching industry. She has taught the squaws to use stoves and to cook food properly as well as how to take care of their children and their humble homes in a somewhat civilized manner.

For Broker Chapman, Perhaps.

"You want to take charge of my culinary department?" said the hotel manager. "Yes, sir."

"Have you ever prepared dinners for people of wealth and refinement?"

"I should say I have. Why, I used to be the chef in the District of Columbia jail."—Washington Star.

A Winner Just the Same.

"Didn't you say that the former Miss Dashaway was defeated in her campaign for mayor?"

"I did."

"Then how do you figure out that she rules the town?"

"She married her successful opponent."—Philadelphia North American.

A Boomerang.

"This," said she with proper coyness, "is so sudden and unexpected."

"Do you mean to tell me," said he, surprised out of his usual aplomb and savoir faire, "that this is the first proposal you have ever received? And at your age too?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Full Measure.

La Touche—There's a new baby over at Swigg's house. He told me this morning it was so small that he could put it inside a quart cup.

Golgightly—If it takes after Swigg's, it'll soon be able to put itself outside a gallon.—New York Press.

What Ailed Her.

Jinks (at a party)—I don't see what the matter with that pretty woman over there. She was awfully flirty a little while ago, and now she won't have anything to do with me.

Stranger—I have just come in. She's my wife.—Yellow Kid.

Out of Date.

"Cinderella's story is out of date, mamma. Please don't read that."

"Why, I like it myself, James, and see how old I am."

"Yes, but just think—she didn't ask for a wheel to go to the ball on."—Princeton Tiger.

Deceitful Sounds.

"Poor chap! Bright young fellow, but a hopeless idiot, I judge, from his talk."

"No, indeed. He's merely quoting a little passage from the latest Scotch novel."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Proof Positive.

Maud—Are you sure that you love me?

Claude—How can you doubt it when two nights a week I give up riding my wheel to call on you?—New York Journal.

Paradoxical.

Crimsonback—There's one thing that's pretty hard to understand.

Yeast—And what's that?

"How a man blind drunk can see double."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Christian Maiden.

I kissed her lightly on the cheek.

Her face blazed up, as I could see. I thought in sooth terms she'd speak.

She turned the other cheek to me!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



RUDOLPH LEFFELDT.

money. It was sent to him and he returned it. He persisted in refusing to accept a cent for services which he had not performed, thus establishing a case for which there is no precedent.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Leffeldt could very well afford to refuse the money, for he is worth over \$200,000. He has made most of it in sheep raising. He was born in Germany 83 years ago and first settled in Iowa in 1870. He took up farming and made a specialty of sheep raising. He has a big sheep ranch in Montana, but stops his live stock in Iowa and fattens them on corn before sending them to the Chicago market, where they bring high edged prices. Mr. Leffeldt has been married three times and when nearly 80 years of age became the father of a pretty little girl who is the pride of his declining years.

Novel Picture Frame.

Ernest White of West Chester, Pa., has a small picture frame made of 2,200 separate pieces of wood that lock into one another. It was made by hand.

THE NEW JOURNALISM.

Extracts From the Diary of Its Very Talented War Correspondent.

Monday.—Called at the Turkish camp and had a long talk with Edhem Pasha, the commander. We have Edhem all right, all right. He will contribute to our paper exclusively during the campaign. Will allow us to publish his plans of action as soon as decided upon. Ed's salary is in arrears, and he will work cheap.

Tuesday.—Ran over to the Grecian camp and made arrangements with Prince George to become a special correspondent of our paper. George was easy meat. He has no money to burn and is delighted to get the job.

Wednesday.—Met a leading Cretan patriot—name omitted for want of space. Took (quick) lunch with him. Patriot very glad to write exclusively for our paper. Will furnish an article at once on "Why We Don't Wear Trousers."

Thursday.—Saw Admiral Canavaro. He beamed with joy at the invitation to address the public twice a week through our columns for a consideration. His first article will be "Why I Think We Could Beat the Greek Navy."

Friday.—Called on the king of Greece. Cordially received. Of course he will write for us exclusively. Jumped at the chance. The king needs every dollar he can get.

Saturday.—Interviewed the sultan. Cold and indifferent. Wouldn't introduce me to the harem. Not enthusiastic about going into journalism. Doesn't get wild with joy every time he sees his name in print. Admits that he needs money, but never lets that worry him. We'll land him yet, but it may take time.—William E. McKenna in Truth.

Explaining It.

"You are accused of holding up this man," said the judge sternly.

"Yes, sir, I know," explained the talkative prisoner glibly. "But, you see, it was this way. I came around the corner and upon him suddenly that night, and somehow he seemed to get real weak kneed right away. Acted like he was going to fall. Wasn't but one thing for me to do, was there? So I held him up till!"

But the next case had been called.—New York Sunday Journal.

Understood Both.

Indulgent Father—My son, your education has cost me \$20,000. I have spent all I have, and you must now go right to work and earn a living at something, you understand.

Finished Son (Harvard, '96)—Well, father, which would you rather have me be, a baseball pitcher or a billiard marker?—New York Weekly.

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"Have you ever prepared dinners for people of wealth and refinement?"

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Dece

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JUNE, 1897.

President Bryant of the City Council should inform the public just what causes his continual opposition to the many requests of the Quincy and Boston street railway company. We believe, with others, that Mr. Bryant has a personal reason for opposing the street railway, but he should not take advantage of his position to urge his own policy upon the Council. The railroad is represented by men as keen and clever as Councilman Bryant assumes to be, and it will be much better for all concerned when the railway management is treated in a more fair way by the Council.

The marriage this week of a young Boston lady to the former secretary of the American legation at Rome, was of more than passing interest from the fact that the young woman possesses in her own right \$20,000,000, which sum will be upon the death of her parents, augmented by a like amount. The nucleus of this immense fortune was made in the East Indian trade. It is, perhaps, not unreasonable to believe that such an immense sum, held by a single individual, is one potent cause for the continual uneasiness of the masses, who, though acknowledging the right under the fortuitous conditions of years ago, to amass part of this fortune, contend with much justness that the inequality which their deplorable condition and this wealth so aptly demonstrates should have no place in the social status of today.

The recent death of Mr. Charles H. Andrews of the Boston Herald, brings to mind the highly successful career of a man who had begun his newspaper services at the "case." He became subsequently reporter, editor, and at the age of 36 part owner of the staid and substantial Herald. His death also draws attention to the admirable policy of the Herald management. The success of the paper was possible only by the hardest and most clever work, but dominating every act was the feeling that one's self was to be subordinated by the great vehicle of news, —the Herald was to be made quite impersonal, and every attempt to make it otherwise was discouraged. The Herald as an entirety, and not any individual, was what addressed the best constituency in New England. Mr. Andrews, although he attained such high place, was hardly known to the outside world, and many were undoubtedly surprised to learn that this quiet, unostentatious gentleman was one of four, who, within the memory of this generation have conducted the authoritative and influential Boston Herald.

THE VICTORIAN JUBILEE.

The coming jubilee in honor of the British sovereign will hardly stand for much if only the customary pleasantries pass between sovereign and people; if no attempt is made by Victoria and her ministers to bring about a happy and settled condition of the whole people of the empire.

Her Majesty has at all times been partial in her bestowment of favors, and in this course she has had the co-operation of a goodly portion of the constitutional government. Her sympathies and her bounties are without measure or stint for the people of England, Scotland and Wales, but for the people of Ireland she has at all times given proof of a strong hatred. It is unfortunate that this feeling should extend to the point of affecting governmental treatment of Ireland, but that it does is one of the lamentable facts of the day.

Ireland stands much in need of better and more humane government, and if Her Majesty wishes to leave at least one worthy act to stand against the criticism of her reign that will surely follow her demise, she should implore her government to make some amends for the many wrongs imposed upon the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle.

The extreme vindictiveness of English policy toward Ireland should be softened; some act, in which Victoria might take the initiative, should be promulgated for the assuagement of the condition of the Irish people.

POPE LEO'S POEM.

Pope Leo XIII has written a Latin poem, which has been translated into English verse by Andrew Lang, the famous scholar. The translation was at the instance of the New York World, which paper controlled the publication of the verses in this country. The translator in his prefatory note, says:

"The Pope's poem in praise of frugality is on the model of the Epistles of Horace. From the reference to coffee he seems to have modern manners in his mind, but the 'banquet of greed' reflects the intemperance of ancient Rome. The translation is necessarily in the manner of the eighteenth century."

SHUN GREED;

BE CONTENT WITH SPARSE AND FRUGAL FARE:

An Epistle To Fabricius Rufus.

I.
What diet lends the strength to life and frees
The flower of health from each malign disease
The good Ofellus, pupil from old
And follower of Hippocrates, has told.
Rating base gluttony with anxious air,
He thus laid down the laws of frugal fare:

Neatness comes first. Be thy spare table bright
With shining dishes and with napkins white.
Be thy Chianti unadulterate,
To cheer the heart and raise the spirit's weight.

Yet trust not much the rosy god; in fine,
Be sure that you put water to your wine.
Picked be thy grain and pure thy home-made bread.

Thy meats be delicate and dairy fed.
Tender nor highly spiced thy food; nor tease
Thy taste with sauces from Egean seas.
Fresh be thine eggs—hard boiled or nearly raw,
Or deftly poached or simply served au plat.
"There's wit in poaching eggs," the proverb says,
And you may do them in a hundred ways.

iii.
Nor shun the bowl of foaming milk that feeds
The infant and may serve the senior's needs.
Next on the board be Heaven's gift, honey, placed.

And sparing of Hyblæan nectar taste.
Pulses and salads on thy guests bestow—
Even in suburban gardens salads grow.
Add chosen fruits—whatever the times afford.

Let rose-red apples crown the rustic board.
Last comes the beverage of the Orient shore—
Mocha, far off, the fragrant berries bore.
Taste the dark fluid with a dainty lip;
Digestion waits on pleasure as you sip.

iv.
Such are my precepts for a diet sage
That leads the safely to a green old age.
But wise Ofellus still would sagely say,
The path of greed lies quite the other way.
That cruel, shameless siren only cares
To trap men's feet and spread her shining snares.

These are her arts: to bid the table shine
With varied ornament and purple fine.
Embroidered napkins impudently glow;
The cups are ordered in a gleaming row;
Goblets and beakers, bronze, and silver plate.

And fragrant flowers the table decorate.
With these and seeming hospitable word
She draws her guests incantations to the board:
On couches bids the languid limbs recline,
And brings forth beakers of her choicest wine.

What Chian vineyards or Falernian yield,
And juices of the Amyclæan field,
With such liqueurs as anxious art distills;
From various juices dainty cups she fills.
In rivalry greed devour the juicy cates,
And guest with guest in drinking emulates.
In oil and spice a boar Lucanian swims;
Geese lend their livers, hares their tender limbs.

Midst ortolans and doves as white as snow,
Flesh mixed with fish and clams with oysters show.

The mighty plate a huge murena fills;
Swimming, attended by a shoal of squills.
The gaping guests adore and, feeding fine,
Feast to disgust and soak themselves in wine.

Then, blown with wine and food and angry all
Arise and fight like furies in the hall.
Of sticcuffs they take their eager life;
At last, with wine and meat overcome, are still.

v.
Greed laughs triumphant in her cruel glee
And drowns her guests like sailors in the sea;
Fell indigestion now her work begins;
The liver finds the sinners in their sins;
Languid, perspiring, tortured, tumid, they,
With limbs that totter take their devious way.

With tongues that stammer and with faces pale,
But greed would yet more potently prevail;
The broken, battered body is her own—
What if the soul herself were overthrown,
And bound to earth in greed's unholy snare!
That we inherit of diviner air.

Then, if it might, the flood of greed would roll
E'en o'er the embers of the immortal soul!

EDWARD J. PARKER,

LAWYER,

WILSON BUILDING,

QUINCY.

DRAFTS on IRELAND.

Passage Tickets

to and from the

OLD COUNTRY

for sale by

JOHN O. HOLDEN,

154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

PERSONAL—IMPERSONAL.

The Hospital fete will be held in early summer this year.

Rev. F. A. Friguglietti intends to visit Europe this summer.

The division of Hibernians recently organized in this city, now meets in Doble's hall.

Maurice P. Spillane, one of our young lawyers, has opened an evening office in the Savings Bank building.

Mr. John Lyons of Quincy avenue, who has been sick with typhoid fever since the first of May, is, we are pleased to say, convalescing.

The Redemptorists are with us again, and have conducted successful missions at South Braintree, Atlantic and West Quincy. The mission will open in St. John's church, Sunday, June 13.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Dinegan have the sympathy of the parish in the loss of their only son, John W., at the age of 10 years, 4 months and 2 days. The little fellow was a favorite, and his death is a great blow to the parents.

The graduating class of the Quincy High school numbers thirty-five members this year, and the business class thirty-two members. The graduating exercises will be held on Wednesday evening, June 23, in the school hall.

The St. John's society is indebted to the Ladies' Charitable society of West Quincy for the help given in disposing of tickets. The members of the society are all willing to show their appreciation by helping the Charitable society in any of its benevolences.

Mr. W. G. Spear, the curator of the Quincy Historical society, tenders THE MONITOR the compliment of an invitation to send a representative to inspect the John Adams cottage on June 17. The invitation will be accepted with pleasure, and we return our thanks to Mr. Spear and the Historical society.

Irish-Americans are much in evidence as public prosecutors these days. John D. McLaughlin and Michael J. Sughrue are assistant district attorneys for Suffolk county, and John H. Casey is United States assistant district attorney. They are all clever men, and can be depended upon to present their side of a case with comprehensiveness and vigor.

The minstrel show given by the St. John's society on the 19th and 20th of May was very successful, and considering the merit of the performance it was a mistake that another evening was not given that all might have an opportunity to be present. On the last evening the hall was most uncomfortably crowded, and many persons were turned away, unable to gain admittance.

Quincy council, Knights of Columbus, will hold its third degree on the evening of Wednesday, June 16, in St. Mary's hall, West Quincy. Quite a number of candidates await the conferring of the degree. At the completion of the work a banquet will be given. Visitors will be present from Brockton, Stoughton, Randolph, Rockland, Milton and Boston. At the first meeting in June the State deputy, Edward L. Hearn, of South Framingham, visited the council, and made an interesting talk on the work of the order.

The bill creating the archbishop of Boston a corporation sole was lately passed by both branches of the State legislature. This bill, which has provoked considerable discussion, was simply a measure safeguarding the interests of the whole Catholic people in the immense property hitherto held by the archbishop in trust. The bill prevents the contingency of a claim by relatives or others upon the property securing it for those alone who have created it. The archbishop must now make returns to the State government, as corporations are bound to do.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Texas, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

On Saturday, June 12, two priests will be ordained for the archdiocese, at the Cathedral in Boston.

During the past week silver jubilee services were celebrated by Rev. Jeremiah J. Millerick of Wakefield and by Rev. John W. McMahon, D. D., of Charlestown.

The mission which began in this parish on Sunday, May 23, will close at St. John's church, on Sunday June 27. In the meantime on the feast of St. John Baptist, June 24, the sacrament of Confirmation will be administered by Bishop Brady.

Mr. Henry Austin Adams, who a few years ago left the Episcopal church and became a Catholic, and who has since lectured in many cities, has been engaged as editor of Donahoe's Magazine, Boston. Mr. Adams is as able a writer as he is a lecturer.

At the Cathedral of Baltimore, on Sunday May 17, Right Rev. Edward P. Allen, for ten years president of St. Mary's college, Emmittsburg, Md., was consecrated Bishop of Mobile, Ala. Bishop Allen was for many years a zealous priest of the Boston archdiocese.

Archbishop William is, at present, in Rome where he has gone to make his *ad limina* visit to the Pope. A law of the Church requires every bishop to make such visit once in ten years. The archbishop is accompanied by Mgr. Maginnis of Jamaica Plain and by Fr. Rossi of Brighton.

In the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Roxbury, June 6, the Very Rev. Joseph M. Schwarz, C. SS. R., consultant-general and visitor for the Redemptorist order in the United States, celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. Fr. Schwarz was born in New Orleans, Aug. 1, 1849. He entered the Redemptorist order in 1867, and made his profession of that order on Oct. 15, 1872. Services were held both morning and evening. There was a large attendance. Sacrosanct jubilee mass was celebrated at 10.30 o'clock by Fr. Schwarz.

At the fourth day's session of the Supreme Council Catholic Knights of America, Archbishop Gross announced that he had received a cablegram from Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Propaganda, who, in the name of the Pope, expressed the good wishes of the Holy Father and imparted his apostolic benediction. The council went into committee of the whole and the morning session was taken up by the consideration of the report of the law committee. An amendment to raise the examining fee to \$3 was lost. An amendment relative to the setting apart of 5 per cent. of each assessment collected for the sinking fund and authorizing that such deduction shall cease after the assessment call for June 15, 1897, was adopted. The time which a member can be in arrears for dues was extended from three months to six months.

MR. TERRENCE KEENAN.

Mr. Terrence Keenan, for almost a half century a resident of Quincy, died on Wednesday morning, June 9, at his home on South street. Mr. Keenan had been sick for only three weeks, and his death was a great surprise to many. The deceased was born in Ireland 57 years ago.

He leaves a widow, two sons, John J. and William H., and one daughter, Miss Annie S.

The funeral was held on Friday morning from St. John's church, and the burial was at West Quincy.

MRS. ALICE MUNDY.

Quincy has lost another old and respected resident in Mrs. Alice Mundy, widow of Mr. Hugh P. Mundy, who died on May 27, in her 88th year.

Mrs. Mundy was born in Ireland, but had lived here for over fifty years, much of the time in the Point district, but lately on Goffe street.

Mrs. Mundy was happy in her domestic life, being administered to by a fond family. All of her family, now grown to manhood and womanhood, were at her bedside in her last moments, being summoned in many cases from distant parts.

The obsequies were attended by many of the parishioners of St. John's, and the mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Francis, Rev. Fr. Scully of Cambridgeport, and Rev. Fr. Riordan. Within the sanctuary were many clergymen, among the number being Rev. John F. Mundy, a son of the deceased.

The interment was at West Quincy.

Frank S. Patch has a few words to say concerning coal. Remember him when you are getting your coal for the winter.

Fine Teas and Coffees at Walker & Colpitts, Hancock street.

—It is said that on the third rail electric system a man may walk on the third rail with impunity, but he will be electrocuted if he touches one of the other rails at the same time. Under the circumstances, the walking could hardly be pronounced good.
—Beverly Citizen.

A. J. RICHARDS & SONS,

Quincy Grain Store.

ALL KINDS

GRAIN, HAY and STRAW,
BRICK, LIME and CEMENT,
DRAIN PIPE, Etc.

Prices are the Lowest in the City.

Our Specialty is Flour:

Washburn and Crosby,
Imperial Duluth,
Gold Heart.

In Quality and Price we invite Competition. Try them.

DRUGS FOR SALE.

YOU can get any thing you want in the Drug Line and at cut prices at Durgin's Drug Store.

Our Ice Cream Soda will be kept at that high standard which has made it famous.

Baker's Chocolates and Bon Bons always in stock.

DURGIN'S DRUG STORE,

DURGIN & MERRILL'S BLOCK, QUINCY.

Company Coming,



and still the vexed question of the day remains unanswered—"WHAT SHALL we have for dinner?"

Well, Madam, we sympathize with you, for we know that the task of finding 365 correct answers to that conundrum every year is indeed a heavy one.

Nevertheless, there must be SOME answer given, always; and if you feel "cornered," perhaps you'd better let us help you out.

Come into our store and look around for a minute or two.

Very likely your eye will be attracted by something that you wouldn't otherwise have thought of.

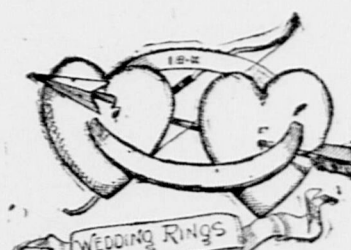
Or perhaps we can suggest something—we're obliged to keep run of all the new things in the market, you know.

And what we don't keep isn't worth having. In the matter of canned goods, nothing is more deceiving than the label on the can.

We don't bother about labels. What we consider is quality—and our customers get the benefit.

Speaking of Canned Goods, as you probably know, in some of the hot states of our country, very little fresh meats are used owing to high prices of ice and the difficulty in keeping fresh without, but the fact that good, wholesome meat can be had in cans at a reasonable price, makes the want hardly felt. We have Corned Beef, Roast Beef and Ham, Whole Ox Tongue, Pressed Chicken and Turkey, Deviled Ham, Salmon and Lobster, and many other varieties. Wouldn't it be a good idea to make up a little order to have in the house against a time of need?

J. F. MERRILL, BOSTON BRANCH CROCERY.



Every Wedding Ring

bought of us is exactly what it is stamped. Prices as low as any.

For Wedding Presents

you will find a fine assortment of Silver Ware in choice modern designs, and a line of Mantel and other clocks that would be a credit to many a Boston establishment.

Williams' Jewelry Store, LARGEST IN QUINCY, 104 Hancock Street.

Stoves Stoves

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

READY-MIXED

7 ply 3-4 HOSE, 12

J. M. FITZ-GERALD

16 and 18 Hancock Street, Quincy, Mass.

Straw Hats & Straw

We have just opened 75 Boys' and Children's Straw Hats. We are selling them at all prices, 50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00. All new styles and this season's.

Our line of Men's, Boys' and Children's CLOTHING.

We Will Close at the Lowest Prices. COMPLETE LINE OF SUMMER CLOTHING.

C. F. DER

Savings Bank Building, Quincy.

Honest Furniture At Grateful Prices



that lasts for years and gives a constant, grateful, the knowing buyer. Isn't this worth considering, think of buying furniture.

Henry L. Kincaide & Co., Reliable, Low House.

HANCOCK STREET, QUINCY.

Do You Know How The Price of Butter

Better Butter is made in May and June than at any other time of the year. We can buy lower now than we have been able to for a long time. Give consumers the advantage of a low market. Nothing better is made than—

FRANKLIN COUNTY CREAMERY

5 lb. boxes, \$1.20. 10 lb. tubs

Our Meadow Brook Creamery is first

5 lb. boxes, 95c. 10 lbs.

We would like to have you compare these goods and prices elsewhere, and should be pleased to receive orders before the

L. M. PRATT & SONS

25 School Street. 99 Water



PIANOS

By FRANK L. MERRILL, EXPERT PIANO REPAIRER. Boston experience. Boston Piano Rooms, 123 North Street, Quincy. Quincy Jewelry Store, \$2.50; Grand Best of refer

SWITHIN BROS., REAL ESTATE.

Having opened a Real Estate office in Durgin & Merrill's Block, we are prepared to show plans and give prices on some of the finest house lots offered for sale in this city in recent years. These lots are embraced in the following tracts of land:

President's Hill,
Cranch Hill,
Dell Estate,
WEST QUINCY,
Hillside Terrace,
GROVE STREET,
Wollaston,
BATES AVENUE.

Will be on land at President's Hill every afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring lots or any information on the above properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin & Merrill's Block.

Stoves Stored. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. READY-MIXED PAINTS.

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16 and 18 Hancock Street, - - - Quincy.
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Straw Hats Straw Hats

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We are selling them at all prices, 25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

All new styles and this season's goods.

Our line of
Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing

We Will Close at the Lowest Prices.

COMPLETE LINE OF SUMMER GOODS.

C. F. DERBY,
Savings Bank Building, Quincy, Mass.

Honest Furniture At Grateful Prices.



It's easy to float with the tide, but it takes brawn to pull against it. It's easy to buy the "FALL TO PIECES KIND" of furniture that's built for bargain sales, but it's the cautious, thinking buyers that soon learn where honest values may be found.

Furniture that you buy from us today is the solid, substantial sort that lasts for years and gives a constant, grateful comfort to the knowing buyer. Isn't this worth considering when you think of buying furniture.

Henry L. Kincaide & Co., Reliable, Low Priced House Furnishers,
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Do You Know How Low The Price of Butter Is?

Better Butter is made in May and June than at any other time of year. We can buy lower now than we have been able to for a long time, and WE always give consumers the advantage of a low market. Nothing better is made than—

FRANKLIN COUNTY CREAMERY at 25c. lb.
5 lb. boxes, \$1.20. 10 lb. tubs, \$2.30.

Our Meadow Brook Creamery is fine at 20 cts. lb.
5 lb. boxes, 95c. 10 lbs. tubs, \$1.85.

We would like to have you compare these goods and prices with what you are paying elsewhere, and should be pleased to receive orders before the price advances.

L. M. PRATT & CO.

25 School Street. 99 Water Street.



PIANOS TUNED

By FRANK A. LOCKE.
EXPERT PIANO AND ORGAN TUNER and REPAIRER. 24 years' practical experience. Boston office, Hallett & Davis Piano Rooms, 179 Tremont street, near Boylston street. Quincy office at J. O. Holden's Jewelry Store. Squares, \$2.00; Uprights, \$2.50; Grands, \$3.00. All work guaranteed. Best of references.

PROTESTANTISM.

The Schism the Sequence of
a Carnal Spirit.

The Story of the Causes That Led Luther and Henry VIII to Break Away From the Church—The Frailty of Man Again Shown—Henry Puts Away Catherine and Denies the Indissolubility of Marriage—Luther Breaks His Solemn Vow of Perpetual Chastity.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MONITOR.]

The course of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was marked by fierce struggles between the supremacy of the spiritual and that of the temporal world. These conflicts were especially bitter in France which country, in order to accumulate to itself the disposition of all power, strove with an inconquerable determination to bring within the scope of its authority the very sceptre of the Papacy itself. The results of these hostilities were manifested in two very important adventures of the Church; the Babylonian captivity and the Great Schism of the West. The first of these persecutions was the transferring of the Holy See from Rome to Avignon, where like the Israelites of old, the people of God spent seventy years in virtual captivity to a hostile government. From 1305 until 1378, the sovereign pontiffs were captives under the eye of the French kings, at Avignon. The other great adventure to which the Church was then subjected, consisted in the confusion arising from the adverse claims of various claimants to the papal chair whence arose a sort of schism in the Church, lasting from the accession of Urban VI. in 1378, until the election of Martin V in 1417. One of the most unfortunate results of these dangerous afflictions was the germ which was then first sown and which was later to yield so great a part not only in opposition of Protestant sectaries but especially in the obstinacy of the French Jansenists, and the leaders of the Gallican doctrines generally. This germ was the doctrine, then disseminated by the adherents of French political power, to the effect that in cases of disagreement from papal decisions it might be of right to appeal to a future council. This doctrine, opposed as it was to the very constitution and nature of the Church was combatted with every effort of her suffering existence, nor did its adherents finally give up until the Church after centuries of persecution and warfare had declared the inviolable supremacy and infallibility of her divinely constituted head.

It was scarcely fifty years after the ending of the great schism of the west when a spirit came into the world who was destined to effect enormous changes in the whole ecclesiastical life of Christendom. At Eisleben, in Germany, in the year 1483, was born Martin Luther, the founder of Protestantism. He was the child of poor parents, so poor indeed that the young Martin, in order to obtain for himself the benefits of an education was obliged to go from door to door seeking out a few pence wherewith to purchase books. His fine voice and knowledge of music, both vocal and instrumental, made him a favorite at the school of Eisenach; it was well if the amiable qualities of early life had continued to influence his behavior in the years of mature manhood. At the age of twenty-three he received the degree of Master of Philosophy which was but the proper recognition of a mind naturally subtle and, moreover, refined by deep and incessant study.

The disposition of Luther was not by nature inclined toward the monastic life; in fact, he afterwards affirmed that he had embraced the habit rather contrary to his inclinations. He was walking, one day, in company with a friend, when a sudden storm arose. A thunderbolt fell upon them and striking his companion killed him upon the spot. The sudden fatality produced so deep an impression upon the heart of Luther that he became an Augustinian friar and was ordained priest, in 1506. In the year 1510, the Reformer undertook a pilgrimage to Rome, making the whole journey of twelve hundred miles, on foot. Arriving in sight of the Eternal City, he fell upon knees, crying out: "Hail, holy Rome, thrice sanctified by the blood of martyrs!" It was not long before he should again salute that city with every epithet of scorn and indignation.

The cause that led to the final defection of Luther was of itself insignificant in the extreme; yet it served as a spark to enkindle a gigantic conflagration. The illustrious Pontiff, Leo X, had set his heart upon the completion of the great basilica of St. Peter, in Rome. It was a part of his design to make this temple as nearly worthy of the Divine Presence, as human efforts might afford. To effect

this required immense sums of money which as it was to be devoted to the cause of religious devotion should naturally be gathered up through the aid of religious exercises. To contribute to such work was in itself a pious work and as such might receive from the Church a certain value if performed with the proper dispositions. The Holy Father therefore proclaimed an indulgence to all contributors to the building of Saint Peter's. To gain such indulgence, however, it was not sufficient to give the required alms; it was necessary above and beyond this, that the participant should first be free from all sin and have made a resolution never to sin again, as no indulgence can be gained without such conditions.

The Sovereign Pontiff confided the promulgation of this indulgence to the Cardinal Archbishop of Mayence, who, in turn, commissioned one John Tetzel, a Dominican friar, to preach the same throughout the churches. Hereupon a spirit of jealousy was excited in the breast of the Augustinian prior, to whose order this commission had heretofore been granted, and learning that the authorized preachers had permitted some abuses in regard to the subject of their discourses, he commissioned the young monk, Martin Luther, to combat the same. Luther, however, growing warm in the exercise of his work, overstepped the bounds of his commission, and from combating the abuses of indulgences, he soon fell to decrying indulgences themselves.

The war was, therefore, begun in real earnest. From one error Luther fast fell into others more hideous and more desolating. Finding himself disgraced with Rome, he determined to cut away from Rome altogether. He defied the authority of the Holy See, and burned the bulls sent him by the Holy Father. To crown all his extravagant career and as if to demonstrate the carnal origin of his whole rebellion, he dashed to pieces his sacred vow of chastity and married a consecrated nun.

The cry that had been thus raised in the depths of German forest, by the voice of a disaffected monk, spread with lightning rapidity throughout Germany. Princes and people, lured by prospect of unlimited license abandoned the fold of Christ and assumed the standard of the heresiarch. The new spirit spread into Switzerland and France, where diversity of place and multiplicity of leaders divided it into many distinct phases, all however coalescing in the one general object, to protest against the Church of Christ. Hence the name that has clung to them through three centuries.

In England, Protestantism took its rise from circumstances not less peculiar than those which stirred up religious rebellion in continental Europe. Henry VIII had, at one period of his life, so strenuously defended the Church against the aggressions of Luther that he merited to receive from the Holy Father the glorious title of "Defender of the Faith." The carnal disposition of the king, was however too dominant in his nature to allow him long to subserve the interest of a spiritual authority. He had married, with all knowledge of the indissolubility of the marriage tie, the young and beautiful Catherine of Aragon. His wedding had received the highest benedictions of the Church and nothing was wanting to insure its perpetual happiness but the fidelity of the royal groom himself. The affections of Henry were, however, soon estranged from his young wife when the charms of the more beautiful Anna Boleyn began to attract his attentions. His passion for the latter at length passed beyond the bounds of restraint and in an evil moment he formed the determination of ridding himself of Catherine and taking the more pleasing Anna as his wife. He applied to the reigning Pope, Clement VII, for a divorce, which the Holy Father refused most decidedly to grant, whereupon, the angry king rejected altogether the authority of the Holy See, proclaimed himself as head of the English Church, and, in defiance of ecclesiastical law dismissed Catherine of Aragon, making Anna Boleyn his wife.

From such strange beginnings did the Protestant church take its rise in England. Founded upon an unlawful marriage, it was sustained by the effusion of innocent blood. The wives of Henry VIII were companions, upon the scaffold, of many illustrious and noble men. The saintly Bishop Fisher and the learned Sir Thomas More gave to the English executions of those days somewhat of the lustre that glowed around the deaths of the old martyrs in the Colosseum of Rome, and the number and fortitude of those who followed them, both in England and in Ireland, under Henry VIII and Elizabeth, make the annals of the Christian church in those times read like a page of Christian history in the primitive days of the apostles.

REV. JOSEPH COOLIDGE SHAW.

The unveiling of the Shaw memorial on Memorial day recalls to the minds of many Bostonians the conversion to the Catholic church of Joseph Coolidge Shaw, son of Robert Gould Shaw, the uncle of Col. Shaw of Fort Wagner fame.

Fr. Shaw was one of the earliest benefactors of Boston college. At the time of his ordination his father gave him \$3,000. This, with the accrued interest, he left, at his death, to the college of the Society of Jesus, which his superiors had already determined to erect in his native city, and now known as Boston college. To this institution Fr. Shaw also gave his valuable library.

Young Shaw graduated from Harvard in the class of 1840. He went to Germany and studied at Heidelberg and Berlin. Traveling in Italy, he met Fr. Glover, an English Jesuit. After several interviews he became a Catholic. Returning to Boston, he entered the Harvard law school, but his mind had a religious trend all the while, and, with the full consent of his parents, he returned to Rome, where he entered the College of the Nobles.

After a three years' course of study there he returned to Boston and was ordained a priest by the venerable Bishop Fitzpatrick at the old cathedral on Franklin street. It was about this time that Dr. Webster, his former professor at Harvard, had been convicted of the murder of Dr. George Parkman, who was Fr. Shaw's own uncle. Fr. Shaw wishing, if possible, to do some good to the unfortunate man, called on him at the jail and used his best endeavors to bring him into the Catholic church.

Although ordained, Fr. Shaw had not finished his studies, and entered St. John's college at Fordham, N. Y., where he remained a year, and was admitted to the society of Jesus. He entered the novitiate at Frederick, Md., and at once became an example to his fellow-novices by his exemplary conduct. He died of quick consumption, March 10, 1851.

Col. Russell, the fire commissioner of Boston, is a nephew of Fr. Shaw. An oil painting of Fr. Shaw hangs on the wall of the Jesuit novitiate at Frederick, Md., the gift of his father.

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MEN MUST CONFESS.

ORDERED BY THE BIBLE AND URGED
BY THE CHURCH.

Strong Words of Instruction With Reference to One of the Church's Great Institutions—Confession Is an Act of Humility Glorious In Its Results.

Not long since the Rev. Father Delaney of New Orleans devoted himself to answering the query, "Why confess your sins to a priest?"

In the course of his convincing response to the inquiry Father Delaney said:

"I am perfectly aware what a great stumbling block and mountain it appears to our absent brethren to confess sins. Those who for the last 300 years have been separated from the holy Catholic church are afraid of this great act of humility, so difficult to perform, yet so easy when the will is given. The objections made against confession and the power of forgiving sins fall flat when compared with the great good accomplished and benefits arising from that sacred institution. The benefits are so great that the enemies of this sacrament and teachings of the church give praise and pronounce encomiums on this wise and holy institution.

"The purpose for which the Holy Ghost was given was for the remission of sins. The confession, with the absolution of sins, has been the means of sanctification of the frail, to make strong the weak and to encourage the faint of heart to follow Jesus Christ in determination and perseverance.

"The world may ask, Can a priest as 'man forgive sins? Christ has given to his pastors of his church 'the ministry of reconciliation.' They are also called 'the dispensers of the mysteries of God.' 'Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God,' and my dear friends, the ministry of reconciliation is for the benefit of sinners, to be reconciled to God, and atonement to Christ for their transgressions. Thus God in his mercy gave to his Divine Son all power in heaven and on earth for this purpose. And coming from heaven to establish the ways and means of reconciliation—in a word, help to reformation of lives—he gave the power, the Son of God, Christ, to his apostles and successors. 'Whatsoever you shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven' (Matthew xviii, 18). How many times during my priesthood have I been called to the deathbed of the dying Protestant and my administration asked for, but we do not hear of a Catholic calling for a Protestant minister to assist him in his passage to eternity. A priest does not forgive by his own power. No, that power is delegated from Christ, and the rules and laws must be complied with—proper disposition, true repentance. Priests do not give the sacraments and absolution as easy as you would give corn to chickens. There are certain conditions on the part of the one confessing, and these conditions must be ultimately ratified in heaven. If he who was making his confession, say, for example—which, alas, happens—was deceiving the priest, he only deceives himself, such a penitent. The absolution would not count in heaven for you cannot deceive God, but only deceive yourself, and better for you to stay away.

"Is the confession of sins always absolutely necessary for the forgiveness of sins? Or, in other words, suppose I cannot get to a priest to confess. For this, my dear friends, the mercy of God is everywhere. God can forgive sins when and how he pleases—as if a sinner had perfect contrition, but had not an opportunity of confession, such as shipwreck, a sudden death. There is no exception to the law of confession. Christ did not institute these sacraments or found his church for select parties or make a difference between people. Rich and poor are alike to the justice of God. Pope, bishops, priests, as well as other Catholics, are bound by the law of confession for this forgiveness. The penitent must bring to the tribunal of penance true contrition, sincere confession and condign satisfaction. The priests forgive sins through the power of God. Sin is committed against God, and God must ultimately forgive sins.

"People try to ridicule the laws of God because they are just and strict laws. So many turn into derision the laws of our country and the government of our glorious states because there are always fault finders even in the temporal and spiritual government.

"Confession is one of the most merciful of God's institutions, where justice and mercy meet. We receive and help a great many into the church, both in health and sickness, and it is always our happiness to be able to do so, for we have remarked and noticed that they do not wish to die, except that by confession of their sins they feel more reconciled to pass from this life into the next before the tribunal of God. The doctor of our bodies will tell us what to do to become well and live for a time longer. The doctor of our souls will give a perfect cure to live forever with God in heaven, for nothing defiled can enter that abode of bliss."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Ministers of Christ.

Oh, give us such ministers of Christ who are not only priests, ecclesiastics, but men.

Oh, give us ministers of Christ who live not so much on pew rents as among the pews; men who busy not themselves with trifles and hair splitting as to what is "liberal" or what not; who fear not to love "the ruts of the past" and overtake the world of today whose salvation is their God given mission; men, in fine, penetrated with and actualizing in their lives the self sacrifice and universal loving sympathy of the Good Shepherd!—Rev. Father Tuohy.

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any Coming,

and still the vexed question of the day remains unanswered—"WHAT SHALL we have for dinner?"

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JOHN CABOT'S MEMORY.

To Be Honored In Fitting Style
by the City of Bristol.

HE DISCOVERED NORTH AMERICA.

How the Four Hundredth Anniversary of
That Discovery Will Be Celebrated—A
Review of Interest in the Achievements
of the Early English Explorers.

Right in the heart of the city of Bristol, England, rises Brandon hill, a conical eminence from whose summit the harbor of that ancient port, the river Severn and the broad sweep of Bristol channel as it widens out into the ocean can be seen. Just at the apex of this hill there is to be laid on June 24 the cornerstone of a slightly monument which is to commemorate the achievements of a man who shaped the destiny of a continent.

That man was John Cabot. The date on which the cornerstone for this structure will be laid is the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of North America. On that day, 1497, John Cabot landed on the coast of Labrador and landed side by side the flag of England and the banner of the republic of Venice. The reason for locating the memorial tower in Bristol is that at the time of Cabot's departure on this voyage he was a citizen of Bristol. More than this, his expedition was fitted out in Bristol, and he sailed in Bristol ships, manned by Bristol men.

A committee composed of the foremost citizens of Bristol has charge of the quadricentennial celebration, and the completed monument is to cost \$25,000. Native of Bristol in fact, the world are expected to be present at the ceremony and Englishmen generally have been invited to participate in the celebration. Canadians are to observe the day independently, and it is not unlikely that many Americans will take some part in the observance of this historic anniversary.

It has been a long time that the famous navigator has waited for a material recognition of his services to the English speaking race. He certainly deserves a monument if any one does, for so far as is known he has not even a headstone to mark his last resting place. We do not even know where or in what country he was born. What nation gave us this daring explorer, more intrepid than Columbus and far more fortunate in his achievements, is and always will be an unsolved mystery.

The first mention of his name is found in the archives of Venice, from which we learn that on March 28, 1476, he was granted the rights of an adopted citizen after having been a resident of the republic for 15 years. He is next mentioned in 1495, when it appears that he had become a citizen of Bristol.



PROPOSED CABOT TOWER AT BRISTOL.

and had lived there with his wife and three sons for several years previously. Even then he had become known as a wealthy and adventurous navigator, willing at any moment to take out a cargo for any port, known or unknown. At that time Bristol rivaled Venice in the maritime field. Bristol ships went back and forth freighted with rich merchandise, and the water side was at all times a busy place. Many a keel was laid on the shores of Severn in those days, and the city laid the foundations for a maritime supremacy which even today has not wholly disappeared.

In the autumn of 1495 John Cabot announced that he was preparing an expedition which in the following spring was to set sail into the unknown seas. Columbus had but recently returned and reported that he had reached one of the outlying islands of the Indies. At that time the very existence of the two vast continents of America had not been dreamed of. Certainly Cabot was not searching for them. He was in quest of that popular wild-o'-the-wisp of the times, the northwest passage to the Indies. Like other advanced thinkers, he was probably confident that the world was round. Perhaps he wasn't sure. At any rate he didn't care. Round or flat, he thought that somewhere in that mysterious watery waste to the west there must be a passage to the golden storehouse of Cathay.

But Cabot was a shrewd business man as well as a courageous sailor, so before he started he applied for and received from Henry VII a commission or patent authorizing him to take possession in the name of the king of any new lands which he might discover in the Atlantic or Indian oceans. This commission also granted him the sole right to trade with such new countries, provided he gave one-fifth of the profits to the king. This privilege was also extended to his heirs.

An ocean route to the Indies would have been immensely profitable at that time, and such was the confidence of Bristol people in Cabot's ability as a navigator that he had no difficulty in

fitting out a big expedition. It was done without any flourish of trumpets and, being a purely commercial enterprise and devoid of romance, attracted little public attention.

Early in April Cabot, with his five ships, each manned by hardy Bristol tars, sailed down the Severn and out into Bristol channel. Shaping his course south, he sailed until he reached the Canaries, and then he struck boldly northwest. On the morning of June 24 a gray, gloomy, forbidding coast line was sighted. Surely this was not one of the Indian islands, reasoned Cabot. Then it must be part of the territory of the great realm of Tartary.

We have abundant detail concerning the sensations of Columbus when he first sighted the little island of San Salvador. The historians have given us all the theatrical qualities of that event which could be desired, for what information they lacked they probably



SEBASTIAN CABOT.

supplied, but of the feelings of Cabot when he first made out the grim shore line of a vast continent we know nothing at all, and it is too late in the day for any historian, no matter how daring, to make good the deficiency. We only know that he landed somewhere about the middle of the Labrador coast.

This was the real discovery of America. It was 15 months later before Columbus reached the mainland. Amerigo Vesputi did not discover the continent for two years after. Seeing no people, Cabot finally concluded that the land was uninhabited. Then he planted the English and Venetian standards and sailed south along the coast for about 300 miles. He is said to have twice sighted the coast of Newfoundland on the homeward voyage, but as to whether he landed or not authorities differ. Some say he did and others say he did not.

After an absence of little more than three months Cabot dropped anchor again in Bristol harbor. He was greeted with great enthusiasm. The town took a holiday, and the news swept like wildfire through the kingdom. All England rejoiced, and Cabot was hailed as her favorite admiral. The crown gave him money and encouragement. New ships were fitted out and new crews enlisted. A new commission, more liberal in its provisions than the first, was signed in 1498.

But right here, just as John Cabot was at the apex of his career, his name drops from the annals. Where he died and how history does not tell. Thus passed out in mystery one of the most interesting of the early explorers. But the thread is taken up by John Cabot's second son, Sebastian, who was a worthy successor to his father. Sebastian took the commission, and in May, 1498, set sail with a well equipped squadron. He had accompanied his father on his first voyage and knew his plans for the second.

But Sebastian also had a mind of his own. He proposed to reach the Indies at once through the northwest passage. So instead of sailing away to the south he struck boldly west by north and sailed until he sighted the coast of Greenland. Then the great masses of ice which he encountered forced him to change his course to the south. He made a landing near the spot first visited by his father and then continued on down, touching here and there along the coast and skirting the Atlantic shore until he reached as far south as Cape Hatteras. Only the Norsemen had been before him, and of what they found or saw no record is left.

But Sebastian Cabot saw Indians dressed in the skins of wild beasts, and he was able to tell considerable about this new country which he had taken possession of in the name of the king. But he had failed to find the northwest passage, and on his return but little attention was paid to his discoveries. Vasco da Gama had by doubling the cape of Good Hope reached the desired goal, and so the younger Cabot's achievements were dimmed by the glory of the Portuguese.

It was not for many years after that the real importance of the Cabot achievements was realized. Now after four centuries we fully comprehend. Early in the fifteenth century the Spanish issued a map of the new world in which full justice was done to Spanish navigators, but along the north Atlantic coast were five points which were designated as having been discovered by the English. This was a fatal admission for the Spanish and one which they afterward greatly regretted.

The result was that while Spain claimed Central and South America she never laid claim to any part of the continent of North America above Florida. The English did claim it and colonized it. Thus it is due to the Cabots that today North America is the home of English speaking people. Had they not sailed from Bristol Spain might have located her provinces in both continents and the history of our land would have been vastly changed. With a full understanding of what the Cabots did for us Americans ought to take more than a passing interest in the monument at Bristol.

SEWELL FORD.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD

The Colonel's Drink.

As four or five of us sat talking and smoking Colonel Basil came up the steps and joined us and introduced himself. After some general talk he said:

"Gentlemen, I am rather absent-minded at times, and I beg to be excused if I have met any of you before and failed to remember it."

We assured him in chorus that it was our first meeting, and he continued:

"I had an indistinct idea that I had been asked to drink with you, but I am not sure about it. If so, I probably accepted. If not, then I beg to be excused."

"Absent-mindedness is a great failing of mine, and I really must try to overcome it. Now, that I look at you more closely, it seems to me that I have here this afternoon and introduced myself, and that the gentleman on the right rose up and asked us all in to take something. I say it seems so, but I can't be sure. If so—"

The "gentleman on the right" interrupted him to say that he arrived at the hotel at noon, and the colonel must therefore be mistaken.

"Then I beg your pardon," said our caller. "As a general rule, when I am invited to drink I remember the incident very clearly for several days afterward, but it seems that I am off in this instance. Memory is a treacherous thing when one gets to be my age."

Something was said about politics, but before the talk had gone far the colonel rose up and said:

"Gentlemen, I beg your pardon, but a thought has struck me. Did I ask any one in this crowd to change a \$5 bill?"

He was assured that he had asked nothing of the sort, and, feeling about in his pockets, he continued:

"It somehow seemed to me that I had and that none of you could do it and that the gentleman on the left handed me a quarter to get a drink with and I am in error. The 'gentleman on

the left' dog for three years, and I don't believe your bar could chew him up."

"Well, it stands to reason that he could. From the looks of him I should say that almost any sort of dog could roll that dog of yours over. He's ready to run now."

"Yes, he looks that way," slowly remarked the old man, "but that's his deceiving pinst. What's the value of your bar?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Well, I've got \$50 in gold which says he can't chew my dog up in no one minute, nor five nor ten minutes."

"What's that? You want to put your dog against mine?"

"I do, stranger, and my money is ready. We'll turn 'em loose on the platform, and if your bar chaws up my dog the cash is yours."

The owner of the bear had but \$20, but he put up his Winchester for the balance, and as soon as the stakes were up we got into the station and left the dog and the bear man to arrange things. Some of the slats to the cage were loosened, and after a few minutes all was ready and the two men joined us inside. The dog scratched at the door and whined to get in, and after a look about him the bear left the cage and started for the canine.

"One gulp and your dog is gone!" shouted the bear man. But he wasn't out of the woods yet. The dog was off the platform and up the trail in a flash, while the bear followed at a slower gait. They had been out of sight five minutes when the bear man suddenly exclaimed:

"Why—why—that bear won't come back!"

"No, I reckon not," replied the old man.

"But—but—"

"But the bet was that he'd chaw up my dog, and he hasn't done it."

The bear man looked up and down and around, and the situation finally dawned upon him and he said to the old man:

"Stranger, did you ever strike a full blown idiot before?"

"Yes, two or three."

"And did you leave 'em dead broke and far from home?"

"Oh, no! I allus felt sorry fur 'em and left 'em sunthin fur railroad fare."

And he handed the bear man \$10 of the \$20, took the rifle on his arm and rode away down the trail without looking back.

M. QUAD.



"WHEN I AM INVITED TO DRINK I REMEMBER THE INCIDENT VERY CLEARLY."

the left" solemnly assured him that no such thing had happened.

"Well, I'll take your word for it," sighed the colonel. "Do you, gentlemen, usually take a nip about this hour of the day?"

We did not. Our hour for taking a nip had long passed and wouldn't come around again until the next forenoon. The colonel walked over and looked into the barroom and then came back to say:

"Gentlemen, I have an indistinct idea that I have met this crowd before."

"No, colonel, you haven't."

"But I insist that I have. At least, it was a crowd numbering the same and right here on this veranda, and though I gave them plainly to understand that I was as dry as cotton I was not invited to participate. Yes, gentlemen, I am sure we have met before, and that you can all go to grass, and I will buy my own whisky, and be hanged to you!"

Setting on a Bear.

At Rawson Junction we found a man with a big black bear in a cage on the platform. He explained that brain had been taken in a trap three days before and that he was going to take him down to Silver City to sell him to a saloon keeper for \$50. While we were surveying the captive an old man rode up on a cayuse, followed by about the meanest looking dog ever seen in the glorious west. The canine was squint-eyed, hot-blooded and poor in flesh, and when rallied about the animal the old man explained that, while his looks were against him, the dog was really a fighter of the first water. He lounged up and took a look at the bear and another look at his owner and finally said:

"Mister, I reckon you sarter brag on that bar o' yours?"

"There's no call to brag," was the reply.

"I didn't know but you was braggin' and bluffin' as to how he could fight. If you was, I was goin' to say a few words."

"As to how?"

"As to that 'ere dog o' mine, I hev never put him up ag'in a bar as yet, but I think he could hold his own."

"You must be crazy," exclaimed the owner of the bear. "Why, he'd chaw your dog up at one gulp."

"Mebbe he would, stranger, mebbe he would, but somehow or t'other I can't believe that he would. I've know-

Hard to Please.

He—Well, what are you sulking about now?

She (severely)—Why were you so cool to Mrs. Masham this evening?

He—Was I? I didn't know it.

She—Oh, yes, you did, wretch. You were afraid of arousing my suspicions by showing your real feelings. Oh, you dissembler!—Truth.

Just Envious.

"He looks just like a fashion plate," said the youngest girl in rapturous tones.

"That is it," said the man whose clothes only stay fit for about three hours. "That is exactly the sort of expression he has in his face."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

In Evidence.

O'Hara—You Americans go to the Irish for almost everything, don't you?

Gothamite—Oh, yes; you will find almost everything the words, "Pat applied for."—New York Sunday Journal.

Deprived of Zest.

"Making calls by telephone will never be popular among women."

"Why not?"

"They can't see what each other has on."—Chicago Record.

At the Concert.

"There seems to be an awfully bad air in here."

"Oh, it is nothing. Just wait till you hear Miss Squeals try to sing."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Right Thing in the Wrong Place.

"And he kissed you?"

"Yes, and right under mother's eyes."

"I should think he would have preferred to do it under your own."—Tit-Bits.

Fooled Him.

"You can run a typewriter, can't you?"

"Well, I thought I could until I got her."—New York Journal.

Impatience.

"Whither are we drifting?" 'Tis the question of the day

And one that will strike the stoutest heart with some dismay.

And it's hard to wait the answer and to watch the long hours pass

Till Mabel reads her essay to the graduating class.

—Washington Star.

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Judging from the number of passages engaged at the various steamship offices, the annual summer hegira of American travelers to the shores of the old world will be greater numerically this year than it was last season. The hard times apparently have no effect on this class of tourists. The majority of June and July tourists come from the ranks of the professional classes, public school-teachers, college professors and the clerical calling availing themselves of the long vacation to travel.

The objection is raised that many millions of hard earned American dollars are carried out of the country and spent abroad and that the truly patriotic citizen would better visit the wonders of his native land first and circulate his money among his compatriots, but that is a mere matter of opinion. In America we have magnificent distances and sublime nature unadorned, while in Europe there is not so much of this, but the remains of much that the human race has accomplished in architecture and art are glimpses of the most advanced state of civilization to which man has attained.

It is worth a trip across the Atlantic to visit London. The Murillos, Raphaels and hundreds of other masterpieces of the national gallery give an education in art which cannot be duplicated in this country. The British museum is a treasure house stored with material more than a man can exhaust in a lifetime. Westminster abbey is near by, with its honored dead, and not far away the Tower of London, peopled with memories of the great, the good and the innocent, and in the cemetery attached to the ancient chapel of St. Peter are the remains of Lady Jane Grey, Sir Walter Raleigh, Anne Boleyn, Sir Thomas More and Lord Somerset. But visit these time honored historical places, and both history and literature are vitalized, allusions hitherto unnoticed spring to life on the printed page, and the understanding is both quickened and enriched.

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The cost of a summer tour varies with the purse and the inclination of the individual. The economical young woman decides before she leaves home how much she dare spend. If she travels with a party organized by one of the large, reliable tourist agencies, a fixed price is paid for the entire journey.

By a first class steamer the price is higher. The fixed price, which is paid before starting, includes all traveling expenses from New York back to New York—steamship and railroad fares, transportation of the usual amount of baggage, omnibus between stations, priests and hotels, hotel bills, fees to hotel servants, railroad porters—and the services of an experienced conductor who takes you sightseeing according to a settled programme, paying expenses, etc. These excursion prices do not include stewards' fees on an ocean steamer and expenses of carriages, guides or sightseeing when not ordered by the conductor. Personally conducted tours, when managed by a competent conductor with a party not too large, composed of people of the same grade socially, are enjoyable and advantageous to the tourist, for he is relieved of all the responsibility and anxiety incident to foreign travel, with the constant change of language and customs. No time is wasted, only places and objects of importance and interest are visited and no time is spent in places without interest to the tourist. However, it would be well for those intending to join such a party to investigate carefully the reliability of the firm or individual with whom they intend to travel, since certain returning parties have very unhappy tales to tell of the way they were herded and conducted like "dumb driven cattle" far from their "native land."—Chicago Evening Post.

While Her Father Tarried.

There was a romantic wedding in East Macon, Ga., recently. Tom Ansley and Miss Inez Subers were quietly married by Rev. Dr. White.

Ansley is a prominent young business man of Iron City, Ala., and he and Miss Subers have been in love for two years or more.

Judge Amos Subers, father of the bride, objected to the marriage on account of the age of the couple.

The young groom took advantage of his absence to bring about the marriage.

Celebrated Their Eighty-sixth Birthday.

Mrs. Abigail Hubon and Miss Abigail Webster Dawson of Salem, Mass., recently celebrated the eighty-sixth anniversary of their birth. They are twin daughters of the late Captain William Dawson and have always lived in the house where they were born.

Peers and members of the nobility are to have free seats for jubilee parade and national seats at \$3.50.

ABOUT NEW C

A Beautiful Island Over-

sand French.

"The island of New I have lived for the p French penal colony, Freeman, an English visiting America. "my health, expecting short time, but went of raising coffee, the is well adapted, to stay permanent, that is, men who have terms of imprisonment forbidden to leave and to the authorities to a miserable, sp ticket of leave fellow enough to keep from the highest ambition is to for a debauch. The very humanly by the and I don't if them ment in the world of the same care and them."—Washington

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CHEAP TRIP ABROAD.

MANY TAKE ADVANTAGE OF SUMMER RATES AND GO TO EUROPE.

Journey Need Not Be Expensive—Persons of Moderate Means May Travel Comfortably and at Little Cost—Several Sorts of Tours That Offer Themselves.

Judging from the number of passages engaged at the various steamship offices, the annual summer begira of American travelers to the shores of the old world will be greater numerically this year than it was last season. The land times apparently have no effect on this class of tourists. The majority of June and July tourists come from the ranks of the professional classes, public school-teachers, college professors and the clerical calling availing themselves of the long vacation to travel.

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ABOUT NEW CALEDONIA.

A Beautiful Island Occupied by Six Thousand French Convicts.

"The island of New Caledonia, where I have lived for the past ten years, is a French penal colony," said Mr. C. G. Freeman, an English gentleman, now visiting America. "I went there for my health, expecting to stay only a short time, but went into the business of raising coffee, for which that country is well adapted, and finally concluded to stay permanently."

"New Caledonia is 1,200 miles east of Australia, and although within the tropics it has a delightful climate for ten months in the year. During January and February the weather is so excessively hot that one cannot live in comfort. The island is 40 miles wide by 400 long."

"There are between 5,000 and 6,000 convicts on the island, and perhaps an equal number of ticket of leave men—that is, men who have served out their terms of imprisonment, but who are forbidden to leave and have to report to the authorities twice a year. They are a miserable, spiritless lot. These ticket of leave fellows, who work just enough to keep from starving and whose highest ambition is to get money enough for a deland. The convicts are treated very humanely by the French officials, and I doubt if there is a penal settlement in the world where the men have the same care and consideration shown them."—Washington Post.

TO SEE DURRANT DIE.

Prominent People Importune the Warden of the California Prison For Invitations.

Scores of prominent men throughout the state have petitioned Warden Hale of San Quentin prison for invitations to the hanging of Theodore Durrant. The demand for the black bordered cards became so great that the warden referred the matter to the prison directors.

They indicated their desire to have the affair conducted as quietly as possible. For that reason, the warden will endeavor to limit the invitations to the minimum number required by the law. It is not thought that more than 30 people will see Durrant die.

"For a time," said the warden recently, "I was dreadfully annoyed by demands for invitations to the hanging. Something had to be done, and the directors finally decided that I should keep within the lowest limit of the law. Since the matter has been given publicity I have not been annoyed so much, although requests for invitations are still pouring in. In regard to the case at hand, we will simply follow the strict letter of the law."—San Francisco Examiner.

WILD MAN SEEN AGAIN.

He Wears Nothing but Hair, Which Is Long and Curly.

The wild man who created so much terror among the inhabitants near Rome, O., several weeks ago by his strange actions has again been seen. Charles Lukins and Bob Forner, while cutting timber a few miles from Rome, claim they encountered a wild man and after a severe struggle say they were able to drive the gorilla-like object into his supposed retreat among the cliffs.

They describe the terror as being about six feet tall and his only covering, apparently, a mat of long, curly hair. From their description of the supposed wild man he is undoubtedly the same seen a number of times several weeks ago.

Women and children are now more thoroughly frightened than ever, and are afraid to venture from their homes lest they meet the wild creature. A posse of determined men will scour the country now until the terror is located and captured or killed. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In a Cell With Her Husband.

W. Frank Wilson, alias Knocks Sykes, a young married man of Norfolk, is in a rather unpleasant predicament for a tender bridegroom. As he was boarding the train with his bride at Hickory Grove station on the Norfolk and Southern railway, a detective from Norfolk arrested him on the charge of stealing a bicycle from the Merrimac club of Norfolk. He was brought here and his young wife, refusing to part from him, occupied the cell with him. She says she is sure it is all a mistake.

HERE AND THERE.

A Scotch collier jumped from a church tower in Norfolk recently 80 feet to the ground, unharmed save for a shaking up.

French lycens have been crushed by M. Rambaud, who has refused their petition to be allowed to smoke openly at recess.

Caterpillars have begun their ravages early in Nebraska, and in some parts of the state have eaten all the foliage from wild fruit trees.

The Chicago board of education has decided to equip 20 school buildings with apparatus for boiling water and to furnish all other buildings with "germ proof" filters.

At Bridgeton, Me., a 91-year-old man dug up two young maple trees on his birthday, carried them 40 rods and planted them at the edge of his driveway.

Great Sampson, in the Scilly islands, is being strongly fortified by the British government under the pretext that Scilly is to be a coaling station.

An Angora cat which by accident was locked in a trunk under some clothing at Tullahoma, Tenn., remained there for seven days and revived when taken out.

Peers and members of parliament are to have free seats for themselves for the jubilee parade and may get two additional seats at \$5.50 each.

WILDE TELLS TALES.

THE LATELY RELEASED NOVELIST SCORES BRITISH JAIL SYSTEM.

Child Prisoners Are Treated With Atrocious Cruelty—Long Hours In a Dark Cell—Warden Dismissed For Feeding a Starving Boy—A Stern Arraignment.

Whatever may be the truth in regard to the personal morals of Oscar Wilde, who was released from prison on May 19 after serving two years for a heinous crime, he has done a service to humanity by writing a remarkable letter about the almost fiendish cruelty of the English prison system in the treatment of child prisoners.

A warden named Martin, who was employed at the Reading jail, where Wilde was confined, was dismissed recently for giving two or three biscuits to a starving child in one of the cells.

The whole convict system of England is too barbarous for belief in a civilized country and age, but when it is applied to a child of 11 years, as in this case, it is inhuman. In the course of his long letter Mr. Wilde says:

"I saw three children (referring to the convicts previous to his release) who had just been convicted. They were standing in a row in the prison dress. They were all small. The youngest, to whom the warden gave the biscuits, was a tiny little chap, and it was evident that the prison officials were unable to find clothes small enough to fit him."

"The present treatment of children is terrible. Children can understand punishment inflicted by an individual; what they cannot understand is punishment by society. A child is taken from its parents by people whom it has never seen, and, finding itself in a lonely cell and ordered to be punished by the representative of a system that it cannot understand, becomes a prey to the first and most prominent emotion produced by modern prison life—the emotion of terror."

"The terror of a child in prison is limitless. I remember as I was going to exercise seeing in a dimly lit cell opposite my own a small boy. Two warders were talking to him with some sternness. The child's face was like a white wedge. There was sheer terror in it, and in the eyes was the terror of a hunted animal. The next morning I heard him at breakfast time crying and calling to be let out. The cry was for his parents. From time to time could be heard the deep voice of a warden telling him to be quiet, and yet he had not even been convicted of whatever little offense with which he was charged. He was simply on remand."

"This terror that seizes and dominates the child, as the grown man is also intimidated by the power of expression by the solitary cell system. Every child is confined in a cell for 23 hours out of the 24. This is the appalling thing. To shut a child in a dimly lit cell for 23 hours a day is an example of cruelty and of stupidity."

"Inhuman treatment of a child is always inhuman by whomsoever inflicted, but inhuman treatment by society is to a child more terrible, because no appeal to the parent can be made to let out the child from the dark room. A warden cannot. Most warders are fond of children, but the system prohibits the rendering of the child any assistance. Should they do so, as Martin did, they are dismissed."

"The second thing from which a child suffers in prison is hunger. The food consists of a piece of usually badly baked prison bread and a tin of water for breakfast. At noon he gets a dinner composed of a tin of coarse Indian meal strabrant and at half past 5 a piece of dry bread and a tin of water for supper. This diet in the case of a strong man always produces illness, chiefly diarrhea. In fact, in a big prison as a matter of course. A child, as a rule, is incapable of eating the food. A child who has been crying all day and perhaps half the night in a lonely cell and who is preyed upon by terror simply cannot eat food of this coarse, horrible kind."

"In the case of the little boy to whom Martin gave the biscuits, the child was crying from hunger. He was utterly unable to eat the bread and water served for his breakfast. Martin went out after breakfast and bought a few biscuits for the child rather than see him starving. It was a beautiful action and was so recognized by the child, who, utterly unconscious of the regulation of the prison board, told one of the senior wardens how kind the junior warden had been to him. The result was a report and Martin's dismissal."—New York Sun.

Backward Over the Fence.

A small riot occurred at an amateur baseball game at Ghent Athletic park, Norfolk, recently, in which Johnnie Beasley, a little boy, was shot in the back and through the leg. A passed ball struck James Berry, and thinking it was thrown by a negro, he scurried a shotgun and threatened to wipe out the colored spectators. Two were sitting on a fence, and they went over backward, one breaking a leg in the fall. Jackson, a spectator, fearing his life was in danger, grabbed the gun, which went off, the charge striking young Beasley.

Both Jackson and Berry were arrested and in the police court fined, Berry on a breach of the peace and Jackson for continuing the disturbance.

Ready For the Season.

"All right," the bonfire remarked, delighted. "I was ecstatic over the airy sample you've given of your art, which is perfection. And now accept you for the summer season. Open in two weeks the Merry Revolution. \$5 to be on hand. You'll have your board for nothing."

For sitting round the log fire when the day-light is gone.

Has down and over the hill the stars are shining. And telling in the host of fitful shadows Your tallest lie of hunting and of fishing. To entertain my patrons from the city About the blaze of hemlock logs assembled. —R. K. Munkittrick in New York Journal.

LIBERTY AND FAITH.

Catholicism Has Little In Common With Monarchy.

In the domain of civil liberty faith teaches indeed that there is a law and we must submit to legitimate authority, and hence fees us from the wild tyranny of anarchists, but she also teaches that rulers may become tyrants and thereby their authority ceases. "By me kings rule," said the Lord. They are but his agents. Their power is but a delegated one and must be exercised according to the mind of the delegator.

Hence it seems to me that the republican form of government with which we are blessed is the most rational one. Change of rulers is a constant reminder that power is in the people, not in the men. There has been a false impression about the Catholic church is inseparably bound up with monarchy. The recent action of the pope in favor of republicanism in France ought to dispel this illusion forever. But I remember long before that action, having the honor of presenting a copy of the American constitution to his holiness, I reminded him of what his favorite master, St. Thomas, said of republicanism, and he not only nodded assent to my words, but to my earnest praise of American republicanism he added the approval of a very audible "Bravo" and emphasized this sentiment in his subsequent reply.

But we must not forget that while republicanism is the most rational form of government it needs more personal freedom than any other form. The restraints from without are less, the restraints from within should be greater. Therefore let every patriotic American take as his motto "per fidem libertas," intellectual liberty from intellidty and skepticism; moral liberty from the slavery of passion, and political liberty, which can be lost only by the destruction of the former two.—Archbishop Ryan.

BODY NOT TO BE BURNED.

The Church Is Irrevocably Opposed to Cremation.

The church does not countenance, never has countenanced and never will countenance cremation. It has stood as irrevocable against that method of disposing of the dead as it has against divorce.

No Catholic who left instructions to be cremated could expect to be accorded the buried rites of the church. There are good reasons for this, reasons so strong that the attitude of the church will always be unchanged. The ancient Catholic and Jewish tradition is to lay the body in the grave. This expresses that "sleep," as St. Paul calls it, which is to be ended by the "trumpet call of the resurrection," and which proclaims our fellowship with those who are gone before us.

Experience has shown that cremation is mostly practiced by those who wish to weaken belief in the life to come, and many of its devotees are strong opponents of belief in the resurrection. It is apparent, then, that the church could never tolerate cremation unless in exceptional cases, where sanitary or medical purposes might require it.—Bishop Farley.

Danger of Prosperity.

We judge of the value of things by what is paid for them. Who is there that can measure the value of all our fathers gave up in the days of persecution in order that they might convey to their children the sacred heritage of faith they had received. This faith has been given into our custody, and it is our duty to see that it is preserved. How is it that many who have kept the faith through the days of persecution seem likely to lose it the moment the sun of prosperity strikes them? You know that there are many who have freed themselves from all restraint of faith. Prosperity, history teaches us, is a real and true danger.—Rev. Father P. C. Yorke.

Meeting of Catholic Scientists.

There will be a great gathering of Catholic scientific men at Freiburg, Switzerland, in August next. Already the most notable scientific men of the European universities have signified their determination to be present, if not personally, by sending a paper to be read. The topics discussed will cover a wide range of scientific thought. In the present congress American scholars, laymen as well as clerics, ought to figure largely. Those who wish to do so may address themselves to the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., president of the international scientific Catholic congress for America, 19 Via Dei Cappuccini, Rome, Italy.—Catholic World.

What I Live For.

I live for those who love me, Whose hearts are kind and true; For the heaven that smiles above me And awaits my spirit, too; For all human ties that bind me, For the task by God assigned, For the hopes not left behind me And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story Who've suffered for my sake, To emulate their glory And follow in their wake—Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages, The noble of all ages, Whose deeds crown history's pages And time's great volume make.

I love to hold communion With all that is divine, To feel there is a union 'Twixt nature's heart and mine, To profit by affliction, Reap truths from fields of fiction, Grow wiser from conviction And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season, By gifted minds foretold, When I shall live by reason And not alone by gold; When, man to man united, And every wrong thing righted, The whole world shall be lighted As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me, For those who know me true, For the heaven that smiles above me And awaits my spirit, too; For the cause that lacks assistance, For the wrong that needs resistance, For the future in the distance And the good that I can do.

—Weekly Bonquet.

AGE AND AGE UNITED

TWO OLD OLD PEOPLE MARRIED AT THREESCORE AND TEN.

The Bridegroom Has Lived Seventy-eight Years and Yet Is Swift of Foot and Full of Vigor—His Wife Is Only a Few Years Younger.

There was much wonder in St. Agnes' Roman Catholic church, Paterson, N. J., at the principal service on a recent Sunday morning, when aged William Hill walked down the center aisle with venerable Katharine McGinty, a widow of some means, and it became known that they had been married on the preceding day.

Hill admits that he is 78 years old, and although he claims that his bride is a dozen years younger her crown of snow white hair makes her seem the older of the pair. He is tall and erect, although not in the most robust of health, while she is short and inclined to stoutness.

Hill has been a widower for about two years. He spent all his life's savings in trying to nurse his wife and their daughter back to health. Their deaths left him poor and almost friendless, without a relative in the United States. He has since managed to make ends meet, although his age prevented him from working at his trade of engineer and locomotive blacksmith.

Occasionally he was engaged to do a little work by aged Widow McGinty, who owned some property and was, like himself, without children or relatives. They had known each other for nearly half a century, and the similarity in the lonely circumstances of their old age seemed to draw them together. The friendship was noticed by the widow's neighbors and there were some who shrewdly guessed the truth when the couple started out arm in arm and arrayed in their best clothes. They proceeded to the rectory of St. Agnes' Roman Catholic church and gave the pastor, Rev. Father Corrigan, a surprise when they asked to be married.

But both were in earnest, and their requests had to be granted. They had brought no witnesses or bridal party, and the clergyman called in his housekeeper. The latter was determined to have the ceremony conducted with all proper formality, so she brought the butcher from over the way to attend the bridegroom while she acted as bridesmaid. Both of the contracting parties had been married before, and all went smoothly. They left the rectory as husband and wife.

Hill, when seen at his new home, was surprised to learn that his marriage had been much discussed, as he saw little to be remarkable about it. He declared that he was easily spiced than most men of 60 and was willing to run a foot race to prove it. He talked freely of the reasons for the union, remarking that, of course, marriage at his age was different from weddings of youth. His wife and he would be companions for each other, and that was what they wanted. Besides, each had some of this world's goods, and now that their possessions are joined both can live in comfort. Mrs. McGinty needed a protector, he a companion, and now both needs are filled. Then they could take care of each other in the event of sickness.

"And those are some of the reasons why we hitched up," concluded Mr. Hill.

The couple have unusual mental and physical vigor for such advanced age, and no one could talk with them without realizing the wisdom of their union.—Exchange.

HE LIKED HER VOICE.

A Man Rises In Church and Offers a Soloist a Salary.

A singular incident occurred at Atlantic City during the services in the Academy of Music, which were being conducted by the Rev. Dr. Hyatt Smith of Boston under direction of the Olivet Presbyterian church. Mrs. M. Weevil of Philadelphia sang the solos. While she was rendering an anthem a well dressed man seated in the center of the congregation arose and, turning toward her, proclaimed in a loud voice that he would pay her \$1,000 a year and all expenses for her services as a singer. The interruption caused a commotion among the throng in the church. The man was not intoxicated. With difficulty he was calmed, and the services then proceeded.

Cowcatcher Caught Her.

Mary Donohue, 5 years old, of Mount Vernon street, Camden, N. J., was struck by a West Jersey express train one night recently. She was caught by the pilot on the engine and no bones were broken, and the child was apparently unharmed. The engineer closed his eyes to shut out the supposed horror. The child smiled when the doctor came.—Exchange.

PERSONAL POINTS.

Princess Troubetzkoy (Amelie Rives), who recently went to Philadelphia for medical treatment, is convalescing rapidly.

Governor Atkinson of Georgia has 81 colonels on his staff.

Emperor William of Germany is a practical typesetter.

Barbara Curran of Orrington, Me., has yeast which came from Ireland in 1846.

Mason Sherrill of Louisville has been a deacon for 64 years.

Clyde Ketchum, not yet 21, has been elected justice of the peace at Dowagiac, Mich.

Miss Ellen E. Girard of Wayne, Pa., a grandniece of the Philadelphia philanthropist, is said to be the only member of the family now living.

THE TALK OF EUROPE.

Interesting Comment on Matters Current in Foreign Lands.

Quietly and without attracting any attention, the German artillery has now been entirely equipped with new quick firing guns. A battery of these new cannon can fire 60 shots a minute, and they have a range of over five miles. The new gun is provided with an appliance to prevent the recoil. After the first shot a sort of spring attached to the end of the gun carriage bores into the ground, so that the gunners may remain quietly standing by the piece and reload without the loss of time. The imperial parliament has shown itself far more patriotic in the matter than one might be tempted to believe from the recent utterances of Emperor William, for the \$50,000,000 needed for the transformation was voted almost unanimously by the reichstag, even the socialists giving their consent thereto, and, what is more, keeping their whole affair secret. Inasmuch as Germany's victory in the war of 1870 was admittedly due principally to her artillery, the importance of the new armament is calculated to excite an immense amount of attention abroad.

Russia has a method all its own for dealing with professional labor agitators and walking delegates. Sixty of them, who had assembled at Moscow for the purpose of organizing a huge strike, have just been arrested, all on the same day, and exiled to Siberia "administratively"—that is to say, without trial. The majority of them are said to have been men of university education, who had, however, worked for a short time as common mill hands, with the object of winning the confidence of the laboring classes.

In Austria a law has just been passed making it a punishable offense for parents to take young children into bed with them. This arbitrary interference with "the liberty of the subject" has been rendered necessary by the large number of deaths of infants, though being overlaid, the annual average having been for some time past as much as 4,000. In England, where no such law as yet prevails, the average is even still larger, possibly in consequence of the extensive insurance of one kind and another on infant life.

There is no longer any question about the future of the African policy of the Italian government. Prime Minister Rudini has expressed his determination to diminish Italy's military occupation of Abyssinia gradually until it extends no farther than Massaua. With regard to Kassala, he declares that it would be necessary for Italy to consult England as to its restitution to Egypt, a retrocession which is quite likely to be opposed by Abyssinia. Under no circumstances, however, will Italy hold Kassala beyond the time needed for its surrender to the Anglo-Egyptian authorities.

It is a pity that no advantage is taken by people in America of the opening up of Russia, with all its undeveloped resources, to foreign capital and enterprise. Within the last 12 months alone little Belgium has invested \$5 less than \$60,000,000 of its money in the coal and iron industries of the Muscovite empire, England as well as France following rapidly in the wake of King Leopold's enterprising subjects. Yet American capitalists would find a far more cordial welcome in Russia than those of most European nations and would certainly receive from the imperial authorities every possible advantage over the Germans and the English, neither of whom are popular.

Public opinion in London, especially in official circles, is much exercised by a report current to the effect that Emperor William has just concluded arrangements with the king of the Belgians for the grant by the latter of large and important territorial concessions in the Congo Free State to a syndicate of German financiers and merchants. Indeed, it is asserted that the scheme provides for the formation of a German chartered company subsidiary to the Congo Free State, but taking over most of the powers and the responsibilities of the latter. It remains to be seen whether the scheme does not constitute an infringement of the international treaty which called into life and created the Congo Free State convention, under the terms of which alone King Leopold holds possession of the Congo valley.

Belgium's government, which owns all the railroads in the kingdom, has put forward a curious defense for resisting the claim for damaged brought by the widow and orphan children of a merchant of the name of Lesaffre, who was killed in an accident caused by a train running off the line near Bruges. The state argues that if the suit is based on the transport contract constituted by the railroad ticket, the heirs of the deceased have no right to any other indemnity than that arising from "the nonarrival of the merchandise at destination;" secondly, that M. Lesaffre, having been killed on the spot, was unable to will to his heirs an action for damages on account of suffering endured; thirdly, that the heirs must explain the cause of the accident and prove satisfactorily where the state was at fault.

The Novoe Vremya of Moscow gives details of the preliminary count of the first census ever taken in Russia. St. Petersburg has a population of 1,250,000; Moscow just under 1,000,000. Nineteen other towns are returned at 100,000, and the comparatively modern Lodz, the Manchester of Poland, ranks fifth. Thirty-five towns have over 50,000 inhabitants each. Samarkand and Kokand occupy higher places in the list than such ancient and important centers as Tver, Kursk and Poltava. The complete results of the census are expected to be made known by the end of August. —New York Tribune.

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LACHINE IN HARNESS.

TO UTILIZE THE POWER OF THE FAMOUS RAPIDS.

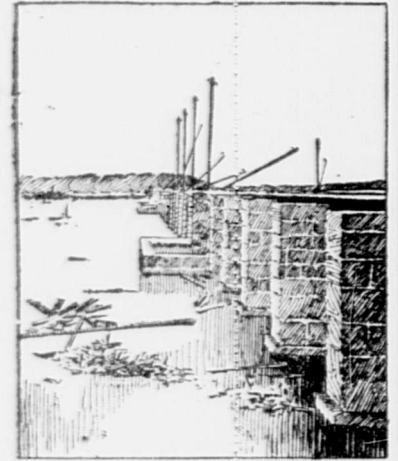
The Captive Flood to Turn Eighty-six Turbine Wheels—A Difficult Feat of Engineering Successfully Performed—A New Manufacturing Suburb of Montreal.

Just before the mighty St. Lawrence reaches Montreal on its way to the ocean it makes a sudden descent of a good many feet. It does not do this in one magnificent leap, as does the Niagara river, but it plunges along over a rough and rocky bed which slopes somewhat steeply eastward. If this descent were all in one fall, it would make a cataract beside which Niagara would appear insignificant, for the river is more than two miles wide at this point.

As it is, the great volume of water plunges and races down a rocky shelf which is known as the Lachine rapids. These rapids are about five miles above the city and they have the voyage down the St. Lawrence a charming climax, for there is much that is exciting and exhilarating in "shooting" the rapids, even in a big steamer. So tumultuous are the waters after they have whipped and lashed about the great boulders in the river that the big river steamers are tossed about like corks and the tourists hold their breath as they see the jagged points race past them.

But, although the picturesque beauties of the rapids have been appreciated from the earliest times, it seems that not until a comparatively recent date have Canadians awakened to the fact that here was a vast amount of power which could be utilized. Less than 30 years ago the first scheme for harnessing the Lachine rapids was proposed. A company was actually chartered, but that was as far as the project was carried. Since then many schemes for putting the famous rapids to work have been proposed, and promoters have formed great companies on paper, but not until 1895 did the men arrive who were capable of pushing the enterprise through to success.

In that year permission was granted to McLea Walbank, a civil engineer,



VIEW OF FOUNDATION, LACHINE POWER PLANT.

and Thomas Pringle, a mechanical engineer. Both of these gentlemen are Montreal men. They are not boomers or speculators, but practical business men and mechanics. They formed a company which had real money behind it and began the work without delay.

They have applied practically the same principle which has been used to harness Niagara, only they have done their work under very different conditions, of course. In the first place, they built a dam out into the river for 1,000 feet. It is so constructed as to form 48 flumes, and in each of these flumes are set two turbine wheels. The turbines are connected with dynamos or generators, thus producing an immense amount of electrical power.

One of the most difficult features of the preparatory work has been the removal of a natural reef of solid rock which jutted out from the shore for a considerable distance and lay exactly across the site for the main dam and power house. This reef had to be blasted out at considerable expense and at the cost of much time. But it was finally wiped out, and then in the bed of the river were sunk the foundations for the power house. These are solidly built of steel frames and cut stone and are calculated to resist the terrific pressure of the ice when it goes out in the spring.

The turbines are set deep down in the power house, and as the water comes through the flumes it falls upon them, causing them to spin on their axles like so many gigantic pinwheels. At the upper end of the axles are the "purring dynamos," as Kipling calls them, which convert the force of the rapids into that subtle power which may be carried for miles over a wire and set to turning car wheels, lighting streets or doing a hundred other errands for ingenious man.

To each dynamo are connected six big turbines which rotate it 175 times a minute and make it capable of generating 4,400 volts. Starting from the power house is a pole line of giant skeletons which stretch away to the limits of the city. The poles are made of lattice-work steel, and from their stout arms hang the thick wires which carry the power. When the wires reach the city, they pass underground to a central station, from which they crawl out by means of a network of subways to all parts of the city. It is estimated that not an appreciable fraction of the original power is lost from the time it leaves the generators out in the rapids until it is connected with the small feeders which distribute it.

Like the Niagara company, the Lachine Power company has obtained possession of a large tract of land facing the works and is laying it out for a handsome suburb, offering the attractions of cheap electric lighting and convenient car service to Montreal. Before a great while the streets of the city will be lighted, the cars run and factory wheels turned all by the harnessed power of Lachine falls.

C. J. BOWDEN.

IN AFTER YEARS.

She'd been up in the attic,
This little wife of mine,
A rummaging and tumbling,
For what I can't divine,
But suddenly I noticed
A silence weird and strange
And wondered what had happened
To cause this pensive change.

For quite an hour I listened,
And then, alarmed, I stole
Up to the lonely chamber
My conscience to console.
And—well, would you believe it?—
I found her reading low
Love letters that I wrote her
Some fourteen years ago!

Her face was wreathed in blushes,
Her dreamy eyes half closed;
Her heart was beating wildly;
You'd thought I'd just proposed.
Green round her were those tokens
That spoke from heart to heart.
Good saints, what founts of passion
A faded sheet will start!

Well, then I turned and left her
Dreaming in ecstasy
On what a mad young lover
Her husband used to be.
But soon she came and kissed me,
Then shut the door and said:
"Dear, you're the same old rascal,"
She whispered, "only wiser!"

—C. E. BARNES IN TRUTH.

What the Wise Bachelor Says.
When a man goes to bid a girl good night, she always stands around in his way.

About the time a woman quits lying about her husband's business she begins to lie about her son's.

Lots of men are lambs in wolves' clothing.

Women are probably called angels because they wear things that rustle like wings.

It is all right for there to be lots of room at the top because by the time a man gets there he is lots fatter.

The man who boasts oftentimes that he has never told a lie probably makes his wife believe that he has the greatest regard for her mother.

When you hear a woman say, "Oh, isn't that sweet?" you will see either a bulldog with a blue ribbon around its neck, a baby with a red face and a white dress on, or a man in a silk hat driving a dogcart.—New York Press.

It Made No Difference.

There had been a little family jar and she was sulking.

"You have no right to refuse me," she said. "When I promised to marry you, I told you that I always wanted my own way, and you said that made no difference."

"Well, it doesn't, does it?" he retorted. "You don't get it, do you?"

Thus it happened that she called him a mean thing.—Chicago Post.

Understood the Case.

Stranger—I should like to retain you in an important case. It is a fight over a child.

Great Lawyer—Between husband and wife?

"No; she is an orphan and has no near relatives. The contest is between distant relatives on both sides of the house."

"Ah, I see. How much is she heirless to?"—New York Weekly.

Similia Similibus.

Elmore—What did the doctor prescribe for Old Soak?

Harlan—Whisky chiefly.

Elmore—That must have pleased him.

Harlan—Yes, indeed. He got both the prescription and himself filled right away.—Truth.

Dimly Remembered It.

"What can you tell me about Cole-ridge's 'Ancient Mariner'?" asked the teacher.

"The 'Ancient Mariner,'" answered the boy with the bad eye, "was the man who shot Albert Ross."—Chicago Tribune.

Unfailing Remedy.

"Keenly, why do you allow your girl to go with Chumpley so much?"

"She's inclined to be a little bit gone on him, and it'll be a sure cure to have him around a good deal."—Detroit Free Press.

Beneath Him.

Lawyer—So you didn't rob Gotrock's cottage?

Jim the Craftsman—Nit. My stand-in in de perches don't allow me to crack no crib under four stories high. Dat lets me out.—New York Sunday Journal.

No Cause For Jealousy.

The Maid—Mr. Blank mistook me for his wife last night.

The Policeman—Ah, gave you a kiss, eh?

The Maid—No, gave me a scolding.—Truth.

Her First Thought.

He—Come, darling, fly, oh, fly with me.

She—Oh, Charley, is that mysterious airship really yours?—New York Journal.

The Blow.

"No, papa, I don't want a wheel."

Replied his student daughter.

"You've spent so much I really feel as if I had to enter."

"I'll plunk the money in the bank."

"If you don't mind, I'd rather."

The old man in a deep faint sank.

The blow almost killed father.

—Syracuse Herald.

ONE GRAND PRINCIPLE.

The Religion of Christ Is Summed Up In the Word Love.

If I were asked what is the underlying principle of the religion of Christ, I would say it is love. Love is the essential feature of the gospel.

Group together the Ten Commandments, the warnings of the prophets, the evangelical counsels and the exhortations of the apostles; group together all the precepts of the Old and New Testaments and the decrees of the church; analyze them all, and they are all contained in one short word, and that word is love. "Love," says the apostle, "is the fulfilling of the law"—that is to say, the law is fulfilled by love. Love is the shortest, surest road to salvation hereafter. When our Lord was asked to summarize the Decalogue, he said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole mind, with thy whole strength, and with thy whole love; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these commandments hang the law and the prophets."

God said, "I will descend from heaven to earth. I will manifest myself to the world. I will clothe myself with humanity and will become man. I will become bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. I will place myself on a level with him. I will take upon myself his sorrows and infirmities. I will become his brother, friend and companion. I will love him and command him to love all." Oh, the wonderful condescension of God, that he should command us to love him and be angry with us if we do not love him!—Cardinal Gibbons.

VEST ON CATHOLICISM.

The Senator Has Warm Words of Praise For the Roman Church.

In the course of a recent speech Senator Vest of Missouri spoke in criticism of the provision of the bill abolishing sectarian Indian schools. He was brought up a Protestant and had no connection with the Roman Catholic church, he said, but he had no sympathy with that cowardly and ignorant sentiment that any religious denomination could menace our liberties.

He had been reared to believe the Jesuits were opposed to republican institutions. But he had traveled through the Indian country, visiting the schools, and had found them a travesty on education, except when conducted by the Jesuits.

Broken down preachers and defunct politicians were sent out to the western country to teach the Indian children. He had found, he said, that the only Indian schools accomplishing any good were those conducted by the Jesuits. The ceremonial of the Catholic church seemed to appeal to the Indians.

"If I had control of these schools," proceeded Mr. Vest, "I would give them to those who have studied the Indians, those who have taken the young Indians from the tepees, segregated them from their fathers and mothers, and taught them the religion of Christ. I would infinitely rather see them Catholics than savages. I do not belong to that sect which would rather see an Indian damned than see him in the Catholic church."—Boston Herald.

A NOTABLE OCCASION.

Canonization of the Founder of the Order of Barnabites.

Extraordinary preparations are being made for the ceremony of canonization of the founder of the order of Barnabites and also of Peter Fourier, known as the apostle of Lorraine, soon to take place at Rome.

It will be the first time since the loss of temporal sovereignty by the papacy that a ceremony of this kind has been celebrated in the basilica of St. Peter, which, for the occasion, will have not only its enormous facade but likewise its huge cupola magnificently illuminated, presenting a spectacle which has not been witnessed for more than 30 years.

The entire edifice is already in the hands of hundreds of workmen, who are draping the great arches of the nave and the interior of the cupola with hangings of red silk and gold. It is expected that the holy father will be supported during the celebration by at least 500 bishops and archbishops, officials in vestments having been addressed to the entire episcopate of the Catholic church.—Exchange.

Mr. Havemeyer's Generosity.

The late Theodore Havemeyer, who was received into the Catholic fold before his death, was always friendly to the Catholic church, and he held in especial regard the veteran Father Sylvester Malone, the pastor of St. Peter and Paul, Brooklyn. Some few years ago, when Father Malone was about to sail for Europe on a vacation, he opened his mail one morning and found in a letter a signed blank check sent him by Mr. Havemeyer, with a request to fill it out and defray with it the expenses of his trip. Father Malone did not use the check, however, but the sending of it showed Mr. Havemeyer's sentiments in his regard. Mr. Havemeyer was also a benefactor to St. Mary's, Newport, R. I., where he passed the summer.

No Favoritism.

Secretary Alger has made the following statement concerning the erection of a chapel for Catholics at West Point: "Much has been said about the building of a Catholic chapel on the grounds of the United States Military academy at West Point. This was a privilege accorded these people by my predecessor, who said that similar privileges would be accorded to others. You can state that any other denominations wishing to build a chapel on the grounds, upon the same conditions, will be given an equally advantageous site for the building. No favoritism will be shown to any denomination, and others will be accorded a site equally as good as that of the Catholic chapel."

THE FIGHT OF FAITH.

HOW THE CHURCH HAS GROWN DESPITE ITS FOES.

Founded In the Family—Progress of the Little Christian Communities—Evolution of the Various Institutions of the Church Itself—A Predestined Victory.

There can be no reasonable doubt that Jesus Christ intended to found a society among men that should grow by soliciting the adhesion of all mankind, or that he intended to endow it with all the powers of organic social life. It was only natural that the transforming spirit of the new religion should first show itself in the family, the nucleus of all social life. One high ideal, the person of Jesus, and one common hope were impressed on each soul. The heart of the typical primitive Christian was like a coal of fire, and it radiated in all directions a hitherto unheard of energy and ingenuity of love.

While the little communities did not pretend to heal the economic ills of the state, they taught the same how they must one day be cured. So perfect became the Christian system of caring for all human ills that when the great pestilences of the third century fell upon Carthage and Alexandria the Christians alone were equal to the task of providing for the sick, burying the dead, and holding together the social organism of their persecutors. Such unselfish sacrifices raised them in the general esteem of all higher minds, though their condemnation of all frivolous and shameful amusements, the vanity of dress and the parade of luxury continued to make them hated by the multitudes.

Continued reflection on the teachings of Jesus led many at an early date to follow the counsels of virginity and poverty. To be like Jesus and his disciples, and to be free from the entangling cares and the growing vexatiousness of the social life, seemed a blessed thing, and there can be no doubt that the gospel counsels were followed by a multitude of Christians who were moved and guided by such men as Clement of Rome and by the beautiful homilies on virginity attributed to him. The later long persecutions drove many Christians to mountainous or desert places, especially in Egypt, where we find the Christian hermits established before the end of the third century, the historical precursors of the monastic system, which was so far from being ungenial to Christianity that it took root at the first opportunity.

In time the apostolic institutions and the provisions made by the successors of the apostles took shape in a logical, public discipline of life, for the society was endowed with a certain coercive power that lay in germ in the direction of Jesus as to the treatment of those unruly members who refused to hear or obey the church. Thus there grew up within the society a law or code known as the canons or the ordinances of the teaching of the apostles, and rightly called so, for its details were conceived in apostolic spirit and imposed by apostolic authority in keeping with the traditions of the apostolic churches.

With the growth of the society grew also the occasions of public meeting. To the resurrection, ascension and Pentecost were added in a short time commemorations or anniversaries of the martyrs, feasts of the apostles, feasts of the Blessed Virgin. At the same time we find the church year interspersed with fasts and vigils, special preparations for the great festivals. The ceremonies of the church increased; baptism, marriage, burial and the liturgy are each provided with certain fixed rules that have never varied substantially since their first adoption. Even the fine arts undergo Christian influences.

No one needs to maintain that these three centuries were absolutely free from human weakness. Nevertheless, it affords the unique spectacle of a society pursued to death from within and without, moving calmly on its predestined way, calling forth all its innate strength in proper time and place, making headway against excess, stirring up the lethargic, conscious of all its own possibilities and keeping its present development ever in line with its past history. No society of men has ever presented the like spectacle or has ever so justified the apt comparison of St. Paul, who likens all Christian growth to the even organic development of the human body, in which is found a parallel growth of all the elements, with consciousness of self identity and of future greatness.

The Diadem of Tears.

An angel saw a teardrop fall
From eye to cheek, to hand,
And as he straightway heavenward went
He said, "I understand."
He placed the tear 'mid jewels rare—
Mid gems of untold worth,
Then spoke the saints around the throne,
"He brought this pearl from earth."

And questioned they, "Why seekest thou
These jewels clear and bright?
And why descendest thou to earth
In darkness of the night?"
He made reply and, speaking, smiled:
"I gather gems by gem,
The diamonds pure, the liquid pearl,
To form a diadem."

"I seek those treasures of the heart,
And seek them not in vain.
When night's dark mantle covers all
I hear the moan of pain,
And then to these, God's chosen ones,
A message true I bear—
"Blessed are they that grieve and mourn,
For I am with them there!"

"And in affliction's darkest hour
I give to them my peace,
The promise of a heavenly crown
When all their tears shall cease.
So I must go, and leave you, friends,
His message to impart."
The angel paused, then turned away
With sad but loving heart.

I lift my heavy burden up,
I mean my crown of thorns,
For did not my Redeemer say,
"Blessed is he who mourns?"
And when I life's dark valley pass,
This vale of hopes and fears,
Oh, may I wear the diadem
The diadem of tears! —Exchange.

A BEAUTIFUL GIFT.

Archbishop Ryan the Recipient of a Memento of Rare Design.

What may be termed the closing act in the exercises incident to the silver jubilee of Archbishop Ryan occurred in Philadelphia recently, when the board of directors, acting as a committee representing the Catholic Philopatrian Literary institute, called upon his grace at the archiepiscopal residence and presented him with an illuminated set of resolutions expressive of the love and esteem of the members of the institute, in book form, inclosed within a purple morocco leather covered case lined with white velvet and satin. The book itself is bound in purple morocco leather, with sterling silver corners.

In the center of the front cover is a silver wreath (has relief), surrounding the official seal of the archbishop. The wreath is supported by two cornucopias, the whole surmounted by a mitre in chased silver. The inside covers of the book are lined with white moire silk. The first page has inside a decorated scroll relieved by a spray of purple pansies in water color. Upon the scroll are the words, "Most Reverend P. J. Ryan, D. D., LL. D., and above the scroll 'Silver Jubilee, 1872-1897.' The third and fifth pages contain the resolutions, engrossed in purple and silver with decorated borders of purple pansies; the seventh page the seal of the institute, with its motto, "Revere the church, thy mother, and love thy fatherland," and beneath the seal is "Organized 1859." This page is decorated with scattered violets of purple color. The resolutions are signed by the members of the committee on resolutions and are as follows:

Resolved, That we, the members of the Catholic Philopatrian Literary institute of Philadelphia, unite in the general rejoicings which this occasion calls forth.

That we pay to our archbishop the tribute of our reverence for the priestly zeal and many virtues that adorn his character.

That we tender to him the tribute of our respect for his long and faithful services in the cause of religion and morality.

That we yield to him the tribute of our gratitude for the kindly interest he has taken in our welfare.

That we present to him the tribute of our love for his paternal guidance in moments of anxiety and care.

That we offer to him the tribute of our admiration for his ripe scholarship, his unaffected humility, his geniality, his sympathetic and kindly nature.

That we render to him the tribute of our loyalty as our chief, the pastor and bishop of our souls.

That we earnestly pray that the life of our illustrious archbishop may be prolonged, and that heaven may be the reward of his distinguished and successful labors in the cause of religion, charity, unity and peace.

—Philadelphia Press.

THE GATE TO GLORY.

Death Has No Terrors For the True Disciple.

Death is now but the gate to glory, for Jesus is the first fruit of them that sleep. We know that he who raised up Jesus will raise us up also with Jesus. Since its destruction by our Divine Savior death has no terrors for the just.

The martyrs braved it in its most cruel forms with joy; hailed it as the angel who would deliver them from the bondage of this world and admit them to that glorious life beyond. Such, too, is our sustaining hope. Jesus is our model in grace and in glory, in sorrow and in joy. God predestined us to be made conformable to his Son in all things.

In suffering here, in joy beyond. His sacred feet have marked out the way which leads to life eternal, for he is the way, the truth and the life. Jesus entered into his glory through his passion. We must imitate him. The disciple is not above his master or the servant above his lord. We, too, must carry our cross, be it light or be it heavy enough to crush us bleeding to earth. But we have this consolation, dear brethren—the way, once rough, is smooth. Death itself has lost its sting. We are buoyed up by the strong hopes of a glorious resurrection. If in this life we have not hope in Christ we are the most miserable of men.—Rev. Father T. F. Kennedy.

Church Notes.

The Sisters of St. Francis are about to begin the erection of a mammoth mother house at Millville, Pa.

The visit which Archbishop Williams is to make to Rome this year will be the fourth one since his consecration.

Archbishop Kain of St. Louis will pay his visit ad limina this summer. His stay abroad will be quite protracted.

Catholic nuns have been doing invaluable service for the victims of plague stricken Bombay.

Bishop Burke of Albany has presented a magnificent new window to his cathedral at a cost of \$5,000.

The most costly and beautiful holy water font in the world has just been placed in St. Patrick's cathedral, New York.

A fine portrait bust, the work of the famous sculptor Mr. Samuel J. Kitson of Boston, was recently presented Bishop Harkness of Providence as a tribute of the Catholic laity of his diocese on the tenth anniversary of his consecration.

Colonel De Lancy Astor Kane has given to St. Gabriel's church, New Rochelle, N. Y., an altar in commemoration of his recent conversion to the Catholic faith.

Carter Harrison, Chicago's new mayor, is a graduate of St. Ignace's Jesuit college, Chicago. Mrs. Harrison was educated in the convent of the Sisters of Mercy in New Orleans and is a Catholic.

The Very Rev. Denis Kelley, president of the Diocesan college, Emis, who has been appointed bishop of Ross in succession to the late Right Rev. William Fitzgerald, will be one of the youngest prelates in Ireland, being in his forty-fifth year.

There are more than 250 orphan asylums in this country under Catholic direction.

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